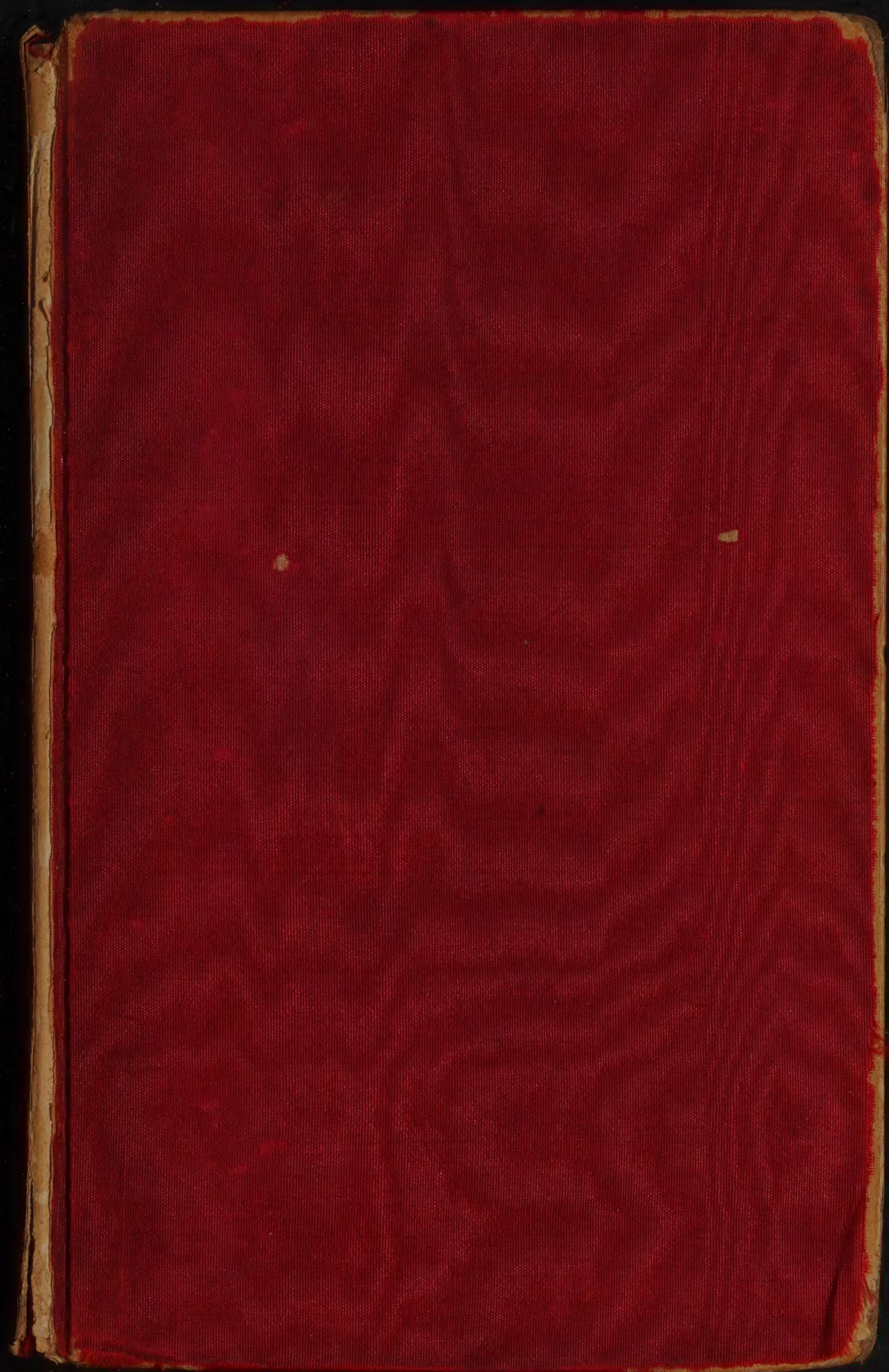




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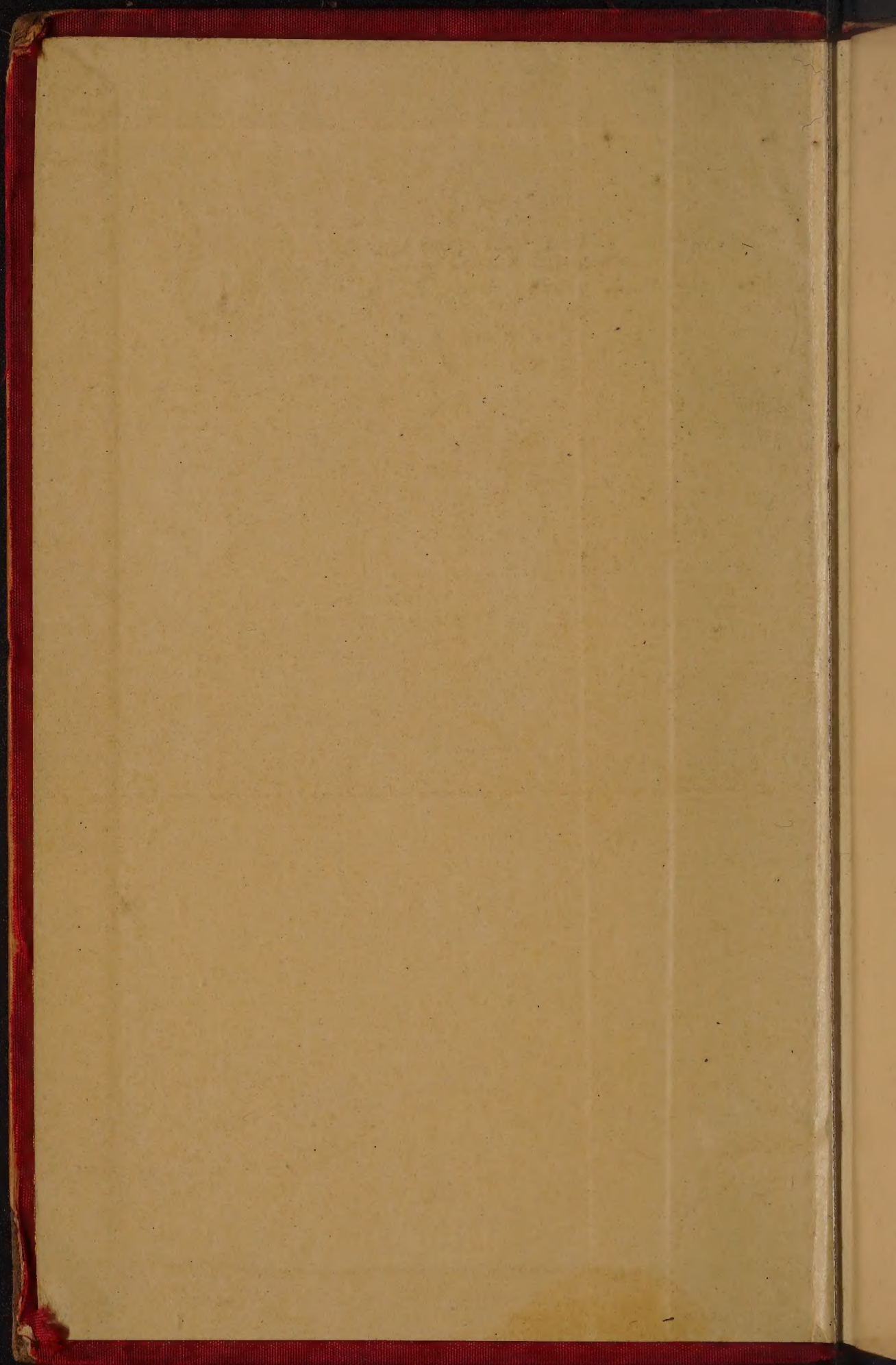
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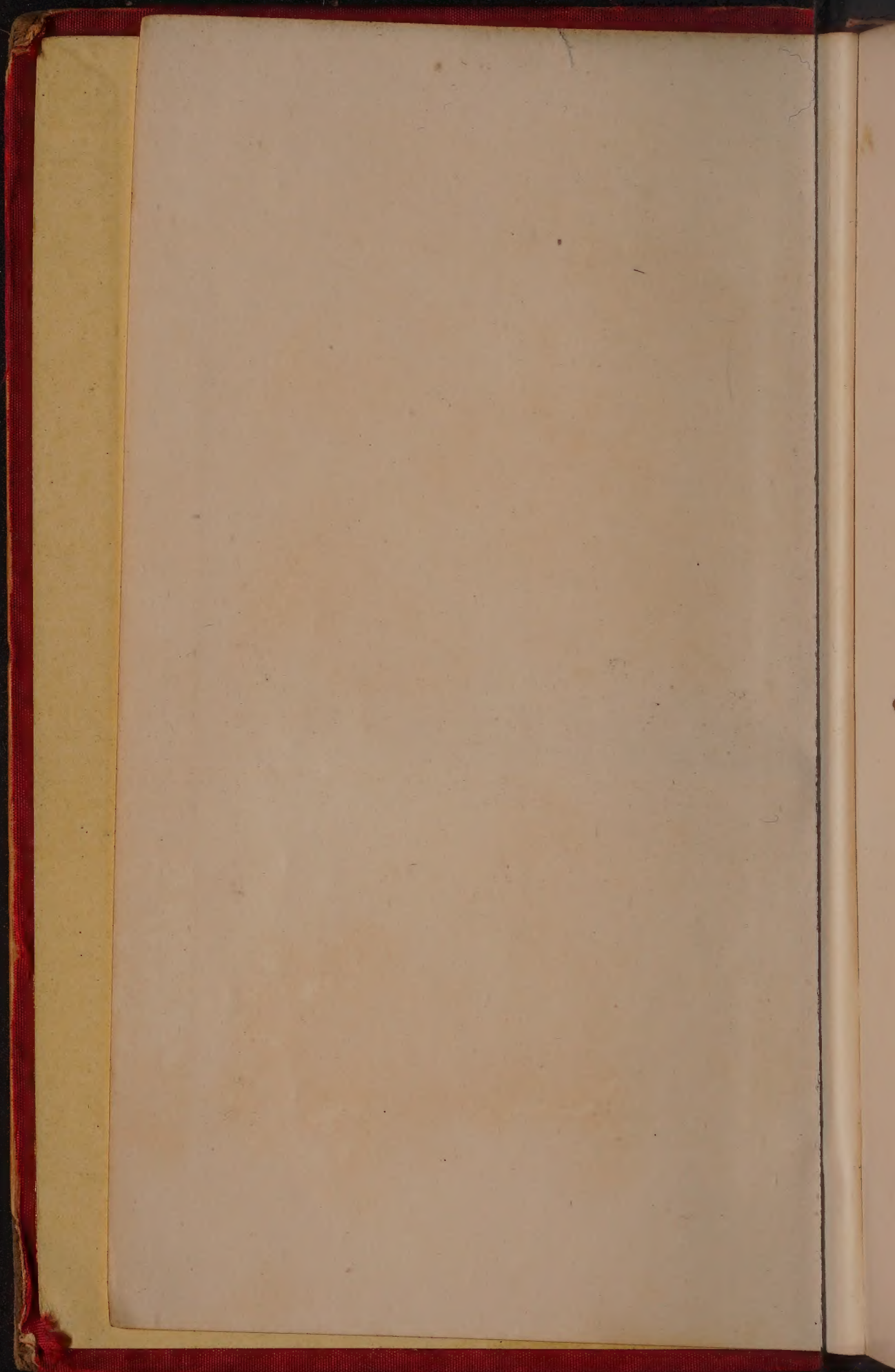


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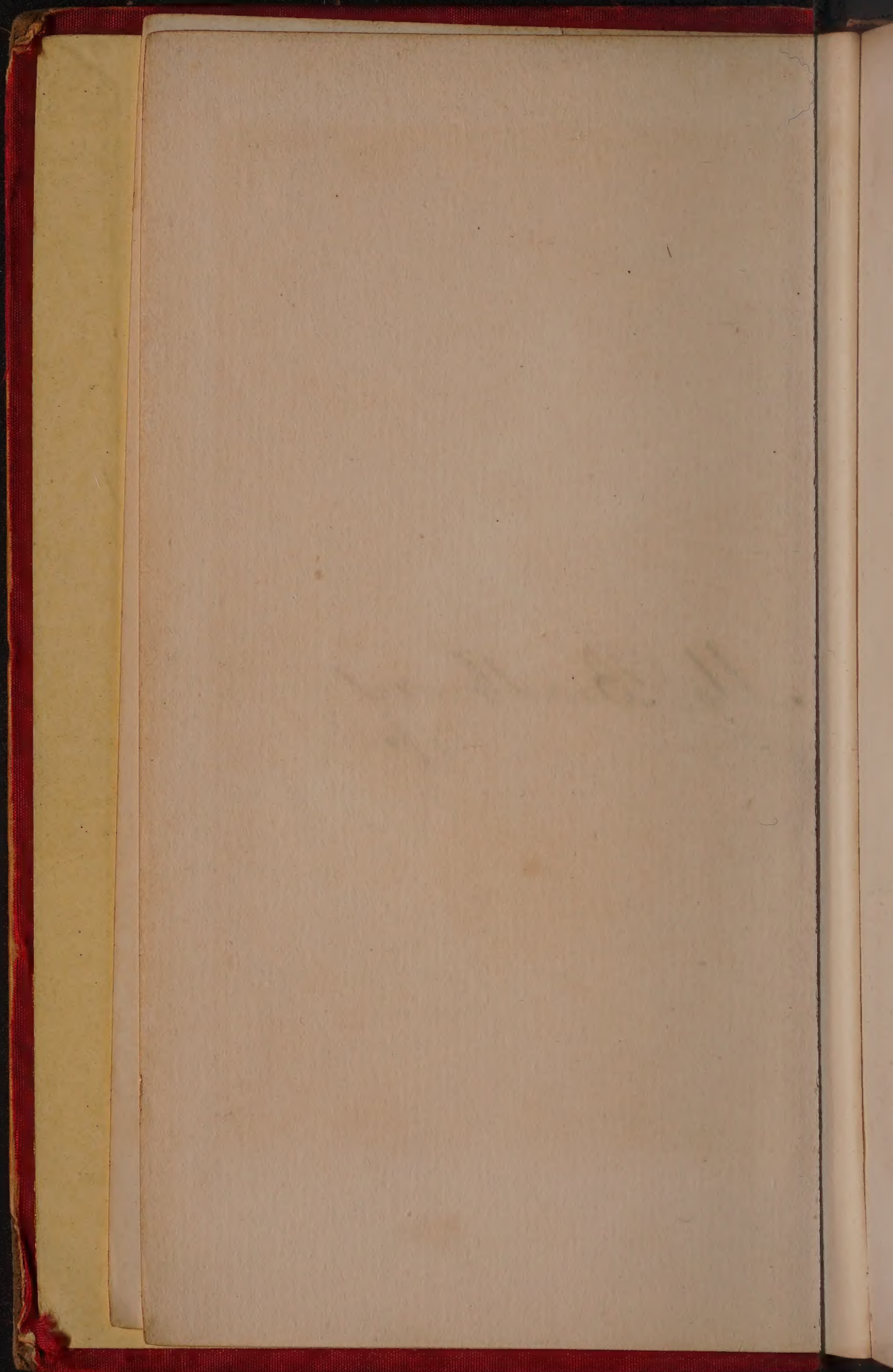
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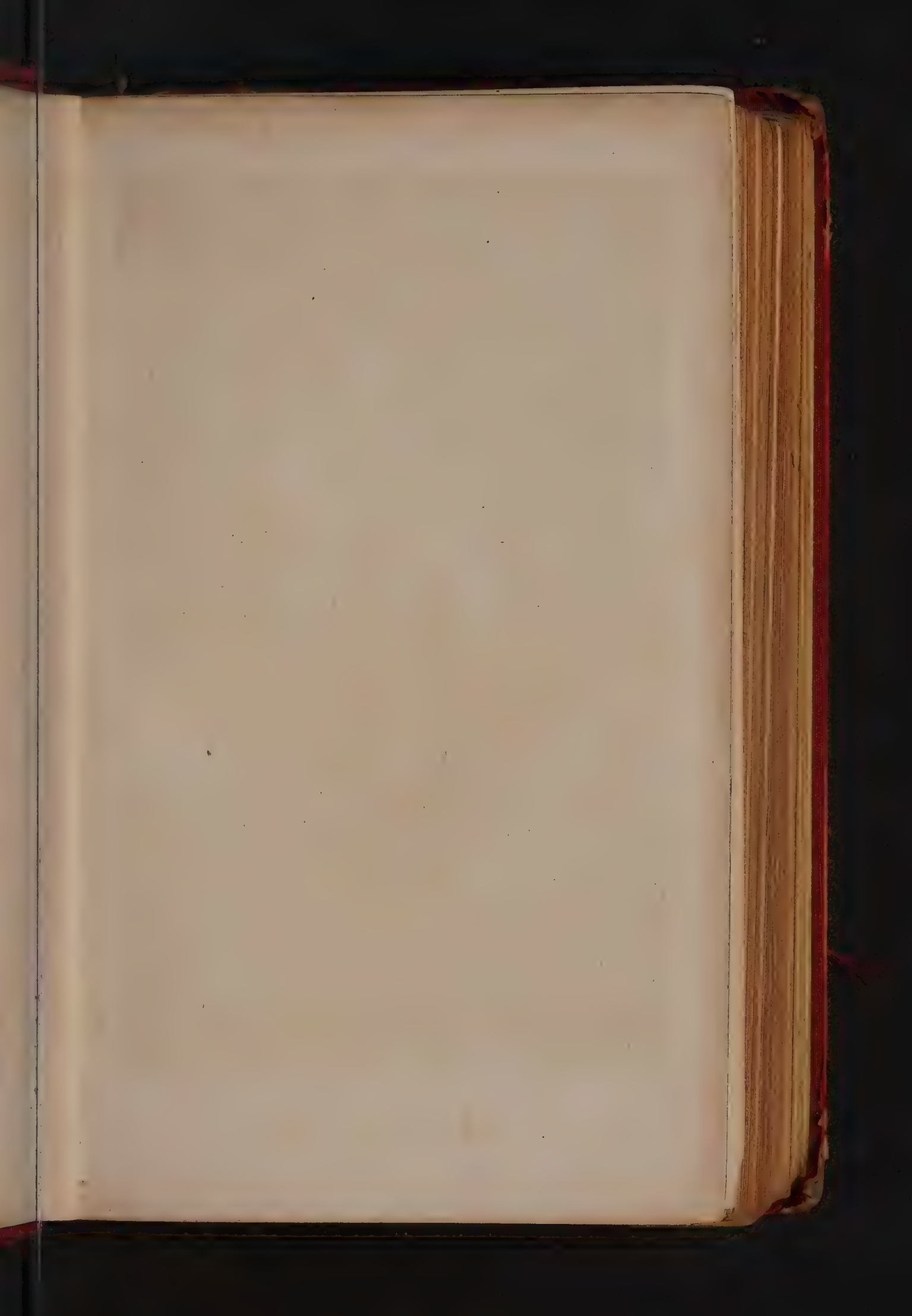
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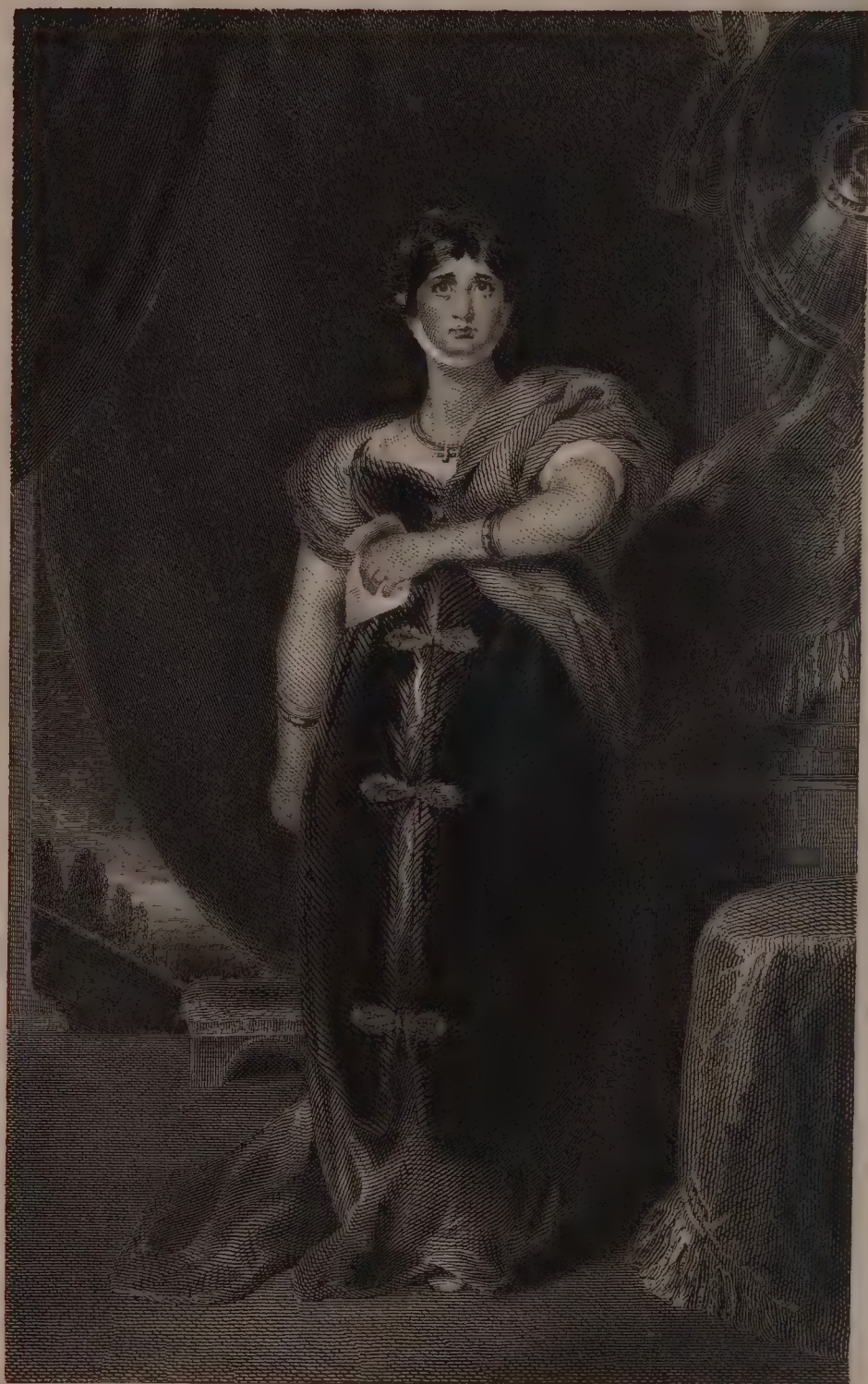
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Mr. Bradbury.







Painted by G. H. Harlowe

Engraved by C. Rolls

MRS SIDDONS.

IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE V.

THE
LITERARY SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY
ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

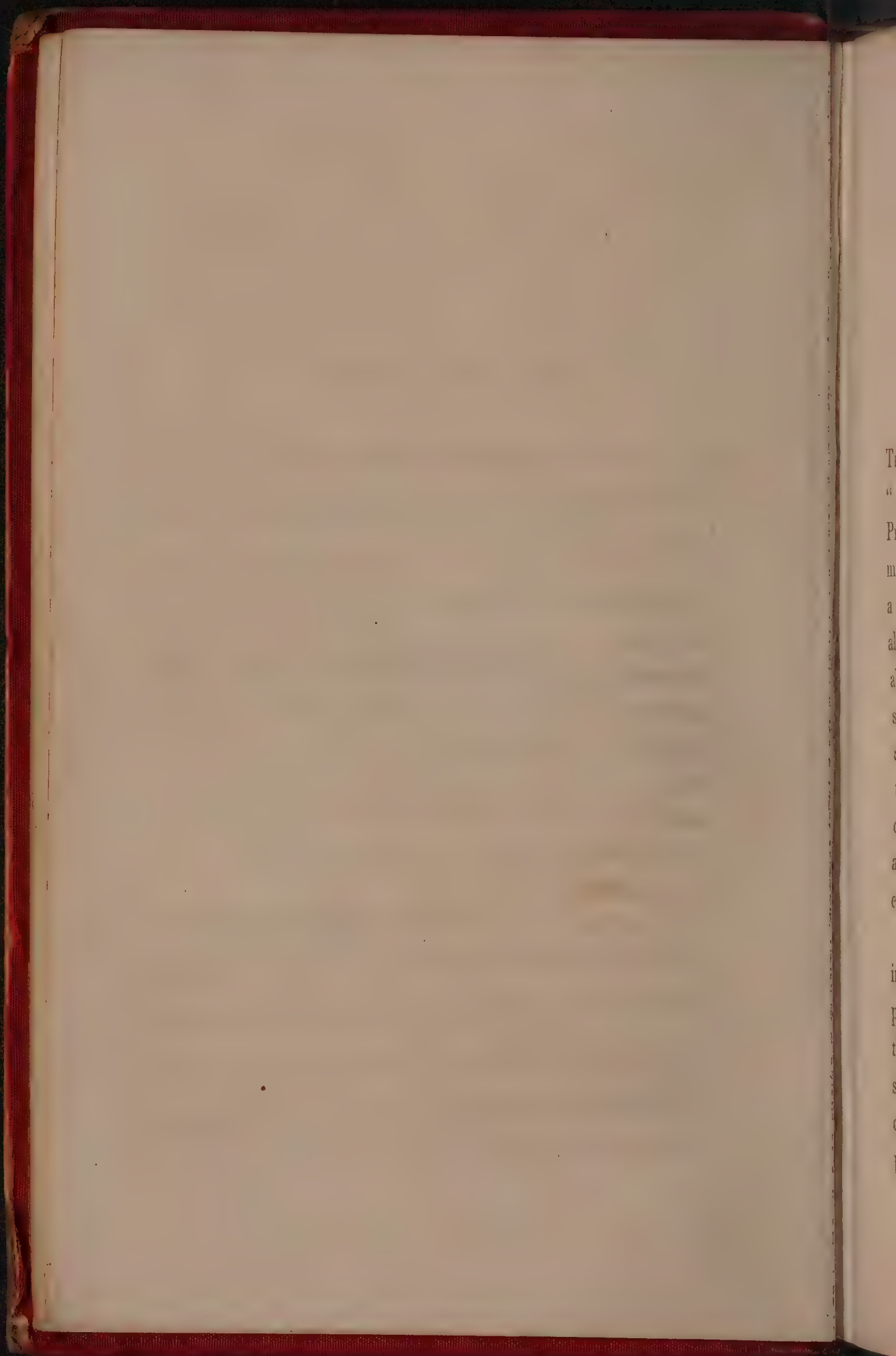
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN.

1830.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL MANNING AND CO.
LONDON-HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD NORTHWICK,
AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HIS PATRONAGE OF
British Artists,
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBLIGED AND OBEYANT SERVANT,
THE EDITOR.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very large increase of the circulation of the "Literary Souvenir," for 1829, has encouraged its Proprietors to spare no expense or exertion that might conduce to give the present volume as great a superiority over the last, as that was admitted, on all hands, to possess over its predecessors; and although they cannot pretend to offer more perfect specimens of art, on the present occasion, than some of the engravings in their last number, they trust it will be found that they have succeeded in obtaining a series, of more uniform excellence, both as it regards subject and execution, than they have ever before been enabled to collect.

It has been the particular study of the Editor to include in his work as great a *variety* of subject as possible; now, contrasting the patrician loveliness of the female portraits of Lawrence and Leslie, with the supernatural grandeur of Allston;—the pure and classical conceptions of Howard, with the stern simplicity, and natural pathos of Collins and Phalipon;

—and the dignified and reposing grace of Chalon, with the stir, the glory, and the gorgeousness of Martin. In collecting a set of embellishments for a work like the “Literary Souvenir,” a great number of points are to be considered, and a great variety of tastes to be consulted. Paintings of the highest merit, as works of art, are occasionally deficient in those qualities which are calculated to render them generally popular; whilst, in some instances, ideas, conceived in the very spirit of taste and feeling, are so imperfectly developed, as to render them obnoxious to the fastidiousness of the connoisseur and the man of taste. It has been the object of the writer to gratify both classes of purchasers; with what degree of success, he leaves it to others to determine.

It is not, however, to be expected that any editor, whatever may be his industry or judgment, will ever succeed in collecting a series of designs, which shall be acceptable, in an equal degree, to all. On the contrary, he will sometimes find, to his extreme mortification, that a picture which may have been the admiration of most of the persons of taste with whom he may be acquainted, and respecting which he could have anticipated no possible difference of opinion, is yet unintelligible, and even displeasing

many; who indemnify him for their depreciation of his favourite, by the warmth of their commendation of other embellishments, upon the attractions of which he may have been less disposed to rely.* As, therefore, no person can be so sanguine as to expect to please the whole world, the most ambitious aspirant can only resolve to gratify as large a proportion of it as possible.

Another, and very formidable obstacle in catering for the amusement of the public in works of this class, has lately presented itself. It is the more unwillingly alluded to in this place, as it involves a difference of opinion between the Editor and persons for whose talents and characters he entertains a very high degree of respect. He believes, however, that fair and open discussion is never unfavourable to the right cause, whatever may be the intricacies

* Thus, a respectable periodical critic, in his remarks upon the embellishments of the last "Literary Souvenir," could discover nothing in the noble composition of "Cupid taught by the Graces," but a staring child seated between two indifferently pretty young women; whilst another considered the gorgeously beautiful picture of "Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus," as a complete failure; and a third was of opinion that the figure of the Euphuist in the "Queen of May," was faulty, because it was precisely what the painter intended to make it,—affected and fantastic! Yet the great praise bestowed by these gentlemen on most other parts of the volume, forbids the belief that their strictures were intended to be in the remotest degree invidious or unkind.

in which it may be involved; and if he can understand that he entertains incorrect notions on the subject, he will be found by no means impervious to conviction.

Upon the authority of, and in accordance with the example of a painter of the highest distinction in his profession, a claim has lately been advanced, by certain artists, to a copyright in all the pictures they have ever painted, that have not been purchased with a specific understanding to the contrary; although the parties who may desire to engrave them, should have received the full permission of the proprietors so to do.

The consent to such an arrangement, involves, in the first instance, the whole weight of an obligation to the possessor of the picture; and in the next, a pecuniary sacrifice, in some instances far beyond the value of an advantage so entirely collateral, to the artist; although the painting which is the subject of the demand, may have been executed either by commission for the owner, or purchased by him, without the slightest reservation, at some public exhibition for the sale of works of art. Indeed, a gentleman cannot, if this right be recognized, lend even the portrait of a member of his own family for the purpose of an Annual, until the artist has

settled the remuneration to which *his* approbation of the proceeding is considered to entitle him : nay, the principle is carried to so great an extent, that an individual, giving a liberal price for a picture, without any reservation whatever, is afterwards liable to be called upon for any additional sum the artist may think proper to name as his own estimate of the value of the copyright, before he can proceed to apply it to the very purpose for which he may have purchased it. The case is by no means a suppositious one. It is but justice, however, to the great body of British artists to mention, that at present this claim is asserted only by a few of its members ; and that even of that few, some support it rather from an idea that they are protecting the interests of their art, than from any feeling of a mercenary or illiberal character.

The Editor of "The Literary Souvenir" has alluded to this demand, on the present occasion, simply with a view to bring its fairness and propriety to an issue, at once, by ascertaining the general opinion upon the subject. It is either equitable or it is not : that there is no *legal* foundation for the claim, is beyond a doubt. If equitable, and some sort of moderation be not observed by those by whom the privilege is to be exercised, it will soon go far to

destroy a class of works, which, it may be confidently affirmed, has been of essential benefit to British artists. As, however, many of their most distinguished patrons have expressed their determination to resist the claim thus assumed over the pictures in their several collections, the ultimate interests, if not the dignity, of modern art appear likely to be compromised, should the demand be any longer persisted in.

Having thus stated the case with the temper and moderation with which questions of this kind ought always to be discussed, the Editor will now turn to the more agreeable task of acknowledging his obligations to those individuals to whom he stands indebted for the loan of several of the paintings engraved for the present volume.

For the portrait of Viscountess Belgrave, he is indebted to the kindness of the Marquis of Stafford.

The splendid picture of Jacob's Dream, is from the collection of the Earl of Egremont, of whose magnificent gallery at Petworth it forms one of the most striking and appropriate ornaments.

The portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Lady Macbeth, one of the finest productions of the pencil of the lamented G. H. Harlowe, is from the collection of the late W. Leader, Esq., of Putney

Hill. As a slight engraving from a chalk drawing by Harlowe, of Mrs. Siddons in a different scene of the tragedy, has already been published, it may be proper, to prevent the two prints from being confounded, to mention that the picture from which the frontispiece to this volume has been copied, is an oil-painting, the size of life, and has never before been engraved.

The Brigands' Cave, the principal figure in which is an actual portrait of the wife of a celebrated brigand of Sonnini, was obligingly lent me by the proprietor, T. Erskine, Esq.

The pictures from which the remaining engravings have been executed, were all (with one exception) purchased expressly for the work; at a cost as large as that of the whole series of engravings.

The literary contents of the following pages, will be found to comprise a variety of contributions from pens not hitherto engaged in publications of this description; but although the Editor is enabled to boast of the avowed assistance of a great number of the most distinguished writers of the day, he has continued to be influenced, less by the importance of the name, than the intrinsic merit of the production. The fallacy of endeavouring to produce an impression upon the public mind, by means of mere titles

(whether of literary or fashionable notoriety), has been made sufficiently manifest to deprive it of even its mercantile utility for the future.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to offer an apology for having affixed Lord Byron's exquisite address to Ianthe, to the "Childe Harold and Ianthe" of Mr. Westall. The Editor regrets that he is restrained by feelings of delicacy towards the living, from mentioning circumstances connected with the history of this illustration, which would have greatly enhanced its interest to the public. It may, however, be permitted to him to state, that a picture of Lord Byron and the young lady to whom Childe Harold was inscribed, was commenced by Mr. Westall during his Lordship's lifetime; although, in consequence of the interference of the lady's family, it has never been completed.

58, Torrington Square,
Sept. 25, 1829.

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THE LOVE-DRAUGHT.

A Tale of the Barrow-Side.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS."

WHOEVER has journeyed along the banks of the river Barrow, in that part of its course which separates the Queen's County from the county of Kildare, must have remarked the remains of Grange-Mellon, the former residence of the St. Ledger family. The long avenue, choked with grass and weeds,—the wooded grounds, stretching along the river's edge,—the dilapidated gateway and mansion-walls,—the loud cawing from the rookery,—all combined to mark the place as one which ought to furnish some legend of antiquity and romance. Such was surely to be had there for those who would seek it. But Grange-Mellon is only linked to my memory by an humble love-story of almost modern date, yet tragical enough, heaven knows, to have had its source in the very oldest days of magic and misery.

I can state nothing of the tender dames, or youths of gentle blood, who inhabited the castle before it tumbled

quite to decay. The only beings connected with the existence of the place (and that in the very last stage of its occupation) whom I would attempt to commemorate, were Lanty the whipper-in, and Biddy Keenahan the dairy-maid. Lanty was a kind, frank, honest-hearted lad as ever lived. He was a great favourite with the family and the servants, particularly the females. The whole pack of hounds loved him; and a cheering word from his voice could keep them together in the thickest cover, even if there were half-a-dozen hares a-foot; when Brian Oge, the veteran huntsman, might tantivy himself hoarse, and only frighten the whelps and vex the old dogs for his pains. Lanty was, indeed, in the words of the ballad,

Beloved much by man and baste.

But if he was welcome in the kitchen and the kennel, as surely he was, how many a thousand times more welcome was he, when he came home from the chase, cheering the tired harriers along, and stopping to say, "How is it wid you, Biddy?" or, "What a fine night it is, Biddy!" or some such passing phrase, at the dairy door; where Biddy was sure to be waiting, with a ready answer and a kind look. Ay, welcome indeed was the commonest word which came from Lanty's lips; and the more so, as not a syllable of a more direct tendency had he ever uttered; although it was plain to every one in the world, that he had been in love with Biddy for full a year and a half.

"Ah, Brine!" said he to the old huntsman, one day when they were returning home after a couple of hard runs, followed by the limping pack, "Ah, Brine! it's no use talking! It's no use, you see; for I niver can bring myself to say the words to her, 'out and out. I love her little finger betther nor the whole 'varsal world: but, by this Cross-Pathrick!" (and he put his finger on his whip handle, making a very positive cross) "it's unpossible for me to tell her so."

Brian Oge, who was a regular male match-maker, and who thought that "the b'ys and girls ought to hunt in couples, any how," was resolved that it should not be his fault if Biddy Keenahan did not know the true state of the case; or if she did not take proper measures to bring matters to a speedy issue between herself and Lanty. He, therefore (as he himself expressed it), "up an' tould her what Lanty had said; an' advised her, as the only way of bringin' him to rason, to go straight to Peg Morrin the fortin-teller, at the fut of Magany Bridge, who'd soon give her a charm that'd make Lanty folly her an' spake to the point, as sartin as the rots (rats) folly'd Terry the rot-catcher; an' sure enough he could make thim spake too, if he thought it worth his while!"

This counsel was too palatable to be rejected by poor Biddy. Her spotted cotton handkerchief fluttered over her bosom while Brian Oge was giving his advice; and had it been of muslin, the deep glow of delight might

have been seen through it. Her face had no covering to conceal its blushes; and her eyes swam in tears.

“Och, then, *musha*, Brine Oge!” said she, “it’s myself that’s behoulden to you for your good nath’r. Why, then, can it be true what you tell me? Little I thought than Lanty cared a *thraneen* for me, though, in troth, it’s myself that loves the ground he walks on. Why, then, why wouldn’t he tell me so at oncet? If it wasn’t that it wouldn’t be becomin’ in a young girl to spake first, I’d soon tell him what’s neither a shame nor a sin, any how. But I’ll folly your word, Brine Oge; for you’re an ould man, an’ a kind one, an’ one that knows what’s fit for the b’ys an’ the girls, an’ that niver stands between thim but to bring thim closer to one another; an’ here’s a noggin of rale crame for you, Brine, jew’l, for it’s tired you must be, afther the hunt.”

While Brian drank off the cream, to which he had added something from a leather-covered bottle that he had a habit of carrying in his side-pocket, Biddy went on to tell him that she would not lose any time, but would step down that very night as far as Maganyford, and cross over in Tom Fagan the miller’s cot, which would land her at the very field in which Peg Morrin’s cabin stood. Brian, after wiping his lips with the cuff of his faded green hunting frock, gave Biddy a very fatherly kiss; and, wishing that a blessing might be on her path, he left her to make her preparations.

When night had fairly set in, so that there was little danger of her course being observed, Biddy, having arranged all the affairs of the dairy, put her grey cloak on her shoulders, and drew the hood well over her head. She tied her shoes fast on, as she had a rough path to follow for a couple of miles by the river's bank, and pulling her woollen mittens on her hands and arms, she finally slipped out of the back window, made the sign of the cross on her breast, and with a short prayer fervently put up, started on her expedition. She knew her way very well, even had it been pitch dark; but as there was moonlight, and as she stepped buoyantly forward, she reached Tom Fagan's cabin by the river side, without once stumbling or tripping over stone or bramble.

"God save all here!" said Biddy, as she raised the latch and entered the cabin, where the miller and his wife were eating their supper by the fire.

"God save you, kindly!" replied they; and the next words in both their mouths were expressions of surprise at this late visit from little Biddy.

"Why, thin, what's comed over you, Biddy, *avic*?" said Molly Fagan. "Sure, thin, some misfortin it is that brings you to our cabin this time o' night. But it's welcome you are, *alanna*, any how; an' the greather your throuble the gladder we are to see you."

"Thank you, kindly, Molly, *asthore*; but it's no throuble at all; only I'd be after throublin' Tom jist to ferry me across the river in the cot, that's all."

"Wid all the pleasure in life, and heartily welcome, Biddy, my darling," said Tom Fagan, a friendly young fellow, who was always ready to do a kind turn, particularly to a pretty girl. But his wife's curiosity was not so easily satisfied.

"Why, thin, the Lord save us, Biddy!" said she, "where is it you'd be goin' across the river, into the Queen's County, in the dark night. There's niver a wake nor a weddin' goin' on, nor a dance even, in the three parishes. Where in the world are you goin', Biddy?"

"In troth, it's only jist to see a friend, Molly; and Tom'll tell you who when he comes back."

"Och! is that the way wid you, Biddy? I see how it is. It's ould Peg you're agoin' to; an' all along of Lanty. There's no use in denyin' it—an' more's the pity, Biddy, *agra!* It's twice you ought to think of what you're about to do; that's not oncet before an' oncet afther,—but two times both together, Biddy; for it's a foolish thing, an' one you'll be sorry for, may be. Take my advice, an' have nawthin' to do with ould Peg and her grasy pack o' cards. It's bad fortin they'll bring you, Biddy, dear, when she's afther tellin' you all that's good. For your own sake an' poor Lanty's, keep away from her; an' let throe love take its coorse!"

This sensible warning had little effect on Biddy Keenahan. Youth and love were bad subjects to reason with. Backed by Brian Oge's advice, Biddy was resolved to pursue her adventure. She thought, that if

Molly Fagan had wanted a husband for herself, she would not have been so averse to a consultation with "the wise woman." But, to satisfy her friend, she put a salvo on her own conscience, and vowed that she "wouldn't let th' ould pack o' cards be cut or shuffled the night;" for that all she wanted was "a little bit of advice, which no one, barrin' Peg Morrin, could give her."

The moon was smothered in clouds, when Biddy stepped into a little flat-bottomed boat, called a cot, and placed herself at one of the pointed ends that might have been called the prow had not the other been quite similar, there being in fact no stern. At this other end, Tom Fagan stood; and, with a long pole, shoved his fragile canoe across the broad, and at that passage, somewhat rapid stream. The fortune-teller's cabin looked like a black patch on the face of the little field, in a corner of which it stood. And, as Biddy threw a furtive glance at the massive bridge of Magany, with its vaguely defined arches, and thought of the many stories which proclaimed it to be haunted, she involuntarily shuddered.

"Is it shiverin' you are, Biddy, dear?" said the compassionate miller; "wrap your cloak over you, for the night wind creeps up against the strame, an' stales into one's buzzum, without givin' a word's warnin'."

"It's not the wind, Tom, *agra*. It's something that's inside of the heart within me that's trimblin'! It's a dreary place you live in, Tom. Plase the Lord I'm doin' the right thing, in goin' to ould Peg!"

“Arrah, niver fear, Biddy! The devil a harm she’ll do you. What if she does look on your palm, or cut the cards wid you? Sure, an’ it’s throe enough, she tould me my fortin afore I married Molly, and every word comed to pass. Don’t be turned agin her, by what Molly says. She’s a very superstitious woman, Biddy; that’s God’s thruth, an’ believes nawthin’ but what Father Rice at the Friary tells her. So keep up your heart, like a good girl as you are. Here’s the field—an’ there’s Peg Morrin’s cabin—an’ God speed you wid her. I’ll wait here till you’re ready, an’ bring you back all the way home to the Grange. Now, jump over the flaggers—that’s it! cliver an’ clane—away wid you!”

And away tripped Biddy, with a beating heart, though greatly reassured by Tom Fagan’s cheering words. She kept her eye on the cabin before her, and neither looked to the right nor the left; for she was in the very field where young William Barrington had been recently killed by Gillespie, in a duel rarely paralleled for ferocity; and there was not man nor woman, on either side of the river, that could walk fearlessly through that field of a dark night, much less live in it, except Peg Morrin. But it was well known that she carried a protection about her from all supernatural ills; and well might *she* walk or sleep, without fear of hurt or harm.

“The Lord save us!” exclaimed Biddy, with a suppressed scream, crossing herself, and clasping her hands together, as a rustling in the large alder bush close to the

cabin was followed by a loud whine; while a pair of fiery eyes seemed to fix themselves on the terrified girl. It was only old Peg's black cat, as Biddy was in a moment convinced. In another, she was close to, and tapping gently at, the door.

"Come in, Biddy Keenahan; rise the latch, an' niver mind blessin' or crossin' when you step over the threshold!" muttered the voice of the old hag inside. Biddy started back at hearing her own name thus pronounced; but she raised the latch and stepped in, being glad of any refuge from the darkness; and she took care not to say "God save you!" Just as she entered, she received a sharp blow, from some hard but feathery substance above the door. She was afraid to say "Lord bless us!" but she stooped low, and looked up sideways, and saw a large owl flapping his wing at her, from a nook over the entrance.

"Ah, then, how did you know it was me that tapped at the dure, Misthress Morrin?" asked Biddy, timidly, by way of beginning the conversation.

"Didn't you hear the black cat spaking, as you come up the field, Biddy Keenahan?" replied the hag.

"The blessed Cross be about us!" was on Biddy's lips, but she dared not let the words escape.

"Sit down on that stool, Biddy, an' I'll soon give you what you want," continued old Peg, who was herself seated on just such a three-legged implement as she pointed to, with a little table before her, traced with

many mystical lines, a lump of chalk being in one of her hands for that purpose; while the other held a pack of cards, which a cryptical incrustation of dirt and grease had brought to a perfect equality of appearance.

“ There, Biddy, I’ll put the cards away—for it is n’t thim you want to dale with the night. Whin the for-
tin’s cast, and the fate doomed, whether it’s hangin’ or
drownin’, or a weddin’ or a berrin’, there’s no use in
the cards, Biddy—an’ it’s yours an’ Lanty’s, that’s set-
tled long ago!”

With these words the crone screwed up her mouth and
frowned, and thrust her dirty cards into a huge pocket;
and then crossing her arms, she looked on Biddy with
the half scowl and half smile of lawless power and vulgar
patronage.

“ Och, Misthress Morrin, *avic*, don’t be afther fright-
nin’ me this blessed night! It’s for your advice I’m
comed, an’ sure it’s yourself can sarve me, an’ do me a
good turn. It’s ould Brine Oge, the huntsman, that put
me upon comin’ to you, or I wouldn’t be bould enough
to throuble you this-a-way.”

“ Brine Oge is a dacent man, an’ one that nobody
need be afeard to do wrong in follyin’ his advice. Thin
what do you want wid me, Biddy Keenahan? May be
it’s a love pouter for Lanty?”

“ Och, then, Misthress Morrin, jew’l! what’s the use
of your axing me any questions at all at all, when you
can answer thim before you ax thim? Then sure enough
it’s jist *that* I want from you.”

“ There it is, Biddy Keenahan, ready for you ; for I knew you were comin’, an’ what you ’d be afther axin’ for. Put out your lift hand, an’ take hould of that paper on the shelf beside you, an’ put it in your buzzum, for it’s the heart that works on the heart ! An’ take it home wid you, an’ mix the pouter wid whatever Lanty likes best—an’ what ’d he like betther nor a bowl o’ sillybub, the crathur !—An’ stir it lift-handed, an’ don’t look at it, an’ throw the paper over your lift shoulder, an’ give it to your lovyer—for he’s the b’y that loves you, Biddy, dear—wid your own hands, an’ watch him while he drinks it, an’ say somethin’ to yourself all the while, ar a wish, ar what you most wish for in the world. An’ from that minute out the charm’ll work, an’ the philthur—for that’s the name av it in the mysthery—’ll do the rest. An’ good look be on you, Biddy Keenahan, wid Lanty your lovyer, who ’ll soon spake the right speech to you, an’ ’ll only want the word av Father Rice at the Friary, afther that, to be your own flish an’ blood, Biddy, an’ the father if your childer, which may good fortin presarve ! Give me half-a-crown, Biddy, an’ good night to you ! for the miller’s cot ’ll be waitin’, an’ the wind’s risin’, an’ it’s a hard push Tom Fagan ’ll have up the strame to the Grange.”

Biddy, in a conflict of wonderment at this knowledge of her movements, and of delight at the wise woman’s discourse, put the paper well under the folds of her handkerchief, and felt her heart working against it, sure

enough. And she handed the fee to Peg Morrín, and wished her good night, and gave her half-a-dozen blessings, whether the hag liked them or not; stooped low to avoid another slap from the owl's wing, and closing the door hastily, ran down the path without venturing to look at the alder bush, for fear of the black cat. In a minute or two she was at the water's edge, and safe over the side of the cot. In an hour afterwards she was landed on the "quay" of Grange-Mellon, as the little wharf for facilitating the loading and unloading of turf-boats and others, was called. Tom Fagan had done all in his power to make the two miles' voyage up the river beside the windings, as cheerful as he could to his passenger. She wished him a safe return home, and a good night's rest, and long life to him; and, in high spirits and hopes, with her hand upon the treasure she carried in her bosom, she soon gained her sleeping place and crept into bed, without ever being missed or inquired for.

The next morning, at sun-rise, Biddy was deeply employed in the business of her dairy. Never did she milk her cows, or set her pans, or prepare her churns, with such alacrity and pleasure. A minute's idleness would have been torture to her: she was afraid of having leisure to think; for in spite of every thing,—Brian Oge's and Tom Fagan's encouragement, Peg Morrín's assurances, and her own bright dreams during the night,—the warning of the miller's wife came across her sometimes,

like a black shadow on a path of sunshine. She kept the gloomy feeling down by the mere force of employment; and she sung as loudly, and apparently as gaily, during her morning's work, as if it was not to be followed by the most important action of her life.

The love-draught was at length prepared. A richly-frothing bowl of syllabub received the whole contents of Peg Morrin's paper. Biddy never ventured to look on the charm, curious as she felt, as she shook it carefully into the bowl, and conscientiously stirred the whole with her left hand for several minutes. But she had not thus completed her work when she heard the loud music of the hounds, as they left the kennel, and saw Brian Oge and Lanty come riding along, round the offices and orchard.

"God bless your work, Biddy!" said old Brian, reining up his horse at the dairy-door,—the common salutation to any one, however employed. Biddy felt her blood curdle at the words, for she did not think the mysterious and underhand work she was about was a holy one: but this was a moment's thought. She threw the empty paper over her left shoulder, and advanced to the door.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, Biddy!" said Lanty, with a sort of half-look of mingled kindness and timidity.

"God save ye kindly, both!" was Biddy's almost inaudible reply; for the faintness of anxiety, the mixture of hope and fear, almost overcame her.

“An’ what have you for us this mornin’, Biddy, *machree*?” said Brian, looking significantly at the two bowls of syllabub which he saw on the slab of Kilkenny marble, on which the milk-pans were ranged.

Biddy handed him his bowl, at which he smacked his lips; and having carefully added somewhat from his private bottle, he drank off the whole, and said

“Why, thin, long life to you, Biddy Keenahan; for it’s yourself that’s the sowl of a dairy-maid! An’ happy’s the b’y that’ll get you! Lanty, my lad, you can throt afther me an’ the dogs, round by the bawn an’ across the tin-acre field, an’ meet us up at the rath: so don’t hurry yourself. May be Biddy has somethin’ to say to you. My blessin’ on ye both!”

Brian had good reason for this speech, for he had called at Peg Morrin’s cabin the previous evening, anxious to have his full share in the business, by warning the fortune-teller of the visit she was to expect, and putting her on the look-out for Biddy as she was to come ferried across the river by Tom Fagan. The sound of the huntsman’s horse’s feet were still echoing in Biddy’s ears when she offered the love-draught to Lanty, with trembling hands and averted face. She would have given the world that Brian had waited, to sanction the deed by his presence. But she felt a sort of comfort in the very noise of the horse’s feet, and hastened to present the bowl, ere she was *quite* alone with Lanty.

We know that a Roman empress gave to her tyrant

husband, a philter to soothe his rage; and that the odious Isabeau of France administered one to her spouse, Charles the Sixth, to attach him to her and her vile purposes. But how much more affecting than all the recorded instances of royal superstition, is the picture of this poor Irish girl, watching, in her simplicity, the effect of her charmed potion, as the thirsty youth drained every drop of the bowl, unconscious of the draught of mutual destruction, so fondly prepared and so unsuspectingly quaffed. Lanty had alighted from his horse ere he drank, intending to act on the old huntsman's hint, and to while away a quarter of an hour with his sweetheart, as was his wont on every possible occasion. He had thrown the bridle over a branch of one of the shrubs that kept the dairy in shade; and he stood at the door as he drank.

Biddy could not resist her desire to mark the progress of her charm. She stole a sidelong glance at Lanty. His first look, as he gave back the bowl, was one of simple satisfaction at the highly-flavoured draught, which, however, the anxious girl did not fail to interpret into an expression of rising love. In a moment more, Lanty stretched forth his hand, placed it on Biddy's shoulder, and tottered towards her. Her heart bounded at these tokens of increasing passion: she looked up again. A wild convulsion passed over the poor lad's face. He stretched forward both his arms; and as Biddy shrunk back with a pang of horror, he fell extended on the floor.

Fixed to the spot, Biddy could not attempt to offer, nor had she the power to call for aid. A few moments of frightful silence ensued, broken only by the shrill voice of Brian leading the hounds, the yelp of some young dog, or the deep tone of an old one which had caught the scent. At these sounds, poor Lanty's horse neighed and pawed the ground. The unfortunate young man, whose senses had been entirely stunned by the first shock of the overcharged draught, but which were now revived by the fierce revulsion of every spring of sensation, bounded upwards from the floor, staggered round in the wild drunkenness of insanity, rushed to the door, passed the poor agent and victim of his ruin, leaped upon his saddle, and clapping spurs into his too ardent steed, set off at full gallop, in the direction of the pack, which had already found a hare, and was now in full cry.

The course of the furious chase which Lanty rode that morning, is still marked out by many a trace. Those who witnessed it, declared that aught so terrible had never met their view. All who had joined the huntsman stopped, in surprise at first, and afterwards in affright, as Lanty drove his steed along, over ditch and wall, his hair flying in the wind, and spurs and whip perpetually urged into the flanks of the half-maddened animal. Brian Oge, almost thunderstruck at what he saw, pulled up his horse, and with clasped hands gazed wildly on, while the unheeded dogs ran far and wide, in all the riot of the chase. At length the gallant hunter that had borne

the poor whipper-in for so many a hard day's run, fell utterly exhausted to the earth ; and its unfortunate rider lay under it, in raging helplessness.

Biddy had stood by the dairy door, transfixed in a trance of despair, and marking almost the whole appalling extent of her lover's progress, when she was aroused by the approach of an old woman, who came towards her, with hurried yet enfeebled steps ; and as she approached she called out : " Biddy Keenahan, Biddy Keenahan, you didn't give him the philthur ? say you *didn't*, girl ; —don't daare to tell me that you did—ruination and misery is on us all if Lanty tasted the drug—spake, spake ! why don't you ?—Did he drink it—did he drink it ?"—and with these words the trembling hag shook Biddy into sensation, and she answered, " He did, he did, Peg Morrin."

"Thin the doom is upon us all—or how could I ever let you take, or yourself come to take the wrong pouter —a pouter that would drive an elephant mad ! Bow down your head, misfort'nate crathur—the curse is comin' over us !"

The poor girl, choking with emotions of terror that now reached their climax, fell into a fit of violent hysterics. Servants and others rushed in from various quarters, alarmed by sundry reports of evil. Lanty was brought back towards the house, raging mad. As his hapless sweetheart recovered her senses, they were shocked once more by the hoarse screaming of his voice, which, even

in those heart-rending tones she recognised as his. The persons about her had straggled out when she recovered from the fit, in newly-excited curiosity, to witness the maniac's approach:—seizing the moment when she could unobstructedly escape, poor Biddy, driven beyond endurance by her mental agony, and the fierce denunciation of the fortune-teller pursuing her like a blade of fire, rushed to the river's edge, and flinging herself from the little quay where she had landed the preceding night so full of hope and happiness, sought to quench in the river's depths, her burning misery and remorse. Tom Fagan the miller, coming up in his cot that morning, with some sacks of flour for the Grange, found its progress suddenly stopped on one of the shallows by a heavy substance looking white on the sand bank. On moving it with his pole, the body of poor Biddy Keenahan rose to the surface; and a number of people running along the river's edge, in too tardy search, explained to him the previous horrors of the morning.

Lanty, after undergoing for two or three days, excruciating tortures, in confirmed and outrageous madness, was led, as a faint chance of recovery, by some well-meaning theorist, to see the dead body of his sweetheart, laid out in her shroud, and ready for the grave. This, as was expected, produced a fierce shock and frightful crisis. Lanty recovered from insanity. But, with a hideous burst of laughter heralding the change, he instantly sunk into incurable idiocy, and so remained till

the day of his death. From what motive I have never been able to learn (perhaps in the hope that the sufferer might forget even his own identity with the transactions it involved) the country folk dropped the habit of calling Lanty by his own name; and changed it into that of John King, by which he was always afterwards known. He wandered about after a while, harmlessly and unobstructed, haunting the scenes of this terrible catastrophe, or straggling through the streets of the neighbouring town: a living lesson of the danger of forcing the development of even good passions; and proving the axiom of Molly Fagan the miller's wife, that "Thru love should be let to run its coorse."

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

UNGRATEFUL Love! that scornful fiest away,
Scared by my thinly-scattered locks of gray;
Now thou art gone, in pity to my grief,
Consoling Friendship comes to my relief:—
If the fair ringlets of my youth had scared thee,
Ah! what a load of sorrow had been spared me!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT OF THE HONORABLE
MISS * * * , BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

I.

PATRICIAN Beauty! I bethink me well
Of the Land's glory while I gaze on thee;—
For lips and eyes like thine first wrought the spell
That made us what we are—the Brave, the Free;—
And bade Earth bow to England's chivalry!—
O who would dare be recreant to his name,
His God, his sovereign, and his ancestry,—
Who could be dead to love and honour's flame,
Were such a form as this the bright reward of fame!

II.

Then fear not, England, an opposing world,
So long as Beauty fires the warrior's breast!
And when the Lion-banner is unfurled,
To fling its awful shadow o'er the' opprest;
And when thy red lance quivers in the rest,
Be "Home and Beauty!" still the charging cry!—
Winged by that living word, thy meteor crest
Shall flash confusion on the foeman's eye,—
One pulse, one passion felt,—to do, or else to die!

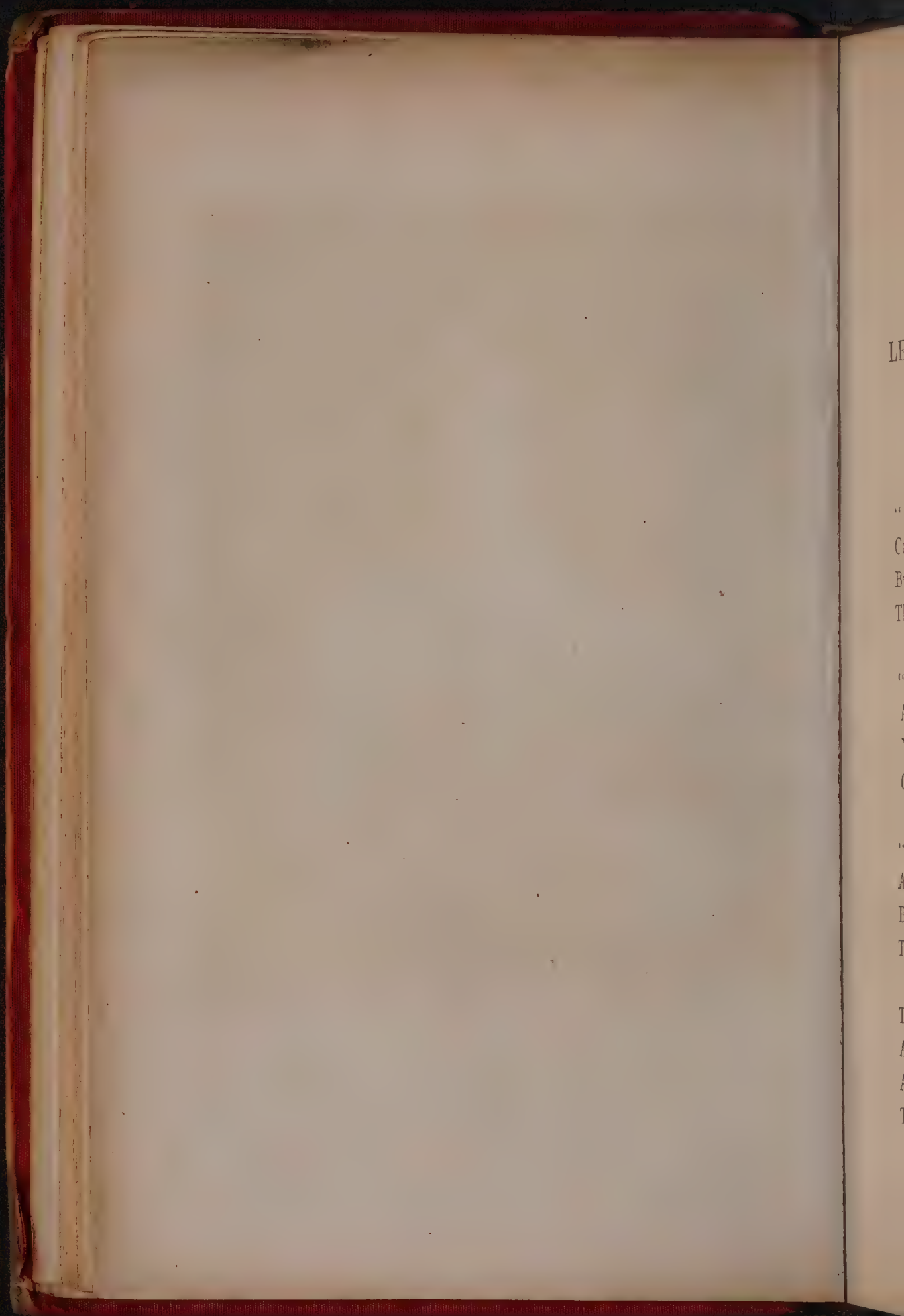


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LEGEND OF THE DRACHENFELS.

BY WINTHROP M. PRAED, ESQ.

“ LEAD me away ! I am weak and young,
Captive the fierce and the proud among ;
But I will pray a humble prayer,
That the feeble to strike may be firm to bear.

“ Lead me away ! the voice may fail,
And the lips grow white, and the cheek turn pale ;
Yet will ye know, that nought but sin
Chafes or changes the soul within.

“ Lead me away ! oh, dear to mine eyes
Are the flowery fields, and the sunny skies ;
But I cannot turn from the Cross divine,
To bend my knee at an idol's shrine.”

They clothe her in such rich array
As a bride prepares for her bridal day ;
Around her forehead, that shines so bright,
They wreathe a wreath of roses white,

And set on her neck a golden chain—
Spoil of her sire in combat slain.
Over her head her doom is said ;
And with folded arms and measured tread,
In long procession, dark and slow,
Up the terrible hill they go,
Hymning their hymn, and crying their cry,
To him, their Demon Deity.—
Mary, Mother ! sain and save !
The maiden kneels at the Dragon's cave !

Alas ! 't is frightful to behold
That thing of Nature's softest mould,
In whose slight shape and delicate hue
Life's loveliness shews fresh and new,
Bound on the dark hill's topmost height,
To die, and by such death, to-night !
But yester-eve, when the red sun
His race of grateful toil had run,
And o'er the earth the moon's soft rays
Lit up the hour of prayer and praise,
She bowed within the pleasant shade
By her own fragrant jasmine made ;
And while her clear and thrilling tone
Asked blessing from her Maker's throne,
The notes were echoed to her ear
From lips that were to her most dear.

Her sire, her kindred, round her knelt;
And the young Priestess knew and felt
That deeper love than that of men
Was in their natural temple then.
That love—is now its radiance chill?
Oh, fear not! it is o'er her still!

The crowd departed: her wandering eye
Followed their steps, as they left her to die.
Down the steep and stern descent,
Strangely mingled, the Heathen went,—
Palsied dotard, and beardless boy,
Sharers to night in their savage joy,
Hoary priest, and warrior grim,
Shaking the spear, and chanting the hymn;
And ever and anxiously looking back,
To watch if yet, on his slimy track,
He rolled him forth, that ghastly guest,
To taste of the banquet he loved the best.

The crowd departed; and alone
She kneeled upon the rugged stone.
Alas! it was a dismal pause,
When the wild rabble's fierce applause
Died slowly on the answering air;
And, in the still and mute profound,
She started even at the sound
Of the half-thought, half-spoken, prayer,

Her heart and lip had scarcely power
To feel or frame in that dark hour.
Fearful, yet blameless!—for her birth,
Fair victim, was of common earth,
And she was nursed, in happier hours,
By Nature's common suns and showers:
And when one moment whirls away
Whate'er we know or trust to day,
And opens that eternal book,
On which we long, and dread, to look,
In that quick change of sphere and scope,—
That rushing of the spirit's wings,
From all we have to all we hope,
From mortal to immortal things,—
However on the giddy brink
Despair may smile, and Guilt dissemble,—
White Innocence awhile will shrink,
And Piety be proud to tremble!

But quickly from her brow and cheek
The flush of human terror faded;
And she aroused, the maiden meek,
Her fainting spirit, self upbraided;
And felt her secret soul renewed
In that her solemn solitude.
Unwonted strength to her was given
To bear the rod, and drink the cup;
Her pulse beat calmer; and to heaven
Her voice, in firmer tones, went up.

And as upon her gentle heart
The dew of holy peace descended,
She saw her last sunlight depart,
With awe and hope so sweetly blended
Into a deep and tranquil sense
Of unpresuming confidence,
That if the blinded tribes, whose breath
Had doomed her to such dole and death,
Could but have caught one bright, brief glance
Of that ungrieving countenance,
And marked the light of glory shed
Already o'er her sinless head,

The tears, with which her eyes were full,
Tears, not of anguish,—and the smile
Of new-born rapture, which the while,
As with a lustrous veil, arrayed
Her brow, her cheek, her lip, and made

Her beauty more than beautiful,—
Oh, would they not have longed to share
Her torture,—yea, her transport there?

“ Father, my sins are very great ;
Thou readest them, whate'er they be :
But penitence is all too late ;
And unprepared I come to thee,—
Uncleansed, unblest, unshriven !

“ Yet thou, in whose all-searching sight
No human thing is undefiled,—
Thou, who art merciful in might,
Father, thou wilt forgive thy child,—
Father, thou hast forgiven !

“ Thy will, not hers, be done to day !—
If in this hour, and on this spot,
Her soul indeed must pass away,
Among fierce men who know thee not,—
Thine is the breath thou gavest !

“ Or if thou wilt put forth thy hand,
And shield her from the jaws of flame,
That she may live to teach the land
Whose people hath not heard thy name,—
Thine be the life thou savest !”

So spoke the blessed maid ; and now
Crossing her hands upon her breast,
With quiet eye, and placid brow ;
Awaited the destroying pest ;
Not like a thing of sense and life
Soul-harassed in such bitter strife,
But tranquil, as a shape of stone,
Upraised in ages long bygone,
To mark where, closed her toilsome race,
Some sainted sister sleeps in grace.

Such Bertha seemed : about her grew
Sweet wild-flowers, sweet of scent and hue ;
And she had fixed with pious care
Her Crucifix before her there,
That her last look and thought might be
Of Christ, and of the Holy Tree.

The day was gone, but it was not night :—
Whither so suddenly fled the light ?
Nature seemed sick with a sore disease ;
Over her hills and streams and trees
Unnatural darkness fell ;
The earth and the heaven, the river and shore,
In the lurid mist were seen no more ;
And the voice of the mountain-monster rose,
As he lifted him up from his noon-tide repose,
First in a hiss, and then in a cry,
And then in a yell that shook the sky ;—
The eagle from high fell down to die

At the sound of that mighty yell :—
From his wide jaws broke, as in wrath he woke,
Scalding torrents of sulphurous smoke,
And crackling coals, in mad ascent,
As from a red volcano went ;

And flames, like the flames of hell.
But his scream of fury waxed more shrill,
When, on the peak of the blasted Hill,
He saw his victim bound.

Forth the Devourer, scale by scale,
Uncoiled the folds of his steel-proof mail,
Stretching his throat, and stretching his tail,
And hither and thither rolling him o'er,
Till he covered four-score feet and four
Of the wearied and wailing ground.

And at last he raised from his stony bed
The horrors of his speckled head ;
Up, like a comet, the meteor went,
And seemed to shake the firmament,

And batter heaven's own walls !
For many a long mile, well I ween,
The fires that shot from those eyes were seen ;
The Burschen of Bonn, if Bonn had been,
Would have shuddered in their halls.

Woe for the Virgin !—bootless here
Were gleaming shield, and whistling spear,
Such battle to abide ;

The mightiest engines that ever the trade
Of human homicide hath made,
Warwolf, balist, and catapult,
Would like a stripling's lath insult
That adamant hide.

Woe for the Virgin !—

Lo ! what spell
Hath scattered the darkness, and silenced the yell,
And quenched those fiery showers ?—

Why turns the Serpent from his prey ?
The Cross hath barred his terrible way,
 The Cross, among the flowers.
As an eagle pierced on his cloudy throne,
As a column rent from its base of stone,
Backward the stricken Monster dropped ;
Never he stayed and never he stopped,
Till deep in the gushing tide he sank,
 And buried lay beneath the stream,
 Passing away like a loathsome dream.
Well may you guess, how either bank
 As with an earthquake shook ;
The mountains rocked from brow to base ;
 The river boiled with a hideous din,
 As the burning mass fell heavily in ;
And the wide, wide Rhine, for a moment's space,
 Was scorched into a brook.

Night passed, ere the multitude dared to creep,
Huddled together, up the steep ;
They came to the stone—in speechless awe
They fell on their face at the sight they saw :
The maiden was free from hurt or harm,—
But the iron had passed from her neck and arm,
And the glittering links of the shivered chain
Lay scattered about like drops of rain !

And deem ye that the rescued child
To her father-land would come,—
That the remnant of her kindred smiled
Around her, in her home,—
And that she lived in love of earth,
Among earth's smiles and tears,
And gave God thanks for the daily birth
Of blessings in after years?—
Holy and happy, she turned not away
From the task her Saviour set that day;—
What was her kindred, her home, to her?—
She had been heaven's own messenger!

Short time went by from that dread hour
Of manifested wrath and power,
Ere from the cliff a little shrine
Looked down upon the rolling Rhine.
Duly the virgin Priestess there,
Led day by day the hymn and prayer,
And the dark Heathen round her pressed,
To know their Maker, and be blessed!

L'ENVOI.

TO THE COUNTESS VON C——, BONN.

I.

THIS is the Legend of the Drachenfels,—

Sweet theme, most feebly sung :—and yet to me
My feeble song is grateful ; for it tells
Of far-off smiles and voices.—Though it be
Unmeet, fair Lady, for thy breast or bower,
Yet thou wilt wear, for thou didst plant, the flower.

II.

It had been worthier of such birth and death,
If it had bloomed where thou hadst watched its rise,
Fanned by the zephyr of thy fragrant breath,
Warmed by the sunshine of thy gentle eyes ;
And cherished by the love, in whose pure shade
No evil thing can live, no good thing fade.

III.

It will be long ere thou wilt shed again
Thy praise or censure on my childish lays,—
Thy praise, which makes me happy more than vain ;
Thy censure, kinder than another's praise.
Huge mountains frown between us ; and the swell
Of the loud sea is mocking my farewell.

IV.

Yet not the less, dear Friend, thy guiding light
Shines through the secret chambers of my thought;
Or when I waken, with revived delight,
The lute young Fancy to my cradle brought,
Or when I visit, with a studious brow,
The less-loved task, to which I turn me now.

CORRIE-USK.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

WAS there no grave in habitable realm
That hither we have wandered, to the tomb
Of nature, where the mountains overwhelm
In pendulous horror the dread gulf of doom;
A wilderness of ruin without bound,
Lonelier than loneliness, of sterner gloom
Than tempest-laden midnight?—Not a sound
Nor sight of life—the silence of despair,
The solitude of death;—what fiend hath frowned,
What imprecation blasted earth and air,
That never plant may spring, nor sun may shine?
Peace, peace, infirm of faith: Jehovah's care
Is over all: and everywhere the shrine
Of wakeful Providence, and love divine.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

I.

My baby! my poor little one! thou'st come a winter
flower,—
A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly hour;
Thou comest with the snow-drop—and, like that pretty
thing,
The power that called my bud to life, will shield its
blossoming.

II.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves, to fold her safe
and warm,
Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and weathers out the
storm;
I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long,—but well
I know
The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let thee go!

III.

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still!—hangs down
her fair young head,
So thine may droop in days to come, when I have long
been dead ;
And yet the little snow-drop's safe!—from her instruc-
tion seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly, and the
meek !

IV.

Yet motherless thou 'lt not be long—not long in name,
my life !
Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer
wife ;
Be loving, dutiful to her ;—find favour in her sight ;
But never, oh my child ! forget thine own poor mother
quite.

V.

But who will speak to thee of her ?—the gravestone at
her head,
Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of the
dead :
But not a word of all the love—the mighty love for
thee,
That crowded years into an hour of brief maternity.

VI.

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another
there,—

That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so passing
fair !

Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee call
thine own,—

Oh ! take it there—to look upon, when thou art all
alone !—

VII.

To breathe thine early griefs unto—if such assail my
child ;

To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not so mild.

Alas ! unconscious little one !—thou 'lt never know
that best,

That holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's
breast !—

VIII.

I do repent me now too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as I
ought ;

I've been too hasty, peevish, proud,—I longed to go
away,

And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not let me
stay.—

IX.

Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I *might have*
been—

A bride last year,—and now to die! and I am scarce
nineteen;—

And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love, so
new,

So deep!—could that have run to waste?—could that
have failed me too?

X.

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at my
side!

My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all its
pride;

To deck her with my finest things—with all I've rich
and rare!

To hear it said—"How beautiful! and good as she is
fair!"

XI.

And then to place the marriage crown upon that bright
young brow!

Oh no! not *that*—'tis full of thorns! alas, I'm wander-
ing now.

This weak, weak head! this foolish heart! they'll cheat
me to the last:

I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is past.

XII.

Thou 'lt have thy father's eyes, my child!—oh! once
how kind they were!

His long black lashes—his own smile, and just such
raven hair;—

But here's a mark—poor innocent!—he'll love thee
for't the less,

Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his lips were wont to
press.

XIII.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps, when all's
forgot

But our young loves, in memory's mood, he'll kiss this
very spot.

Oh, then, my dearest! clasp thine arms about his neck
full fast,

And whisper, that I blessed him now, and loved him to
the last.

XIV.

I've heard that little infants, converse by smiles and
signs,

With the guardian band of angels, that round about
them shines,

Unseen by grosser senses,—beloved one! dost thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune with
them now?

XV.

And hast thou not one look for me ? those little restless
eyes
Are wandering, wandering every where, the while thy
mother dies ;—
And yet—perhaps thou 'rt seeking me—expecting me,
mine own !—
Come, Death, and make me to my child at least in
spirit known !

SONNET.

VAINLY thou bid'st me woo the lofty Muse,
And with weak voice, and hand unskilful, try
To string " the orient pearls of poesy."—
With pencil dipt in Fancy's rainbow-hues,
Thou bid'st me all her beamy light diffuse
O'er this dull world of sad reality :—
'T is vain ! No slumbering spirit of melody
Lives in my lyre ;—no spell her voice renews !
The ring-dove does not strain her tender throat,
Vainly ambitious of the linnet's note :—
On feeble wing why should I strive to soar,
When simplest words thy faithful heart can bless !
Why, envious, wish for bright poetic lore,
When in thy love I find all happiness !

MARY DE V.

THE MAGIC GLASS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

How lived—how loved—how died they?

BYRON.

I.

“THE Dead! the glorious Dead!—And shall they rise?
Shall they look on thee with their proud, bright eyes?—

Thou ask'st a fearful spell!

Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,
What kingly vision shall obey my call?—

The deep grave knows it well!

II.

“Wouldst thou behold earth's Conquerors?—Shall they
pass

Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass

With Triumph's long array?—

Speak! and those dwellers of the marble urn,

Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,

As on their proudest day.

III.

“ Or wouldst thou look upon the Lords of Song?—
O’er the dark mirror that immortal throng
 Shall waft a solemn gleam !
Passing with lighted eyes and radiant brows,
Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,
 But silent as a dream.”

IV.

“ Not these, O mighty Master !—Though their lays
Be unto man’s free heart, and tears, and praise,
 Hallowed for evermore !
And not the buried conquerors !—Let them sleep,
And let the flowery earth her sabbaths keep
 In-joy, from shore to shore !

V.

“ But, if the narrow-house may be so moved,
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved,
 Back from their couch of rest !
That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be filled
With peace ; if human love hath ever stilled
 The yearning human breast.”

VI.

“ Away, fond youth !—An idle quest is thine :
These have no trophy, no memorial shrine ;
 I know not of their place !

Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,
Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint and low,
Have passed, and left no trace.

VII.

“ Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills,
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,
This covering turf may bloom ;
But ne’er hath Fame made relics of its flowers,—
Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,
Or poet hailed their tomb.”

VIII.

“ Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell !
Some voice perchance by those lone graves may tell
That which I pine to know !
I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
Records of joy and woe.”

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KUZZILBASH."

AMONG the common occurrences of life, there are few, perhaps, more calculated to interest and animate the mind of a spectator, than the sight of a numerous fleet of gallant vessels leaving port to proceed upon a distant voyage. But, exclusive of the more elevated feelings which are naturally called forth by reflecting on the spirit and intelligence which is embarked in these noble machines, to bear the name, the riches, and the power of Britain, to the uttermost parts of the globe, the scene teems with objects of more ordinary and present interest. The shore is all astir with hurry and bustle: crowds are seen running from different quarters, all to the same point; groups, equipped for their voyage, throng to the quays or beach, attended by relatives and friends, who proffer or receive those words of encouragement or comfort, which the party with the strongest nerves never fails to pour into the dull ear of grief. Then may be heard the cheerful, hearty well-wishings of such as having themselves often braved the winds and waves think but of

the anticipated success and speedy return of those who are departing; the hurried, half-articulated blessings of others, whose fears are all awake to the perils of the mighty deep; the ill-suppressed sob that chokes the adieus of some, who feel that they are perhaps looking for the last time on those who are their hope, their joy, their every-thing in life. These, and all the various workings of grief, misery, and despair, may be viewed in close and striking contrast with indifference and recklessness, with gaiety and rejoicing, in full as many and as widely diversified forms. The keen observer may note the downcast, tearful eye,—the quivering lip,—the fervent, speechless grasp of hands that may never again be joined together,—the quick, irregular step of those who have already uttered that heart-breaking word, “adieu,” and who hurry from the spot, but still linger, and turn to gaze upon the bark which holds the object of their care; he may trace all this amid the bustle of business, and the eagerness of adventure, which characterise others of the multitude, or the idle curiosity or cold indifference which marks the common herd.

But the bustle at length decreases,—the throng diminishes. The numerous boats, with their heads directed seaward, which dot the surface of the waters, proclaim that the partings are past,—that the adventurers have departed. The groups, now more rarely scattered over the beach, quit it, one after another; and retiring to the heights above, gaze on the receding skiffs. The move-

ment, which has diminished on shore, may now be seen commencing and increasing among the stately ships that ride upon the blue waves, full in view of the spectators. The busy sound of human multitudes comes mellowed by distance across the waters; sheet after sheet of canvas drops, as it were, by magic, from the long yards, and rises fluttering and spreading along the tall spars of each vessel, until, after a few rapid manœuvres among its complicated machinery, the sails gradually fill, and the ship, yielding gracefully to the influence of the breeze, begins to "walk the waters like a thing of life," rejoicing as it were in her own element.

But observe yon lofty vessel, anchored far outside of all the rest, conspicuous for the peculiar squareness of her yards, the tautness of her taper masts, and, above all, for her long, low, dark hull, with its rakish-looking tier of red ports, scarcely rising above the water,—like the half-disclosed teeth of a serpent. The Blue Peter at the fore, and the loose fore topsail, are of themselves sufficient to proclaim her the commodore of the convoy, and one of his majesty's largest and most dashing frigates; even if her seaward station—protecting as it were her charge—the signal-flags, which every now and then ascend, like party-coloured birds, to the several points of her masts and rigging, with the sheets of flame, and roar of thunder, which occasionally issue from her red ports, should have failed to convey that information to her beholders.

At length the last lagging ship has passed to seaward, and the small boats are once more seen, returning to the shore. Another combination of flags now appears on the masts of the frigate,—another flash issues from her bow-port, and her topsails are loosed and sheeted home. In one instant more, down fall courses and top gallant-sails,—staysails are run up, and royals set,—and in the twinkling of an eye, the noble vessel, like an eagle in full swoop, is seen passing the ships of her convoy as if they were at anchor; until, having shot far ahead of the foremost, she furls staysails and top gallantsail, hauls her mainsail up, and, with her three topsails, foresail, jib, and spanker, holds on her course; while, with all the canvas they can pack, her more heavy-sailing charge can scarce keep way with their gallant commodore, but press onwards in his wake, like a flock of wild fowl following their sagacious leader.

A week had elapsed since the frigate and her convoy left the port of L——; and the wind, which was fair as the heart of seaman could desire, had gradually increased from a pleasant breeze to a hard dry gale: but where is the sailor who does not love the breeze,—rude though it be,—which wafts him swiftly to his desired port? The weather was hazy; and the few fleecy clouds which drifted across the grey sky, were quickly lost in the dense atmosphere which shrouded every object near the horizon. During the day, the ships of the convoy were scattered over a wide expanse of sea; and even the

utmost exertions of the commodore were not always successful in collecting them around him within a moderate distance, at nightfall:—a close order would not have been desirable; for such was the indistinctness of vision by night,—not from the darkness, but the haze,—that the best look-out might have proved insufficient to guard against accidents, and to keep the vessels of the fleet from running each other down, in the swiftness of their course, before they could be aware of each other's vicinity. In the evening, therefore, as one after another they fell into their respective stations, on either quarter of the commodore, each vessel took in what canvas she could spare; all except some wretched tubs, which embraced this opportunity of crowding every stitch to make up the way they had lost during the day; while the stag-like frigate was often forced to furl every inch of canvas, that she might not run out of sight of her charge before the light of morning should render it safe for her to heave to, and wait for their coming up.

The eighth evening had closed in on board the frigate with an increase of wind and sea. Every thing had been made snug for the night: the royal and topgallant yards were sent on deck, the masts themselves were struck, and every sail was carefully handed; only the goose-wings of the main topsail were occasionally loosed between the squalls, to keep the ship free from the danger of being run foul of by any of the convoy. The log in these squalls would sometimes indicate a rate of eleven,

and even twelve knots. The sea foamed and boiled around the ship's broad bows, in whirlpools of brilliant light, while she careered along under the influence of a heavy following sea, which struck her alternately on each quarter; and she rolled until the points of her reduced masts described the greater portion of a semi-circle in the heavens, and her long yard-arms returned dripping with brine. Every now and then the crest of a huge wave, taking advantage, as it were, of her recumbent position, would break upon her black side, and curling over her quarter or waist, wash the decks clean fore and aft, drenching every thing upon them; while the timbers, and straining tackles of the heavy guns, creaked and groaned with the constant and irregular tension.

"A stiff bit of a breeze this same, my boys," said young Bill Thomas, as he entered the starboard berth,* about two bells after the first watch had been set, wringing the brine off his rough sea-cap, and handing it, along with his dripping watch-coat, to the boy of his mess. "I take it, some of the old ladies at home are praying for us about this time."

"There's a fresh hand at the bellows, too, just now, I think," observed another of the youths of the berth, "and the old Hooker feels it. How she does groan and crack again!"

* The quarters of the midshipmen and master's mates on board a frigate, as the cockpit is on board a line-of-battle ship.

“Ay, and how she lurches too,” rejoined Thomas. By the L—d, she took in a sea amid-ships just now, that put the whole main-deck afloat, and set her a-staggering like old Smithers, when he’s a cloth or two in the wind. Egad! I’ve taken a bucket-full on board myself, I think.”

“Staggering! By the Hokey, it set more a-staggering than you, or the old Hooker either: it sent little Jem, there,—confound him!—into the lee scuppers, with a good can of stiff grog he was handing to me.”

“Ah, Dick! that was a loss, faith: but it don’t signify,—by Jove! I must qualify this sea-water a little—my stomach is like an icehouse! Here, you son of a sea-cook! take these wet duds forward, and shake the water out of them, and get me a dry jacket: and here, my boy,—hand us the stuff. Come, don’t be so stingy: now, up with it,—there, that’s something like. ‘Here’s to the ship that goes,—the wind that blows;’ but avast! we’ve enough of that already!”

“And pray what lark might you have been after, upon deck, Master Thomas?” interrogated young Ned Connoly, as he just finished a hand at cribbage, which he had been playing with some others of the mess by the light of the purser’s lantern which hung in a corner of the berth. “Havn’t you enough of bad weather in your own watch?—I’ll be bound you was after no good now.”

“Why, faith, I can’t say much for the good, Ned;

and little more for the evil, if you will call fun out of its right name. I was talking a bit with old Gillows: he's down in the mouth, you know, about his wife; and I was spinning a yarn to rouse him up, and make him laugh; but it wouldn't do,—the fool still throws up his eyes like a duck in thunder, and heaves such savage sighs! I told him to belay, for we had more wind than we knew what to do with already; but he's too hard up just now for a joke: so I went and saw the log hove, and was just coming down, when that confounded sea struck her amid-ships, and soused me all over."

"And you deserved it all, Bill, for bothering a poor fellow, who has so much to vex him as old Gillows has already.—But what is she going?"

"Eleven knots, by the Hokey! and under bare poles, too,—not a rag upon her; she does spin along, to be sure."

"And how does the night look?"

"Devilish bad, I think,—as black in the face as a blacksmith,—can't see a ship's length on either side for haze, and the sea rising, if anything, and like a sheet of fiery foam all around. I saw old quarter-master Sims shoving his muzzle to windward, and grinning and snuffing as if he smelt mischief."

"Then mischief there will be, or my name's not Ned Connoly; but let us see,—I'll take a turn on deck myself, and bring you my report." With these words he left the berth, to which he was never to return.

Ned Connoly was a jolly master's-mate, on board the good frigate D——, a prime favourite with all his mess-mates; a chief leader in all their amusements and innocent *larks* (for in no others would he be concerned); the very glass and mirror in which the “young gentlemen”* of the D—— did fashion their deportment;—in short, the life and soul of the starboard berth. No one could sing a song or tell a story like Connoly;—his wit and humour were inexhaustible; and for compounding a bowl of punch, or dressing a good hot devil, when the where-withal was to be had, or for helping to discuss such good things when made, there was not his equal in the ship.

But Ned Connoly had other and more valuable qualities. He was an excellent seaman; zealous and active in the discharge of his duty; of an open and generous disposition; a warm-hearted friend, and a dutiful, affectionate son. He was too, “the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.” That mother had daughters it is true, but this was her only boy,—“her beautiful, her brave!”—the image of his gallant father, who had fallen, fighting the battles of his country,—under God, her only earthly support. Out of the wretched pittance of the pay to which he was entitled, he still contrived to save a trifle, to add to her comforts; and all his little prize-money was devoted to the same pious purpose. His

* The midshipmen are usually termed, “the young gentlemen,” on board a man-of-war.

exemplary conduct had not passed unobserved by his officers, and at this very time, he was among the first on the admiral's private list, to be made lieutenant as soon as possible, after arriving at his destined station;—this hope was his comfort—that step the height of his ambition for the time. Vain hopes—never was he doomed to reach that station! never was his fond mother again to clasp her son to her heart!

The frigate was now at every lurch rolling her gun-wales under water, and dipping her main yard-arms on either side; while ever and anon, in spite of the helm's-man's skill, heavy seas would curl over her quarters and sweep her decks: such of the watch as were not actively employed, had sought what shelter they could find from the soaking spray; and sat passing the time with tough stories, or singing rude sea songs: those on the look-out alone were to be seen at their several stations, gazing heedfully through the murky air, to guard against mischance. The officer of the watch paced the privileged platform of the quarter-deck, or occasionally held on by the capstern, as a fresh fit of rolling rendered his walk too hazardous to be continued; now addressing a question or an order to the quarter-master, and now casting upwards a keen, inquisitive glance, to see that all was right over head, or to scan the aspect of the heavens.

Suddenly the quarter-master in the waist was startled by a piercing shriek which seemed to issue from the sea

itself; it was almost immediately repeated, and the second time he could trace it with certainty to the mizen chains.

“Abaft there, hoay!” shouted he; “a man overboard, in the larboard mizen chains there!” and he sprang aft himself, while the look-out on the larboard quarter ran also to the point indicated; from whence the cries still echoed, when the voice of the sufferer was not quenched by the wash of a fresh sea.

“Holloa there, keep a good heart!” “hold on, my lad, we’ll soon have hold of you!”—“whereabouts are you?” exclaimed the men, as each strove to gain sight of the poor fellow: but it was too late—no human eye could see, no arm could reach him.

“Oh, God help me! I’m gone,” uttered the voice in half-choked accents, as the driving seas forced him from his hold.

“By heaven! it is Ned Connoly—lay hold of him, ye lubbers!” exclaimed the lieutenant.

“A boat! oh God, a boat!” shrieked the despairing lad, as he whirled past them. They were his last words—the ship was bounding forward like a race-horse in full speed. Another faint and distant cry was borne upon the blast, and sounded like a knell upon the ear of the bystanders; and they heard no more.

“Starboard your helm! starboard! D—n,—hard a starboard, will ye!” shouted the lieutenant. “Bring her to the wind;—we’re not to let the poor fellow go in

this way!—Holloa, there! maintop men, bear a-hand! clear-a-way that boat on the quarter!”

By this time the ship, reeling till she fell almost on her beam ends, came up to the wind with a mighty sweep; but miles were traversed in her speed, from the spot where the poor fellow had lost his hold, before her way could be stopped; the rumour too had now spread below, and his companions, from the starboard berth, came hurrying upon deck. Gallant and daring, but rash as they were brave, they heeded not the danger—they looked not on the raging sea—they thought not of the space to be traversed against a furious wind—of the impossibility of seeing an object in the water, through darkness, mist, and spray:—they only thought of saving their messmate—their friend; he whom they loved like a brother—they sprung into the boat in a moment, to the number of five or six, and fierce demands for oars and rudder, were mingled with cries of “Cast loose, men; cast loose, and lower away—lower away, and be d—d to ye—the poor fellow will be gone.” But the top-men and quarter-masters, more experienced and less excited than the young midshipmen, perceived the full peril, or rather the certainty of destruction, in an attempt which must be fruitless; and they were slowly and reluctantly obeying these repeated and peremptory orders, when the voice of the captain was heard, in tones of grave authority, rising above the tumult and the roar of the winds.

“Keep all fast, men—keep all fast, I say: what—are ye mad?—Would ye wantonly add to this night’s loss? what boat could live a moment in that sea?—what hands could pull her to windward a single fathom if she floated? secure the boat, men, and return to your stations.”—“Lieutenant G.” said he, addressing the officer of the watch, as soon as the men had left the quarter-deck, “this attempt should not have been permitted: I reckoned more upon you, as an officer of trust and experience. On duty, sir, feeling should never overpower the judgment; and who, in the exercise of their judgment, would have committed the lives of men to the mercy of such a sea? Young men, the motives of your thoughtless conduct excuse you from my censure; but let the peril you have so narrowly escaped, be a lesson for the future;—learn to distinguish between the resolute courage, which beseems a man, and the blind fool-hardihood, which fruitlessly exposes the lives of others with our own: if ye seek to become officers, this is a point of the first importance. No one of you regrets the fate of young Connolly more than I do, but the hand of God was plainly in the matter; and were ye to strive against His might? Return to your duties or your berths.—Mr. G. get the ship before the wind again, and keep your regular course.”

The frigate once more pursued her rapid way; and on the morrow, poor Connolly’s sea chest, and his little property, were brought up, according to custom, to be

examined and inventoried ;—as is frequently the case on such occasions, an auction was made, of such articles of common use as were not likely to be valued by his mother and sisters ; the produce of which was held for their behoof. At this sale, each of his messmates purchased some little memorial of their unfortunate comrade, without paying much attention to the price they gave ; for they knew well, how much it would be needed, and yet how poorly the whole amount, were it ten times as great, could compensate for a loss so irreparable. Their good-will did not stop here : a collection was set on foot, to which every one contributed his mite—and the officers of the ship, desirous of testifying their regard for the deceased, added each what he could spare, for the benefit of the bereaved widow.

Many a glance was directed at the vacant seat of poor Connoly, as the young men assembled at the usual hour at their scanty meal ;—their customary mirth was clouded ; and much, and most sincere regret was expressed for the loss of so true-hearted a messmate. But the next day, his seat was occupied by some other member of the mess ;—allusions to their lost friend were less frequent ;—other events occurred, and afforded fresh topics of conversation ;—and in less than a week, the name of Connoly ceased to be mentioned : he had passed as it seemed from their memories, as he had from their presence—like a bubble on the current of human life, which dances gaily and sparkles for a while, then bursts, and is seen no more.

OBERON AND TITANIA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Yet, marked I when the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white,—now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love in idlings:—
Fetch me that flower!

LIKE some fair bird, that, 'mid the leaves and flowers,
From sky-ward travel, folds its silver wing,—
Amid the spicy shade of woodbine bowers,
And weary with her moonlight wandering,
Slumbers the Fairy Queen!—her deep repose
Won by no mortal music;—by the sound
Of lulling water, flinging, as it flows,
A low, wild, melancholy murmur round:—
And strains that, from the distant fairy-sphere,
Unheard by earthly watchers, bring her rest,
Are lingering, yet, within her dreaming ear,
Singing—like memory's in a mortal breast!
The breeze, with airy footstep stealing by,
Plays to the sleeping queen his even-song;



Painted by J. Howard Esq.

Engraved by J. C. Edwards.

O. B. R. O. N. & T. I. T. A. N. I. A.

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And the musk-roses utter sigh on sigh,
As the faint, thrilling measure floats along,—
Struck from the harp that has a thousand strings,
Wild-thyme and oxlips and the myrtle leaves,
Yet tuned as soft as when a mother sings
What scarce the ear—but more the heart—receives !

No mortal eye may gaze upon that bower !—
The moon—her playmate of a thousand years—
Looks through the larches, at her own sweet hour :—
Oh ! can that fairy cheek be wet with tears ?
Weep the immortals ?—oh, the bright young queen !
Dreams have been with her, not of angel birth,
Pangs, her pure essence only makes more keen,
From passions that have all too much of earth :—
Too like a spirit, since she wears not wings,
Too much of mortal, for her spirit-boon,
Lovely as heaven makes its loveliest things,
But loving as they love beneath the moon !
And she is of a race that often wept !—
Though never more, in forest or in dale,
Nor in the valleys where, of old, they slept,
Or held their revels till the stars were pale,
Shall they be met by poet or by hind,
Laughing away the live-long summer night,
“ Dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind,”
Or trooping, darkly, from the eye of light ;
Yet many a waker, in the vanished years,
On the hill-side, beneath the twilight dim,

Hath gazed upon the more than mortal tears,
Or listened to the melancholy hymn
Of some lone fairy,—while her sisters played
Upon “the beached margent of the sea.”—
But gone—for ever gone—from shore and glade,
Elfin and fay, that haunted stream and tree,
Back to their own far land of faërie!

Why weeps Titania?—have her dreams, to night,
Been of the lost companion who has trod,
A thousand years, beneath the same sweet light,
Tending her footsteps o’er the dewy sod,—
Her bosom’s lord,—estranged and distant, now?
—Witness the moon! the Fairy King is near,
Bent o’er her beauty with a smiling brow,
And drinking hope from each unconscious tear;
In love’s own service weaving fairy spells,
And singing—like the sweet, far sound of bells!

Spirit of this ‘western flower!’
Clothe thee in a purple shower,
Sink into my lady’s eyes,
Fill her brain with phantasies;
Stir within her, while she sleeps,
Visions, which the memory keeps,
Thoughts, that have no earthly signs,
Hopes, for which the spirit pines!

Sink into my lady's breast,
Lull its throbbings into rest,
Whisper of all gentle things,
Hush her low, sad murmurings;—
Till a peaceful charm be wove,
And she soften into love;
That her eye, its slumber gone,
Love whate'er it look upon!

Spirit! do my bidding well!
I have yet another spell,
Shall soothe her troubled *brain* to rest,
But leave thy charm within her *breast*:
Seal the softness shed by thee,
But clear it of its phantasy!
Ere I meet the fairy train,
She shall be mine own, again.—
Mount and mead are joyless grown,
Since I wander there, alone;
I am sad, by grove and green,
While I want my Fairy Queen!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

NAY, chide me not! I cannot chase
The gloom that wraps my soul away;
Nor wear, as erst, the smiling face
That best beseems this hallowed day:
Fain would my yearning heart be gay,—
Its wonted welcome breathe to thine;
But sighs come blended with my lay,
And tears of anguish blot the line!

II.

I cannot sing, as once I sung
Our bright and cheerful hearth beside;
When gladness swayed my heart and tongue,
And looks of fondest love replied:—
The meaner cares of earth defied,
We heeded not its outward din,
How loud-soe'er the storm might chide,
So all was calm and fair within!

III.

A blight upon our bliss hath come ;
We are not what we were of yore ;
The music of our hearts is dumb ;
Our fireside mirth is heard no more !
The little cricket's chirp is o'er,
That filled our happy home with glee ;
The dove hath fled whose pinions bore
Healing and peace, for thee and me !

IV.

Our youngest-born,—our autumn flower,—
The best beloved, because the last ;
The star that shone above our bower
When many a cherished dream had past ;—
The one sweet hope that o'er us cast
Its rainbow-form of life and light,
And smiled defiance on the blast,
Hath vanished from our eager sight !

V.

Oh ! sudden was the wrench that tore
Affection's firmest links apart,—
And doubly barbed the shaft we wore
Deep in each bleeding heart of heart :
For, who can bear from bliss to part,
Without one sign—one warning token ;
To sleep in peace,—then wake, and start,
To find life's fairest promise broken !

VI.

When last this cherished day came round,
What aspirations sweet were ours !
Fate, long unkind, our hopes had crowned,
And strewn, at length, our path with flowers.
How darkly now the prospect lowers !
How thorny is our homeward way !
How more than sad the evening hours,
That used to glide like thought away !

VII.

And, half infected by our gloom,
Yon little mourner sits and sighs ;
His playthings, scattered round the room,
No more attract his listless eyes :
Mutely his infant task he plies,
Or moves with soft and stealthy tread ;
And, called, in tones subdued replies,
As if he feared to wake the dead !

VIII.

Where is the blithe companion gone,
Whose sports he loved to guide and share ?
Where is the merry eye that won
All hearts to fondness ?—Where, oh, where ?
The empty crib,—the vacant chair,—
The favourite toy,—alone remain,
To whisper to our hearts' despair
Of hopes we cannot feel again !

IX.

Ay, joyless is our "ingle nook,"—
Its genial warmth we own no more!
Our fireside wears an altered look,—
A gloom it never knew before!
The converse sweet,—the cherished lore,—
That once could cheer our stormiest day,—
Those revels of the soul are o'er!
Those simple pleasures past away!

X.

Then chide me not,—I cannot sing
A song befitting love and thee!—
My heart and harp have lost the string
On which hung all their melody! *
Yet soothing sweet it is to me,
Since fled the smiles of happier years;
To know that still our hearts are free,
Betide what may, to mingle tears!

Sept. 5, 1829.

* Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar.

BYRON.

THE CITY OF THE DESERT.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

ELEVEN days had I trodden these trackless solitudes: eleven times had I seen the sun rise from the vast level that stretched around me. It was now evening, and as the oblique rays shot athwart the desert, I fancied I descried the appearance of columns rising on the far horizon. I strained my aching eye-balls, to pierce as it were, between the desert and the sky, that I might be assured no moving pillars of sand had been mistaken for the vestiges of human labour; but the appearances continued immovable. This, then, was the City of the Desert; here it was, that on the morning of the twelfth day, as my vision had revealed, I should obtain the promised gift—contentment! A thousand times had I bewailed the shortness of human life: “it is a worthless possession,” I have exclaimed, “too brief for enjoyment: oh, that I might live for a thousand years!” “Go,” said the vision; “go to the City of the Desert, and there learn contentment.”

As the morning of the twelfth day dawned, it revealed the object of my search. An irregular line of varied elevations, evidently the work of man, shewed, either the existence or the remains of his habitation. As I approached, the line grew into greater distinctness, and soon, the uprisen sun bathed in gold the pinnacles of a hundred temples. I knew not if the City were inhabited; this, my vision had not revealed; and I stopped to listen if any sound of life came over the desert. The profoundest stillness reigned,—the City was as silent as the wilderness that surrounded it; and, as I passed within the walls, I believed myself to be the only human being they inclosed. It was a solemn and imposing spectacle. I wandered through long and spacious streets all silent as the grave: palaces, temples, and private dwellings, stood, some as if they were yet the habitations of the living: some crumbling into ruins. Columns, upon which the art of man had been exhausted, lay prostrate, or stood yet erect, though mouldering away,—bright in the rays of the morning sun, that for centuries had risen and set upon their silent beauty. I was suddenly awakened from a deep reverie by the sound of a footstep. An aged man stood within a few paces of me; and, as I involuntarily stepped back, somewhat awed by the presence of one whose appearance bespoke a nature if not different, yet less evanescent than my own: “Fear nothing,” said he, in a tongue that had long ceased to be the language of living lips, “fear

nothing; comest thou hither to learn, from one over whose head centuries have passed, the misery of length of years? Thou doest well: follow me, and thou shalt hear of the curse that has rested upon me for a thousand years." I obeyed my conductor, who led me into a garden, where, in the centre, shaded by date trees, stood a fountain, and on the ground, a marble basin, into which the water fell, drop by drop. "See," said he, "there is only one pebble in this basin," and an exulting smile passed over his shrivelled countenance; "once there were a thousand,—but nine hundred and ninety-nine are resting on the ground: I have taken one from the heap, each year of the nine hundred and ninety-nine that the curse has endured, that I might know my hour; to-night, when the moonbeam shall tip the date tree, I will throw this on the ground also: sit down upon these steps," continued the patriarch, "and listen to the story of my life." I sat down beside the man of a thousand years, as thus he spoke:—

"The City which now contains but thee and me, and which has been for a thousand years the dwelling-place of only one, was once the habitation of a million of living men and women. Tens of thousands in lusty manhood, once walked these silent streets; and the light glee of children who lived not to be men, mingled with the noise of the waters that once gushed from this fountain, and with the sounds of happy living creatures that filled the air, or gambolled on the earth. I see it all, but as yesterday.

But a curse came upon the City ; and the curse has rested upon me. Famine came first ; many died,—but they who had bread, gave to them who had none—all, save me, and my kindred ; we ate abundantly, while famished men fought with the dogs for putrid offals. Then came disease ; thousands died in a day, and thousands were each day newly smitten ; but no man refused to tend the sick,—all were kind and compassionate, save me. When famine alone had visited us, I did not desert my kindred, because we had abundance ; but now, I forsook all. My father was stricken, my mother—she who had so often watched over me,—my mother was stricken—sisters, brethren, all were stricken ; but I visited them not, nor helped them. I garnered my own dwelling with provisions and costly wines, and secluded myself from all intercourse with the diseased ; there I prayed a selfish prayer for life. I said, ‘ Let all die ; but grant life to me.’ Alas ! my prayer—my guilty prayer—was heard.

“ ‘ Live,’ said a voice, as my prayer expired on my lips ; ‘ live, foolish Azib, be cursed with life ; life for a thousand years !’

“ I understood not then, how life could be a curse. I exulted in the anticipation of length of years. Death, that to others is always near, to me was afar off. Life, that to others was uncertain, was to me assured ; life for a thousand years. The period at which I was resolved to return to the world, had not yet arrived : but the pro-

mise of life was sufficient security, even although disease should still be raging ; and I came forth from my solitude. As I passed through this garden (for yonder, where that one column still stands, was my dwelling), I marvelled at the great stillness that filled the air ; but I guessed not the curse that was upon me : that the City was half depeopled, I believed ; that my friends, that my kindred had perished, might be ; but not that all had perished ! I entered the house of my kindred ; I went into many chambers, but they were empty. I heard a noise in that which was my mother's ; and as I approached the door, a hyæna came forth. Oh ! what a spectacle was reserved for me ! I passed quickly into the streets,—they were silent and empty. I entered the houses,—in those that were shut, I found the dead ; in those that were open, I found both the dead and the living ; the dead of my own species, the living of another. Night came, and I again sought my dwelling. Now I prayed for death ; but I heard the curse again pronounced, ‘ Live ! be cursed with life,—life for a thousand years ! ’ I again walked out into the streets, in search of death ; but the hyæna and the wolf passed by, and avoided me. Now I knew that the curse was upon me, and that mine was a charmed life ; and I returned to this garden, and sat down upon the marble steps where we now rest. I knew that life must endure for a thousand years, and I picked up a thousand pebbles, and placed them in that marble basin, where now but one remains.

“ Yet, hope had not entirely left me. I sought in the remotest and most obscure dwellings, if perchance I might find some human being—some child,—whom disease, or at least death had not reached ; but I found none ; and when assured I had no living associate, I felt a strange consolation in the companionship of the dead. In their faces and forms, there were recollections of living men ; and I sat by them for hours and days, and disputed the possession of them with the wild beasts ; but, one by one, they snatched them from me ; and the traces of the living passed away, till nothing remained to remind me of my race. Next, the brute creation disappeared : during fifty years, birds and beasts sometimes visited the City ; but at length they came no more. The last creature I have seen, was a Pelican, that more than nine hundred years ago, sat one morning, on the sun-dial before the great temple.

“ Dreadful has been the curse of life, and more dreadful has it been every day. I would have made a companion of the hyæna ; I would have associated with any thing that had life. While watching the winged race, called into existence by the sunbeams, I have felt less wretched ; for, like me, they were endued with life : but many centuries have passed away since this small sympathy has been mine. A curse is upon earth and air, as well as upon me ; even the insects that used to float in this basin, and with whose imperfect life I have felt some sympathy, have long been extinct. I would have

given,—but what had I to give? yet had I possessed one blessing, I would have resigned it, to have heard even the cry of a jackal, or the scream of a vulture!

“When life in animated beings could no longer be found, I sought life or motion in inanimate things. I have sat on these steps, and listened for centuries to the gushing of that fountain; but it has long ceased to afford this consolation, for see, the water comes drop by drop. I have watched the flowers that grew, watered by its spray, and the weeds that sprung up among the ruins, but they are all withered; and the country around is a desert: these date trees, that afford me sustenance, alone survive. All this, is the curse of selfishness, the punishment of longing after length of years. I might have given my sympathy, and died with my kindred; but I refused it, and lo! I have received none for a thousand years. A thousand years have I wandered, the sole tenant of these silent streets: I have seen the tooth of time gnaw the records of perishing men; its triumphs are the sole disturbers of the silence that reigns around, as columns fall to the earth, or dwellings crumble into dust.”

The aged man paused for a moment. “It is now only mid-day,” continued he; “Go, walk through the City, meditate on what thou hast heard, and return hither at sunset.”

I went into the City; I entered the habitations that had been tenantless a thousand years. I entered the dwelling of kings, and saw the vacant throne, and the enamelled

floor, once swept by the purple of past ages. I stood among the ruins of temples, and stumbled over the mutilated idols that were mingling with the dust of those who had worshipped them; and I gazed on the sun-dial, that time had spared, to be his chronicler.

At sunset, I returned to the garden: the aged man still sat on the marble steps, and seemed to be watching the far horizon: I sat down beside him, and both were silent. The light of day was fast waning; the rosy hues of sunset died away; fainter grew the scene; at length a pale light on the horizon appeared, and grew, till the moon rose slowly up into the wide sky: soon, the date tree, and the pinnacle of the fountain were tipped with silver: the aged man then arose, and taking the last pebble from the basin, threw it on the ground. One drop of water hung trembling from the fountain; it fell, but none other came; and when I raised my eyes to the countenance of the old man, I saw that his race was ended.

I quitted the garden to enter again upon my journey through the desert; and as I passed by the sun-dial, I saw that time had no longer a record in the City of the Desert: the pedestal which had supported it, had fallen!

SONG.

I.

ALONE beneath the moon I roved,
And thought how oft in hours gone by,
I heard my Mary say she loved
To look upon a moonlight sky !
The day had been one lengthened shower,
Till moonlight came, with lustre meek,
To light up every weeping flower,
Like smiles upon a mourner's cheek.

II.

I called to mind from Eastern books
A thought that could not leave me soon ;—
“ The moon on many a night-flower looks,
The night-flower sees no other moon.”
And thus I thought our fortunes run,
For many a lover sighs to thee ;
While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me !

T. M.

THE SMUGGLERS' ISLE.

A Tale of the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND CONFESSIONS."

THE sea-port town of Mowbray, every body knows, rose, flourished, and fell with the last war. A faithful chronicle of its fortunes would, no doubt, be interesting to the curious reader, but the unthinking many would, I fear, prefer the stories of Tyre and Carthage. There is one incident, however, in the annals of its zenith, which I cannot help imagining deserves a place in history, and it is, therefore, hereinunder set forth, with the brevity and simplicity which should characterise the historic style. No sooner had Mowbray begun to emerge from the insignificance of a fishing village, and to assume a place among the number of maritime towns, than it split, according to what seems to be a law "made and provided" in such cases, into a variety of petty factions. Every man's hand was against his neighbour, and every woman's tongue against hers. The jarring atoms of

society at length separated, as they usually do, into two vast masses; and the moral and political government of the town was vested in the two chiefs, whose purse or principles possessed this chemical power of attraction.

The Montague and Capulet of Mowbray were two elderly men, whose waxing fortunes increased inversely with their waning vigour. They could remember when their native place was little better than a rendezvous for fishing craft, and when the condescension of a Mediterranean bark in accepting the protection of its bay from a gale of wind, was matter of triumph for a month. The fortunes of the place were now mightily changed. The fishing village had become a busy, bustling port, with rich argosies, not only from the Continental towns, but from the West Indies, lying secure within her two quays, which clasped them like a pair of greedy arms. To the free trade, however, as it is called in contradistinction to the fair trade, Mowbray was beholden for a considerable portion of its wealth and importance; the coast being singularly well adapted for the *running* business, while as yet no port-blockade had been established. To the lawless habits introduced, and rendered familiar in such cases, it was owing, that a certain wildness was exhibited in the character of the people, and that even in their most common transactions there was manifested a portion of the reckless and adventurous spirit which, on a great scale, furnishes materials for history, and on a small scale suggests hints for romance.

The Montague of this place was a Mr. Mortimer, and its Capulet Mr. Grove; the resemblance between the real and fictitious personages being further kept up by the circumstance of Mr. Mortimer having a son, and Mr. Grove a daughter. A bitter hostility had existed between the two families from time immemorial, which—in the chronology of a mushroom-town like Mowbray—means somewhere about twenty years, and had continued unabated up to the moment when the son and daughter of the rival houses had attained that period of life when boys and girls begin to think of love, and their fathers and mothers of matrimony. When old Mortimer cast his eyes around among his neighbours, in search of a fitting match for his son, his view was always intercepted by a great glaring white house, towering aloft among its brethren of the town, with an air of wealth and an assertion of supremacy, which made him sigh, as he reflected that it was the abode of Mr. Grove.

When old Grove, for a similar purpose, threw a keen and discriminating glance among the smoky mass of bricks and mortar around him, his wandering looks returned unconsciously to fix themselves upon a huge red house, looking grim and lowering upon its neighbours, and by its very absence of neatness exhibiting the careless superiority of acknowledged opulence. The old man groaned at the sight, for it was the dwelling of Mr. Mortimer.

When Frank Mortimer, posting himself near the

church door after the service, as was the custom of the young men of Mowbray, surveyed with a critical eye the blooming lasses of the town, as they tripped demurely over the stones, a quick bouncing of his heart and a flushing of his cheek proclaimed, almost before her appearance, the approach of Miss Grove; and Frank sighed as he reflected that so beautiful a creature was the daughter of his father's enemy.

When Ellen Grove, on such occasions, turned the angle of the church door, her proud step and swan-like motion were broken, and her tottering walk, rising colour, and conscious look, proclaimed that she was about to pass under the eyes of the boldest and handsomest youth in the county side,—and Ellen sighed at the thought that he was the son of the hated Mortimer.

The consequence of all this sighing may be conceived. The two fathers, far from being inconsistent in their conduct, only yielded, as usual, to the attraction of interest. Under this powerful spell their enmity was forgotten;—they shook hands, exchanged visits, and finally signed and sealed an agreement, by which Grove engaged on that day two years to give his daughter in marriage to Mortimer's son, with a portion of five thousand pounds; and Mortimer consented to add another thousand to the stock of the love-firm, in token of his good-will and further intentions. As for the young people, unlike the heroes and heroines of romance, they entered at once, with the most filial devotion, into the plans of their

parents; and this with so much zeal and spirit, that, on the very day of the introduction, Mr. Grove, on entering hastily the room to break the ice of a first tête-a-tête, was at once surprised and rejoiced to find Frank Mortimer at his daughter's feet.

Two years, all but one month, elapsed. Twenty-three of those true honeymoons which light up the paradise of love, rolled away. Frank Mortimer passed his nights in dreaming of bliss, and his days in enjoying it. The marriage-day was fixed; the promised-land of his heart was distinctly visible in the distance, its heights glittering in the morning sun, and its bowers and breathing groves sparkling with eternal green. One morning, at this epoch, a report arose in the town, no one knew whence or how. It was whispered by one to another, with pale lips and faltering speech; it made the round of the counting-houses like some watchword of terror and dismay, awakening an echo of alarm wherever it fell. A pause then succeeded — still — heavy — terrible; and in the evening of the same day this was followed by the expected crash — “all that the heart believed not — yet foretold!”

With heaviest sound a giant statue fell —
the firm of Mortimer and Co. stopped payment!

The ruin of the house, occasioned by the misconduct of their agents abroad, was sudden and complete; old Mortimer, who was in declining health at the time, died almost immediately of the shock, and Frank became,

in the same moment, an orphan and a beggar. When his stunned and bewildered mind had somewhat recovered from the blow, he hastened to the counting-house to open the letters of the firm, among which he found the following, addressed to himself:—

“DEAR SIR,

“Beg to condole with you on the melancholy occasion,—but death is a debt that must be paid by us all. Refer you to inclosed copy of agreement between the late Mr. Francis Mortimer, sen., and self, by which you will observe, that your marriage with my daughter depends upon the clause being fulfilled, which provides for one thousand pounds being paid into the joint stock by you or the said Mr. F. M., senior. Have no objection to sign your certificate; but, as there appears to be some doubt of the said one thousand pounds being forthcoming on the twenty-third, previous the marriage-day, as per agreement, would rather decline till then, and till such time after as I may take to come to terms with a suitable partner for my daughter, the favour of your further visits.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“JOHN GROVE.”

This third blow would have stunned beyond recovery a feeble or timid spirit; but it had the effect of rousing

into action the fainting energies of Frank Mortimer. The letter of the prudent old merchant was followed by such steps as a man more accustomed to action than to theory would be likely to adopt. He guarded his daughter from the very looks of her lover; and as for a billet reaching her hand or a whisper her ear, the thing was impossible. Notwithstanding his precautions, however, a flash of joy might have been observed sometimes to illumine her face, as a seeming stranger would pass suddenly across her path in her morning walk; in the evening too, when sauntering along the beach, which was the mall of Mowbray, a great, awkward, lounging figure of a sailor, with his hands stuck in his pockets, was regularly seen raising his little straw hat to wipe his brow with the back of a hard tawny hand as she neared him; and in water excursions, to which the inhabitants of the place were passionately addicted, a small boat, rowed by a single man, never failed to cross the bows of her pleasure-yatch, while the eyes of the young lady eagerly followed its course, till the object was lost in the distance.

In the mean time, the waxing moon, which every evening threw more and more light on these dumb and momentary interviews, proclaimed that that twenty-third day was at hand, on which the mind's eye of both had been fixed for two years. Mortimer, at first restless and unhappy, became now almost wild. His last hopes of a residue being left after payment of the debts, were now

overturned; the agreement, which he had been accustomed to think of as if it had been the marriage contract, was about to expire; and worse than all, a new suitor—unexceptionable in age, person, fortune, and character—made his appearance, ready to pounce upon the prize as soon as the strict mercantile honour of old Grove should permit him to give the signal. The very constancy of Ellen, who relinquished both her walking and sailing excursions after the overtures of the rival, deprived him of every opportunity of catching a single beam of hope from her beautiful eyes; concealing from his view those worshipped stars of love, the only lights which of late had been visible above the misty horizon of his fate.

One day, however, feeling probably the impolicy of her seclusion; the young lady consented to accompany her future lover on a short sail in the bay, and escorted by him, she repaired to the pier at an early hour in the morning, and glanced around with a flushing cheek and restless eye. No answering look met hers. A sailor, in her father's employment, was the only boatman, Mr. Wingate (the aspirant) being himself skilful in such matters; and the only spectator was an old foreign-looking seaman, one of those fellows who, with short bowed legs, drooping shoulders, contracted eye-lids, and hands dug in their pockets, may be seen at all hours of the day and night *hulking* about the quays of a shipping town. This man eyed their preparations with that contemptuous curiosity which is often vouchsafed by such

personages, to the small affair of getting a pleasure-boat under way; but sometimes with a greater appearance of interest, he turned his face to the weather quarter, which presented, as might have been conjectured from his manner, indications not strikingly auspicious. Mr. Wingate himself was probably not altogether free from suspicion; for ever and anon he turned behind him a restless and somewhat anxious look, which was then suddenly transferred to the blackened waters of the sea, rising in slow and sullen surges before him, as if moved rather by some internal impulse than by the slight gusts which blew from the land. The opportunity, however, was tempting to one who had so long sought for it in vain; and beside, it was more than probable that any backwardness on the part of the gallant might materially injure his character in the estimation of a lady, brought up, as the song says, with "one foot on sea, and one on shore."

At the moment of embarkation, he recollected that the bundle of shawls and cloaks had been forgotten, which forms so indispensable a part of the appliances on such occasions, and begged the marine idler on the quay to go up to the house and fetch it; but the latter, affronted possibly at the offer of money which accompanied the request, replied, with characteristic brevity, "Nein: dat is, no! Donner! go yourself;" and jerking up his canvas trowsers, turned away upon his heel. The boatman being engaged in clearing the tackle, Mr. Wingate was thus compelled to set out upon the errand himself, which he did at full speed.

The foreigner, having probably more sympathy with one of his own class and calling, now returned to the edge of the pier, and looked earnestly at the boatman; when the latter, as if struck with a sudden thought, started instantly up and exclaimed, "Shiver me, if I ha'nt forgot, holloa, mounseer! give an eye for a moment, will ye?" And immediately scrambling upon the quay, he scudded off in the wake of his master. At that instant, a heavy gust rattled among the half-bent sails, and Miss Grove, with a momentary feeling of alarm, called out to the seaman to see that the mooring line was fast.

"Good God!" she cried, "he does not understand me! Wretch! leave it alone!" But the old tar had already, with perfect composure, "hove off" the folds of the rope from the post.

"Ya, my tear, ya!" he replied, in a complacent growl, to her exclamation, as he threw the coil upon the deck. The liberated vessel plunged like a mettled steed when the bridle is thrown over his head, and then dipped on the leeward side, till the water rushed over the gunwale. The re-action, which naturally took place,—there being as yet no way upon her,—brought the mast within a couple of yards of the quay; and the sailor, springing upon the shrouds, was upon the deck in an instant. No sooner had his hands emerged from the accustomed pockets, than the stoop disappeared from his shoulders, the bow from his legs, and the contraction from his eyes. One minute sufficed to shake out the

main-sail; in the next, the fore-sail and jib rattled up the rigging; and the third found Mortimer seated in the stern, one arm embracing the helm, and the other the waist of his fair mistress.

The little vessel was cutter-rigged, and three-quarter decked, with a gangway all round, for the purpose of working the ship without incommoding the passengers. She was as tight and trim a concern of the kind as could well be imagined; and in ordinary weather, with two men on board, would have lived in any sea that runs upon the English coast. She was now destined, however, to form a closer acquaintanceship with wind and water than usually falls to the lot of a pleasure-boat. The lovers lost all recollection of their situation, in the enjoyment of their good fortune. Mortimer steered mechanically; and when a more than ordinary lurch took place, the warning was lost in the closer embrace it authorised. At length, startled into remembrance by a heavy shower-bath of spray, Ellen insisted upon returning.

"We may land," said she, "on the Point, where there is no creature visible, and you will easily escape undetected. The affair will pass for a sailor's frolic, and will leave little for remembrance behind, excepting the satisfaction we shall both feel in the certainty of each other's fidelity."

"We *shall* land on the Point," said Mortimer firmly, directing her attention to a promontory nearly twelve

miles distant; "you shall reside under the protection of my aunt till arrangements are made with your father: he will never dream of opposition after matters have gone so far. The worst that can happen, will be the loss of your portion; but even for that I have provided. I can enter the merchant service whenever I please, as first mate, and it will be hard if in a couple of voyages you do not find yourself a captain's lady!"

Ellen sat stupified for a moment by the abruptness and audacity of the proposal; but recovering immediately, she, with crimsoned cheek and flashing eyes, bitterly upbraided him for what she termed his treachery.

"You speculate," said she, "on my reputation, as you would upon an article of traffic. My father, you argue, must either consent to your wishes, or his daughter will remain disgraced in the eyes of the world! Is this the conduct of a lover? Great heaven! is it the conduct of a man?" And she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Mortimer could have stood the thunder of a woman's tongue; but in the rain which followed from her eyes, his sturdiest resolution melted away. With a heavy sigh, expressing at once anger, shame and sorrow, he gave his project to the winds, and prepared for putting the vessel about.

In the mean time, the portentous blackness in the windward horizon, which had attracted his attention on the quay, was greatly increased in size, and the gusts swept longer and heavier every moment over the bosom

of the deep. The smooth and confused surges which had risen sullenly around the cutter, were now rolling in huge yet low masses to leeward, proclaiming, by the volume of their base, the size of the superstructure they were prepared to sustain. Already the ridges of some were broken into boiling foam; and a hoarse yet not unmusical voice, from the whole body of the waters, fell, with a solemn and foreboding sound, upon the ear. Every thing proclaimed the coming of a storm. The screaming sea-birds, as they winged their flight towards the land, hung low down over the surface, as if the tempest already rode in upper air; the cautious seamen, near the shore, might be observed securing their craft, both large and small, from some expected danger; and in the offing, every stick and stitch on the sea was stretching eagerly to the nearest port.

The little cutter went gallantly about; but before recovering her way, a sudden squall nearly threw her on her beam-ends. It was no time to trifle. The squall was succeeded by others in quickened succession, till the whole, blending as it were into one, became entitled to the formidable name of a storm. Ellen, undaunted for a time, grasped the helm with both hands, while Mortimer, jumping fore and aft, as the circumstances required, took in every inch of canvas that could be spared. It was an exciting moment. The tight little vessel, holding on by the water, as if actuated by some living and reasoning impulse,—now toiling up the steep

of some enormous wave, whose ridges of boiling foam hung high and howling above her,—and now sweeping gallantly into an abyss, formed, it might seem, by the flight of the billows before a conquering foe,—presented a proud and magnificent spectacle to those who were identified with the struggle, and whose fate was involved in the event.

Ellen, with uncovered head, and long dark hair floating wildly upon the storm, stood straining the helm with convulsive energy to her bosom; one foot fixed firmly at midships, and the other ankle-deep in the water which now rushed over the lee gunwale. Her eyes, turned to the weather bow, looked proudly and boldly upon the tempest, while a bright glow, called into her cheek as much by the enthusiasm of the moment as by the agency of that unseen Spirit, whose chariot is the cold wind and whose dwelling is on the deep, gave an appearance of almost unearthly beauty to her face. Mortimer, as he hung upon the mast, casting a quick and wary eye around him, could not help losing some moments in gazing on this apparition of the sea; but the helm soon became too unruly for her hands, and laying her down upon the planks, protected in some measure by the gangway and deck, he resumed his place at the stern.

A moment of inaction was sufficient to chase the colour from her cheek; and she turned a look of pale and terrified inquiry upon her lover.

“There is no help for it, Ellen,” said he, after a

pause. "The wind has veered round to the north-west, and now sits steadily midway between the intended point of my landing and the quays of Mowbray. You will see neither my aunt nor your father to-night. We must run for it!"

"Where?" inquired Ellen faintly.

"To the Smugglers' Isle." Ellen shuddered at this announcement; for she knew that doubt must have bordered upon despair before Mortimer would have proposed so almost hopeless a step. The Smugglers' Isle was a barren rock, some distance out at sea, on which a lighthouse had formerly stood, but which was now removed to the mainland. Beside the risk of going down in the dangerous sea between, if the entrance to one of the winding creeks with which the island is indented, was not hit with the nicest precision, a much stronger vessel than theirs would go to pieces upon the sharp rocks at the first blow. There was no help for it, however, as he had said; and to the "What say you, Ellen?" which Mortimer whispered in breathless anxiety, she answered faintly, "Run!" The next moment, the vessel, with about a handkerchief of canvas, was plunging, remote and alone, before the storm, leaving far behind the hospitable shore, and diving madly, as a landsman would have thought, into the unknown wilds of the desert sea.

That night the Smugglers' Isle presented a scene resembling a country inn, in which travellers of every opposite character and pursuit are shuffled into tem-

porary contact or collision. The crew of a smuggling sloop, which had sought refuge among the rocks, were thrown into consternation by a luminous appearance in the ruined lighthouse, from which the lamp had been banished for many years; and the captain and his four satellites crept silently and cautiously to the spot.—Climbing to the broken window, the leader could not restrain an exclamation of surprise as he beheld a young lady, of extraordinary beauty, standing beside the fireplace, which blazed with wood apparently just torn from the walls. The female darted into an inner chamber at the noise of his approach, and as the outlaw jumped upon the floor, his men made their appearance by the more legitimate avenue of the door; and the party stood confronting, for an instant, a young man in a sailor's dress, who seemed ostensibly the sole inhabitant of the mysterious domain.

The next moment the stranger was in the clutches of the ruffians, and Captain Brock making his way eagerly to the inner apartment; when, by a sudden effort, the prisoner burst from his jailors, and darting upon their captain seized him by the collar, and said in a low, stern whisper,—“Brock, are you mad?—you are about to ruin both your own fortune and mine; look at me—I am Frank Mortimer.”

The smuggler stared at the announcement, but was speedily able to identify the stranger with the only remaining representative of the once great firm of Mortimer

and Co. He motioned his men to withdraw ; and leading Frank to the fire by the button, with the familiarity produced by an anticipated fellowship in crime, inquired, " But what do you want with me, Master Frank,—and what do you mean to do with the girl?"

" Can you ask," answered Mortimer, " what is the intention of a ruined and desperate man in seeking the friendship of a bold smuggler? As for the girl, that was a chance affair; but one that will enable me to begin my new career in brilliant style. She is the daughter of old Grove. On a sailing excursion this morning, with Mr. Wingate, her intended husband, we were driven by the storm to take shelter here: the boat struck upon the rocks, and went down,—every soul perishing but Miss Grove and myself. My proposal is this. Let us carry her off to Holland, where I know you are bound, and then go share and share in the ransom."

The smuggler's eyes sparkled at the bright suggestion, and his satisfaction evinced itself in a volley of oaths.

" Hush!" whispered Mortimer; " we are now upon honour with each other. The affair, you understand, is to be managed by you alone—I have nothing to do with it. As soon as day breaks, I will throw the things I have saved from the wreck into that old trunk, and carry it on board of you. I expect to find you by that time at the mouth of the creek, and ready for sea. Having thus made a prisoner of me,—prisoner you understand,—I

cannot prevent you, if you have a mind, from coming over to the lighthouse and carrying off the lady too."

"It will do!—I see it!—I take it!" ejaculated the smuggler, as Mortimer pushed him towards the door. "Good night."

"Good night," said the latter;—"Captain! honour?"

"Oh, honour! honour!"

The next morning the wind had fallen considerably when the faint light of the dawn first streamed upon the black bosom of the sea. The waves, although still rising in wreaths of foam upon the rocks of the Smugglers' Isle, rolled elsewhere along in almost unbroken masses, seeming to owe their remaining agitation more to unquiet recollections of the preceding day, than to the actual agency of the morning breeze. The ocean was no longer a desert; for some far and filmy masts might already be descried in the offing; and along the crowded coast, among the still lingering shadows of night, the symptoms were discernible of renewed activity. The smuggling sloop was already at the mouth of the creek, moored to both sides by strong tackle; the decks were cleared, and every thing in proper order for getting under way at a moment's notice. The crew were anxiously looking out for Mortimer's appearance; and as the increasing light disclosed every minute more and more of the distant coast, a darker shade was observed to lower upon the brow of Captain Brock.

The expected passenger was at length seen toiling

along the ridges of the rocks, with a trunk upon his shoulders, the size and apparent weight of which very easily accounted for his delay. On his arrival, the captain and he shook hands in silence, and a significant glance from Mortimer directed the eyes and thoughts of his new friend to the lighthouse.

"Shall we stow your chest away in the hold?" asked the captain.

"There is no need," said Mortimer, "we shall have plenty of time by and by; and the object now"—pointing to the far coast, where the craft by this time were seen stirring like bees—"is to get clear out to sea without the loss of a moment."

"Captain Brock and two of his satellites hereupon sprang upon the rocks, and armed with nothing more than a piece of canvas, contrived to serve the purpose of a palanquin in case of need, took their way to the ruined lighthouse.

While they were still in sight, Mortimer stood gazing upon the party with an uneasy look; but when they had disappeared among the rocks, he turned with a sudden and decided motion to the remaining man. His air expressed perhaps more of hostility than he intended to exhibit; for, as an idea of treachery seemed to enter the smuggler's mind, a shout of warning or for help, which perhaps no personal danger could have extorted, rung over the deep. The next moment a heavy plunge in the water told what were his thanks for his gratuitous

communication, and on the ridge of a broken wave he was conveyed to the land, and discharged most emphatically upon a ledge of the cliff.

The shout, however, had sufficed to alarm the smuggling captain and his two men, and they were now seen rushing furiously back to the vessel. The catastrophe had been brought on prematurely, and Mortimer perceived no means at hand of severing the cables more efficacious or expeditious than the clasp-knife he had in his pocket. To work, therefore, he went with this frail instrument, and cut, and sawed, and hacked for very life. Every moment the holloa of the smugglers came louder upon his ear; and the indistinct glance he was enabled to take of his enemies, without raising his eyes from the rope, told him that they had already surmounted the highest ridge of the cliff. This singular property of vision which the eyes possess, of seeing without looking, appeared at the time to be more a quality of the mind exercising its mysterious functions without the agency of the bodily organs: he felt their approach without seeing it; their feet trode upon his heart, when as yet the sound of their steps was unheard.

To have been able to fling upon the work in which he was engaged his utmost strength—to tear with hands and teeth—to struggle till his sinews cracked and his heart was ready to burst—would have been comparative enjoyment. But the weak blade required the nicest and gentlest management, and while his whole frame trem-

bled with terror and impatience, his hand was obliged to move like that of a lady, when armed with a pair of scissors for the destruction of silk or gauze. The shout of the smugglers became louder as they approached, and their steps now grated harshly upon the rocks. A cold sweat broke over Mortimer's forehead, as all the horrors of Ellen's situation rushed upon his mind. Well he knew the desperado into whose power she must shortly fall; well he knew, that even the suggestions of avarice would have been unattended to, had not a plan been formed at the moment in his lawless mind, for the gratification of a fiercer passion. He could hear the boards of her prison cracking with her struggles for freedom—he could even hear the convulsive catching of her breath; and amply did he appreciate the loftiness of spirit which repressed every cry of womanish terror; which refrained from interrupting by the very sound of her voice, the labours of him who she knew was labouring for her deliverance.

The smugglers were now at hand—they gained the edge of the cliff—they threw themselves into their boat, and with cries of mingled rage, blasphemy, and exultation, pushed furiously towards the vessel. At this moment, by a heavy roll of the sea, a sudden strain was given to the nearly severed rope, which broke with a loud report, and the sloop drifted a few yards, and swung by the remaining cable. Mortimer's eyes were lighted up with a momentary gleam of hope; but when he saw that the weight and pitching of the vessel had

no effect upon the single rope by which she was now held, and when he knew that a few strokes of their oars were sufficient to bring the smugglers alongside, it gave way to absolute despair.

The lurch, however, had had the effect of splitting the chest in which Ellen was confined, against a bulk. The next instant she stood before Mortimer; and as the boat of the assailants rattled against the ship's side, and a wild huzza burst from the crew, she snatched the knife from his hand and replaced it with a handspike.

Mortimer was now in his element. Brock first appeared upon the gunwale, and was received with a tremendous blow, which laid him sprawling in the bottom of the boat. His comrades met successively with the same salutation; and as Ellen worked at the rope with more skill and ingenuity than her lover, it might have seemed that the fate of the action was at least doubtful. The smugglers, however, used to hard knocks, were no sooner down than up again; Mortimer's arm grew weaker at every blow; and at length, quite spent with fatigue, he lost his balance, and nearly fell overboard.

A hoarse roar of exultation rose from the boat's crew as they extended their hands to drag him into the boat; and although their triumph was deferred by a lofty wave rising between, when it subsided the two vessels came together with a crash, which threatened to prove fatal to the weaker.

A shrill scream from Ellen, startled the combatants on both sides. It was a scream of joy; for, at that moment, the rope burst with a noise like the report of a musket, and the sloop drifted to leeward. The smugglers' boat had received so much injury in the collision, that instead of being able to pursue, they had much difficulty in gaining the rocks before she filled and went down.

It is a matter of dispute among historians, whether old Grove would, in any case, have refused to sanction the union of the lovers, after the foregoing adventure. His magnanimity, however, was not put to the trial; for Mortimer obtained an advance on the same evening (the 23d) of one thousand pounds, on his share of the revenue prize. The bond was thus implemented in all its parts; and Mortimer and Ellen entered forthwith into partnership as husband and wife, and became one of the first houses in Mowbray in the great business of matrimony.

TO IANTHE.

BY LORD BYRON.*

I.

Nor in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though beauty long hath there been matchless deemed;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seemed:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beamed—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee, what language could they
speak?

II.

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

* Dedication of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.



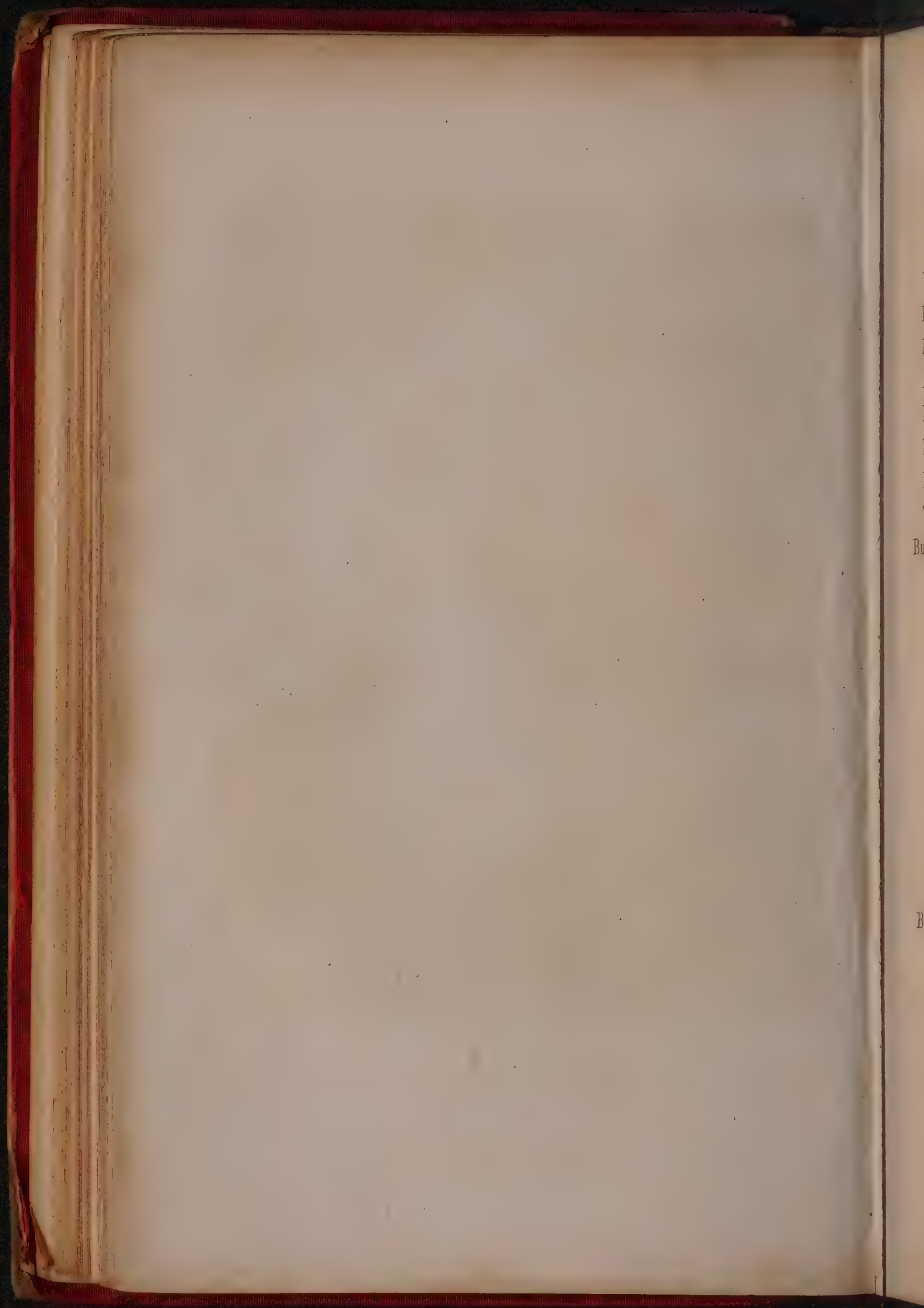
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Engraved by E. Portbury.

CHILDIE HAROLD AND IANTHIE.

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III.

Young Peri of the West!—'t is well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mixed with pangs to love's even loveliest hours
decreed.

IV.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

V.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthé's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:

My days once numbered, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hailed thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than hope can claim—could friendship
less require?

LOCH-LOMOND.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

O for a calm of Eden, that the lake
Might sleep in mirrored majesty around,
And image back the clouds and blue profound!
But who can lull the winds? Their terrors wake;
Their voice is lifted up; the mountains shake,
The billows rise, and whitening roll, with sound
That deafens converse; while the rocks rebound
Their melancholy roar. But He who spake
The word, and it was done, can overawe
The wave, the whirlwind, and the wilder storm
Of passion in the heart: so, when of old
Darkness was on the deep, and without form
And void was embryo earth, the Spirit saw,
And moving on the waters, hushed them and controlled.

HOW CAN I SING?

I.

How can I sing?—All power, all good,
The high designs and hopes of yore,
Knowledge, and faith, and love, the food
That fed the fire of song, are o'er;

II.

And I, in darkness and alone,
Sit cowering o'er its embers drear,
Remembering how, of old, it shone
A light to guide, a warmth to cheer.

III.

Oh! when shall care and strife be o'er;
And torn affection cease to smart;
And peace and joy return once more,
To cheer a sad and restless heart!

IV.

The lamp of hope is quenched in night,
And dull is friendship's soul-bright eye;
And cold the hearth of home-delight,
And mute the voice of phantasy.

V.

I seek for comfort, all in vain,
I fly to shadows for relief;
And call old fancies back again;
And breathe on pleasure's withered leaf.

VI.

In vain for days gone by I mourn,
And feebly murmur, o'er and o'er;
My fretful cry, "Return! return!"
Alas, the dead return no more!

VII.

It may not be; my lot of thrall
Was dealt me by a mightier hand;
The grief that came not at my call,
Will not depart at my command.

VIII.

Then ask me not, sweet friend, to wake
The harp, so dear to thee of yore;
Wait, till the clouds of sorrow break,
And I can hope and love once more.

IX.

When pain has done its part assigned,
And set the chastened spirit free,
My heart again a voice shall find,
And my first notes be poured to thee!

SONNETS ON COLUMBUS.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

I.

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of even;
When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts oppressed,
Columbus sat,—till sudden hope was given—
A ray of gladness shooting from the West!
Oh! what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind;—
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!—
There stood his Genius, face to face, and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand;
Till a New World sprang up and bloomed beneath her
wand.

II.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honour to pursue:

So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The stings of grief, and the base pangs of want:
But, when he saw that promised land arise,
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full — and blessed his God;—
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod!

III.

Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
That hymns thee ever with resounding wave!
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign;—
Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic, pave
Thy paths;—like giant altars o'er the plain
Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering—'mid the rave
Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,
Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.
Joy—joy for Spain! A seaman's hand confers
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
But where is *he*—the light whose radiance glows;
The load-star of succeeding mariners?
Behold him—crushed beneath o'ermastering woes;
Hopeless—heart-broken—chained—abandoned to his
foes!

MEMORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

Nessun magglor dolore,
Che recordarsi del tempe felici,
Nella miseria.

DANTE.

I.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee ;
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee :
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

II.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow ;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow :

And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

III.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power ;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

IV.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavour,
When the honied lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed for ever :
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December ;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
“ 'Tis pleasant to remember ! ”

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

IT was on a rainy day, late in last November, that Mrs. Villars came to take possession of her new residence, called the Lodge, a pretty house, situated within the boundaries of Oakhampstead Park, the pleasant demesne of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Villars, and generally appropriated to the use of some dowager of that ancient and wealthy race.

Mrs. Villars was an elderly lady, of moderate fortune, and excellent character. She was the widow of a dignified and richly-beneficed clergyman, who had been dead some years, and had left her with three promising sons and two pretty daughters, all of whom were now making their way in the world to her perfect satisfaction;—the daughters happily and respectably married; the sons thriving in different professions; and all of them as widely scattered as the limits of our little island could well permit,—so that their mother, disencumbered of the cares of her offspring, had nothing now to prevent her

accepting Sir Arthur's kind offer, of leaving the great town in which she had hitherto resided, and coming to occupy the family-jointure house at Oakhampstead. To inhabit a mansion in which so many stately matrons of the house of Villars had lived and died, was a point of dignity no less than of economy; and beside, there was no resisting so excellent an opportunity of gratifying, amidst the good archdeacon's native shades, the taste for retirement and solitude, of which she had all her life been accustomed to talk. Talk, indeed, she did so very much of this taste, that shrewd observers somewhat questioned its existence, and were not a little astonished when, after dallying away the summer over take-leave visits, she and her whole establishment (two maids, a pony-chaise, a tabby-cat, and her scrub Joseph) left C., with its society and amusements, its morning calls and evening parties, for solitude and the Lodge.

Never was place or season better calculated to bring a lover of retirement to the test. Oakhampstead was situated in the most beautiful and least inhabited part of a thinly inhabited and beautiful county; the roads were execrable; the nearest post-town was seven miles off; the vicar was a bachelor of eighty; and the great house was shut up. There was not even one neighbour of decent station, to whom she might complain of the want of a neighbourhood. Poor Mrs. Villars! The last stroke, too,—the desertion of the park,—was an unexpected calamity; for, although she knew that Sir Arthur had

never resided there since the death of a most beloved daughter, after which event it had been entirely abandoned, except for a few weeks in the autumn, when his only son, Harry Villars, had been accustomed to visit it for the purpose of shooting, yet she had understood that this her favourite nephew was on the point of marriage with the beautiful heiress of General Egerton, and that this fine old seat was to form the future residence of the young couple. Something, she learned, had now occurred to prevent a union which, a few months ago, had seemed so desirable to all parties—some dispute between the fathers, originally trifling, but worked up into bitterness by the influence of temper;—and all preparations were stopped, Harry Villars gone abroad, and the great house as much shut up as ever. Poor Mrs. Villars, who, after all her praises of retirement, and her declared love of solitude, could not, with any consistency, run away from this “Deserted Village,” was really as deserving of pity as any one guilty of harmless affectation well can be.

The good lady, however, was not wanting to herself in this emergency. She took cold, that she might summon an apothecary from the next town; and she caused her pigs to commit a trespass on the garden of a litigious farmer, that she might have an excuse for consulting the nearest attorney. Both resources failed. The medical man was one of eminent skill and high practice, whom nothing but real illness could allure into constant attendance; and the lawyer was honest, and settled the affair

of the pigs at a single visit. All that either could do for her, was to enumerate two or three empty houses that might possibly be filled, and two or three people who would probably call when the roads became passable. So that poor Mrs. Villars, after vainly trying to fill up her vacant hours—alas! all her hours!—by superintending her own poultry yard, overlooking the village school, giving away flannel petticoats, and relieving half the old women in the parish, had very nearly made up her mind to find the Lodge disagree with her, and to return to her old quarters at C——, when the arrival of a fresh inmate at the next farm-house, gave an unexpected interest to her own situation.

Oakhampstead was, as I have said, a very beautiful spot. Its chief beauty consisted in a small lake or mere without the park, surrounded partly by pastoral meadow grounds, and partly by very wild and romantic woodland scenery, amongst which grew some of the noblest oaks in the kingdom. The water did not, perhaps, cover more than thirty acres; although a length disproportioned to its breadth, a bend in the middle, and, above all, the infinite variety of its shores, indented with tiny bays and jutting out into mimic promontories, gave it an appearance of much greater extent. Rides and walks had formerly been cut around it; but these were now rude and overgrown, the rustic seats decayed and fallen, and the summer-houses covered with ivy and creeping plants. Since the absence of Sir Arthur, neglect had succeeded

to care ; but a poet or a painter would have felt that the scene had gained in picturesqueness what it had lost in ornament. A green boat, however, and a thatched boat-house still remained in excellent preservation, under the shadow of some magnificent elms ; and the chimney of the boatman's cottage might just be seen peeping between the trees, over the high embankment which formed the head of the lake. The only other habitation visible from the water was an old farm-house, the abode of Farmer Ashton, whose wife, formerly the personal attendant of the late Lady Villars, had soon been found by her surviving relative to be by far the most conversable person in the place ; and if the many demands on her attention, the care of men, maids, cows, calves, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, and children, would have allowed her to devote much time to that unfortunate lady, her society would doubtless have proved a great solace and resource. But Mrs. Ashton, with all her desire to oblige Mrs. Villars, was enviably busy, and could only at short and distant intervals listen to, and, by listening, relieve the intolerable ennui of her seclusion.

Now, however, a fresh inmate had made her appearance at the farm : a young woman, whom Mrs. Ashton called Ellen, and introduced as her niece ; who having much leisure (for apparently she did nothing in the family but assist in the lighter needle-work), and evincing, as far as great modesty and diffidence would permit, her respectful sympathy with the involuntary recluse,

became her favourite auditress during her frequent visits to Farmer Ashton's; and was soon sent for as a visitor (an humble visitor, for neither Mrs. Villars nor her young guest ever forgot the difference of their stations) at the Lodge. Seldom a day passed without Joseph and the pony-chaise being sent to fetch Ellen from the farm. Nothing went well without her.

Partly, of course, the charm might be resolvable into the bare fact of getting a listener; any good listener would have been a welcome acquisition in this emergency; that is to say, any one who felt and shewed a genuine sympathy with the "fair afflicted;" but few could have been so thoroughly welcome as Ellen, who soon became, on the score of her own merits, a first-rate favourite with Mrs. Villars.

Whether Ellen was pretty or not, was a standing question in the village of Oakhampstead. Her zealous patroness answered without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Other people doubted. For the common sort, her face and figure wanted showiness; whilst the young farmers and persons of that class complained that she was not, according to their notions, sufficiently genteel: Mrs. Villars' man-of-all-work, Joseph, combined both objections, by declaring that Ellen would be well enough if she were smarter. My readers must judge for themselves, as well at least as a pen-and-ink drawing will enable them.

Her figure was round and short, and piquante and

youthful. Her face was round also, with delicate features and a most delicate complexion, as white and smooth as ivory, and just coloured enough for health. She had finely-cut grey eyes, with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, a profusion of dark hair, and a countenance so beaming with gaiety and sweetness, that the expression was always like that of other faces when they smile. Then her voice and accent were enchanting. She sang little snatches of old airs in gushes like a nightingale—freely—spontaneously, as if she could no more help singing as she went about, than that “angel of the air;” and her spoken words were as musical and graceful as her songs; what she said being always sweet, gentle, and intelligent; sometimes very lively, and sometimes a little sad.

Her dress was neat and quiet,—plain, dark gowns, fitting with great exactness, such as were equally becoming to her station and her figure; delicately-white caps and habit-shirts, and the simplest of all simple straw-bonnets. The only touch of finery about her was in her chaussure; the silk stockings and kid slippers in which her beautiful little feet were always clad, and in her scrupulously clean and new-looking French gloves, of the prettiest pale colours;—a piece of Quaker-like and elegant extravagance, which, as well as the purity of her accent and diction, somewhat astonished Mrs. Villars, until she found from Mrs. Ashton, that Ellen also had been a lady's maid, admitted early into the

family, and treated almost as a companion by her young mistress.

“Where had she lived?” was the next question.

“In General Egerton’s family,” was the reply; and a new source of interest and curiosity was opened to the good lady, who had never seen her niece, that was to have been, and was delighted with the opportunity of making a variety of inquiries respecting herself and her connexions. Ellen’s answers to these questions were given with great brevity and some reluctance; she looked down and blushed, and fidgeted with a sprig of myrtle that she held in her hand, in a manner widely different from her usual lady-like composure.

“Was Miss Egerton so very handsome?”

“Oh, no!”

“So very accomplished?”

“No.”

“Did Harry love her very much?”

“Yes.”

“Did she love him?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Was she worthy of him?”

“No.”

“Ah!” said Mrs. Villars, “I thought she was too fine a lady; too full of airs and graces! I had my doubts of her ever since a note that she sent me, written on blue embossed paper, and smelling most atrociously of otto of roses. I dare say Harry has had a narrow

escape. Sir Arthur, even before the quarrel, said she was quite a *petite maitresse*. Then you think, Ellen, that my nephew is better without her?"

This query caused a good deal of blushing hesitation, and nearly demolished the sprig of myrtle. On its being repeated, she said, "She did not know! She could not tell! She did not wish to speak ill of Miss Egerton; but few ladies appeared to her worthy of Mr. Villars—he was so amiable."

"Was Miss Egerton kind to her?"

"Pretty well," answered Ellen quietly.

"And the General?"

"Oh, very! very!" rejoined Ellen, sighing deeply.

"Why did she leave the family?"

At this question poor Ellen burst into tears, and the conversation ended. Mrs. Villars, unwilling to distress her favourite, did not resume it. She was already prepossessed against the Egertons by the disappointment and vexation which they had occasioned to her nephew, and had little doubt but that either the General or his daughter had behaved unjustly or unkindly to Ellen.

Winter had now worn away; even those remains of winter which linger so long amidst the buds and blossoms of spring; spring itself had passed into summer; the country was every day assuming fresh charms, the roads were becoming passable, and distant neighbours were beginning to discover and to value the lady of the Lodge, who became every day more reconciled to her residence,

varied as it now was by occasional visits to the county families, and frequent excursions with Ellen upon the lake.

On these occasions they were constantly attended by the boatman, a handy, good-humoured, shock-pated fellow, of extraordinary ugliness, commonly called Bob Green, but also known by the name of "Hopping Bob;" not on account of his proficiency in that one-legged accomplishment, as the cognomen would seem to imply, but because an incurable lameness in the hip had produced a jerking sort of motion in walking, much resembling that mode of progress; and had also given a peculiar one-sided look to his short, muscular figure. The hop, it must be confessed, stood much in his way on land, although he was excellent in the management of a boat; in rowing, or steering, or fishing, or anything that had relation to the water.

A clever fellow was Bob, in his way, and a civil, and paid much attention to his lady and her young companion; and, as the summer advanced, they passed more and more time on the beautiful lake, of which they continued the sole visitors; the great house being still deserted, and little heard either of Sir Arthur or his son.

One afternoon, Mrs. Villars, returning unexpectedly from a distant visit, drove down to the farm, intending to spend the evening with Ellen in the pleasure-boat. It was a bright sunny day, towards the middle of July. The blue sky, dappled with fleecy clouds, was reflected

on the calm clear water, and mingled with the shadows of the trees upon the banks, to which the sun, shining through the tall oaks, gave occasionally a transparent glitter, as of emeralds or beryls; swallows skimmed over the lake, flitting around and about, after the myriads of insects that buzzed in the summer air; the white water-lily lay in its pure beauty in the midst of its deep green leaves; the foxglove and the wild vetch were glowing in the woods; the meadow-sweet, the willow herb, and the golden flag, fringed the banks; cows stood cooling their limbs in the shallow indented bays, and a flock of sheep was lying at rest in the distant meadows.

Altogether it was a scene of sweet and soothing beauty; and Mrs. Villars was looking for Ellen, to partake in her enjoyment (for Ellen, Mrs. Ashton had told her, was gone down to the mere), when, in a small cove at the other side of the lake, she beheld in a fine effect of sunny light, the boat, their own identical green boat, resting quietly on the water, with two persons sitting in it, seemingly in earnest conversation. One of the figures was most undoubtedly Ellen. Her astonished friend recognized at a glance her lead-coloured gown, her straw bonnet, and that peculiar air and attitude which gave grace and beauty to her simple dress. The other was a man, tall as it seemed, and elegant—most certainly a gentleman. Mrs. Villars even fancied that the height and bearing had a strong resemblance to her own dear nephew, Harry; and immediately a painful suspicion

of the possible cause of Ellen's leaving Miss Egerton forced itself upon her mind. Harry had perhaps found the lady's maid no less charming than her mistress. A thousand trifling circumstances in favour of this opinion rushed on her recollection: Ellen's blushes when Harry was accidentally named; her constant avoidance of all mention of the family in which she had resided; the great inequality of her spirits; her shrinking from the very sight of chance visitors; the emotion amounting to pain, which any remarkable instance of kindness or confidence never failed to occasion her; and, above all, the many times in which, after seeming on the point of making some avowal to her kind patroness, she had drawn suddenly back; all these corroborating circumstances pressed at once, with startling distinctness, on Mrs. Villars's memory; and, full of care, she returned to the farm, to cross-question Mrs. Ashton.

Never was examination more thoroughly unsatisfactory. Mrs. Ashton was that provoking and refractory thing, a reluctant witness. First she disputed the facts of the case: "Had Mrs. Villars seen the boat? Was she sure that she had seen it? Was it actually their own green boat? Did it really contain two persons? And was the female certainly Ellen?" All these questions being answered in the affirmative, Mrs. Ashton shifted her ground, and asserted, that "if the female in question were certainly Ellen, her companion must with equal certainty have been the boatman, Bob Green, 'Hopping

Bob,' as he was called ;" and the farmer coming in at the moment, she called on him to support her assertion, which, without hearing a word of the story, he did most positively, as an obedient husband should do—"Yes, for certain, it must be Hopping Bob! It could be no other!"

"Hopping Bob!" ejaculated Mrs. Villars, whose patience was by this time well nigh exhausted: "Hopping Bob! when I have told you that the person in the boat was a young man, a tall man, a slim man, a gentleman! Hopping Bob, indeed!" and before the words were fairly uttered, in hopped Bob himself.

To Mrs. Villars, this apparition gave unqualified satisfaction, by affording, as she declared, the most triumphant evidence of an *alibi* ever produced in or out of a court of justice. Her opponent, however, was by no means disposed to yield the point. She had perfect confidence in Bob's quickness of apprehension, and no very strong fear of his abstract love of truth, and determined to try the effect of a leading question. She immediately, therefore, asked him, with much significance of manner, "whether he had not just landed from the lake, and reached the farm by the short cut across the coppice?" adding, "that her niece had probably walked towards the boat-house to meet Mrs. Villars, and that Bob had better go and fetch her."

This question, however, produced no other answer than a long shrill whistle from the sagacious boatman.

Whether Mrs. Ashton over-rated his ability, or under-rated his veracity, or whether his shrewdness foresaw that detection was inevitable, and that it would "hurt his conscience to be found out," whichever were the state of the case, he positively declined giving any evidence on the question; and after standing for a few moments eying his hostess with a look of peculiar knowingness, vented another long whistle, and hopped off again!

Mrs. Villars, all her fears confirmed, much disgusted with the farmer, and still more so with the farmer's wife, was also departing, when just as she reached the porch, she saw two persons advancing from the lake to the house—her nephew, Harry Villars, and Ellen leaning on his arm!

With a countenance full of grieved displeasure, she walked slowly towards them. Harry sprang forward to meet her: "Hear me but for one moment, my dearest aunt! Listen but to four words, and then say what you will. This is my wife."

"Your wife! why, I thought you loved Miss Egerton?"

"Well, and this *is*, or rather happily for me, this *was* Miss Egerton;" replied Harry, smiling.

"Miss Egerton!" exclaimed the amazed and half incredulous Mrs. Villars, "Miss Egerton! Ellen, that was not smart enough for Joseph—the fine lady that sent me the rose-scented note!—Ellen, at the farm, the great heiress!—my own good little Ellen!"

“Ay, my dear aunt,—your own Ellen, and my own Ellen,—blessings on that word! When we were parted on a foolish political quarrel between our fathers, she was sent, under the care of her cousin, Lady Jerningham, to Florence. Lady Jerningham was much my friend.—She not only persuaded Ellen into marrying me privately, but managed to make the General believe that his daughter continued her inmate abroad; whilst Mrs. Ashton, another good friend of mine, contrived to receive her at home. We have been sad deceivers,” continued Harry, “and at last Ellen, fettered by a promise of secrecy, which your kindness tempted her every moment to break, could bear the deceit no longer. She wrote to her father, and I spoke to mine; and they are reconciled, and all is forgiven. I see that you forgive us,” added he, as his sweet wife lay sobbing on Mrs. Villars’ bosom,—“I see that you forgive *her*; and you must forgive me, too, for her dear sake. Your pardon is essential to our happiness; for we are really to live at the park, and one of our first wishes must always be, that you may continue at the great house the kindness that you have shewn to Ellen at the farm.”

TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

I know thee only in thy page
Of simplest truth, by taste refined ;—
But though I ne'er have seen thy face,
Not seldom, do I love to trace
The features of thy mind !

II.

Pure, as the calm, sequestered stream,
That winds its way through flowers and fern ;
Now gliding here, now wandering there,
Diffusing coolness every where,
Refreshing all in turn :—

III.

Thus do thy strains, serene and sweet,
Well from their calm, untroubled shrine ;
Winning their way, from heart to heart,
And healing many a mourner's smart,
With balsam, half divine !

IV.

What though I ne'er have clasped thy hand,
I see thee oft in Fancy's glass;
"Edwin" and "Ranger" in thy train,
Pacing across the village plain,
The "Broken Bridge" to pass!*

V.

And mark thy devious footsteps threading
The "Church-yard's" green and grassy rise;
Now, stopping by some fresh-made grave,
News of the timeless dead to crave,
To make the living wise!

VI.

Or by the "open casement sitting,"
With "autumn's latest flowers" before thee;
Drinking thy "Birdie's" merry notes,
Or tracking the sun as he proudly floats
To his haven of rest and glory!

VII.

And when grey Twilight weaves her web,
And the sounds of day-life melt away;—
In thy "garden plot" I see thee stand,
Watching the "night-stock's" leaves expand,
Or framing some soothing lay!

* Allusions to Miss Bowles's works.

VIII.

Some low, sweet dirge, of softest power
To stir the bosom's inmost strings;—
When friends departed, pleasures fled,
Or a sinless infant's dying bed,—
Are the themes thy fancy brings !

IX.

Oh ! much I love to steal away
From gairish strains, that mock my heart ;
To steep my soul in lays like thine,
And pause o'er each wildly-witching line,
Till my tears, unbidden, start !

X.

For thou hast ever been to me
A gentle monitor and friend ;—
And I have gathered from thy song,
Thoughts full of balm for grief and wrong,
That solace while they mend !

XI.

Hence, have I sought, in simple phrase,
To give my gratitude a tongue ;
And if one stricken heart I bring,
For comfort, to the self-same spring,
Not vainly have I sung.

XII.

Adieu ! we ne'er may meet on earth,
Yet I feel I know thee passing well ;—
And when a pensive face I see,
Fair as my cherished thoughts of thee,
I'll deem it thine —FAREWELL !

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

HAUNT of the bard and painter, hardy child
Of nature, cradled in the giant arms
Of winter, and the lonely mountains wild !
I leave thee, Caledonia, but thy charms
Are pictured on my heart ! May never tread
Of foemen, nor the trumpet of alarms
Approach thee more : but peace and plenty spread
Their mantle o'er thee, and the laurelled crown
Of Science grace thy castellated head.
For me,—till health, and reason's self be flown,
The thought shall kindle, and the tongue shall tell
Thy lakes and rocks, thy patriots and renown.
Land of the frith, the cataract, and the dell,
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce,—Farewell !

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB OF THE COTTAGE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 't is full of grief and pain,
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning
brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain!

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They hardly know how labour is the penalty of sin;
Even as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they
to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share;
They walk among life's pleasant ways, and never know
a care.

The children of the poor man—though they be young,
each one,
Early in the morning they rise up before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set, their daily task is done.

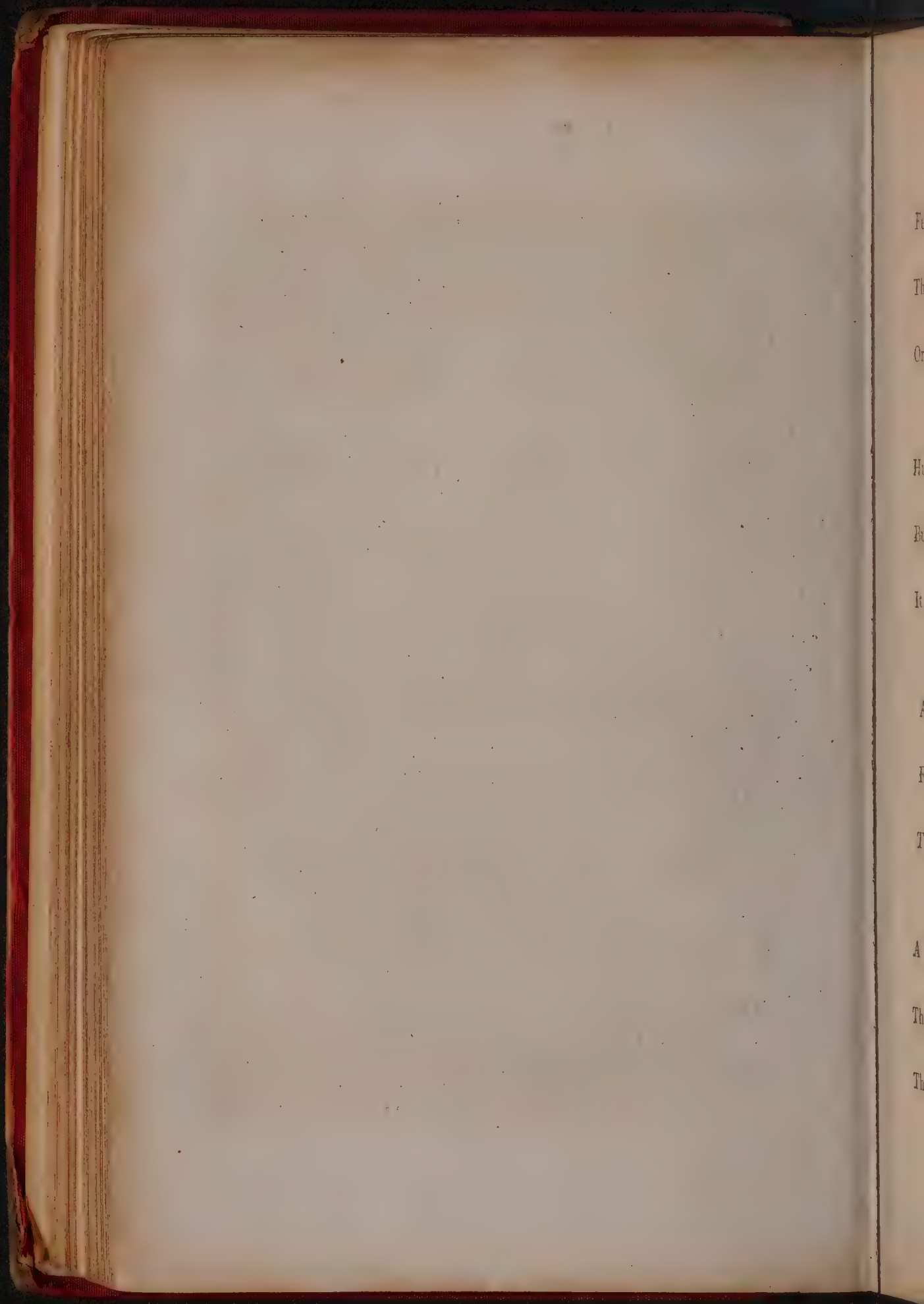


Engraved by C. Rolfe

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Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts
with pride,—

The sunshine of the summer's day, the flowers on the
highway side,

Or their own free companionship, on the heathy common
wide.

Hunger, and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful
three ;

But another curse there is beside, that darkens po-
verty:—

It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er
it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills—a thousand flocks,
and more,—

Feeding in sunshine pleasantly,—they were the rich
man's store ;

There was the while, one little lamb, beside a cottage
door :

A little lamb that did lie down with the children 'neath
the tree ;

That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to
their knee ;

That had a place within their hearts, as one of the
family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon their
shed,
The father laboured all day long, that his children might
be fed ;
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy
them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold
stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart
subdued ;
“ What is the creature’s life to us ? ” said he, “ ’t will
buy us food !

“ Ay, though the children weep all day, and with
down-drooping head
Each does his small craft mournfully !—the hungry must
be fed ;
And that which has a price to bring, must go to buy us
bread ! ”

It went—oh ! parting has a pang the hardest heart to
wring,
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love
doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle
thing !

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for their pet so
piteously; —

“Oh! mother, dear, it loveth us; and what beside
have we?

“Let’s take him to the broad, green hills,” in his impo-
tent despair,
Said one strong boy, “let’s take him off, the hills are
wide and fair;
I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there!”

’T was vain!—they took the little lamb, and straightway
tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast,—and o’er the
common brown,
And o’er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all
the morrow,
From every thing about the house a mournful thought
did borrow;
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their
sorrow!—

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, ’t is full of grief and pain—
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child, with heavy sighs complain!

THE FOREST OF SANT' EUFEMIA.

A Calabrian Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

ON a beautiful little rising ground between the shores of the gulf of Sant' Eufemia and the forest of the same name, in the eventful years that succeeded the French occupation of the kingdom of Naples, there stood a solitary cottage nestled in the midst of groves of olive and orange trees, which, together with a screen of festooned vines, so much concealed it, that it was only visible from a neighbouring and a loftier hill.

This cottage was inhabited by a young girl of eighteen, an old woman, and an old peasant, and was the occasional retreat of one of a band of robbers that harboured in the forest, whose deeds had for years been marked with all the energy of fearless villany, and whose cunning and dexterity had hitherto baffled the pursuit of the French. It had been chosen by the brigand as a secure abode in seasons of idleness, and as a convenient spot in which to conceal his youthful dependant from the eyes

of his ferocious and dissolute companions. The existence of this young creature was scarcely known, excepting to the two old people who lived with her, to a monk from a convent hard by, and to the robber and three or four of his aged and confidential associates. Who she was, was known to still fewer; but they all knew, and she knew herself, that she was not the daughter of the brigand Peppè Tosco. It was a strange caprice of fortune, to bring two beings so different together. Antonietta was guileless, mild, and beautiful: Peppè Tosco was crafty and savage above the rest of his gang, and ugly as the distorting hand of crime could render him; yet Antonietta loved the only protector she had ever known, and Peppè Tosco with her could at times subdue the demon within him, and treat her with a kindness that seemed entirely foreign to his nature.

It was on a fine evening in the autumn of 1809, that Peppè Tosco and Antonietta had wandered a little way from the cottage, and found themselves, towards sunset, pausing by the ruins of a fallen watch-tower, whence the view was wide and beautiful in the extreme. The plain of Sant' Eufemia lay before them, chequered with white villages and farm houses, and traversed by two loitering rivers, the Angitola and the Amato. The gulf of Sant' Eufemia opened beyond the plain, inclosing in its bosom the rocky islets of Ithacesiæ and a few white sails: far over the sea, some specks dotted the dubious horizon; these were the Lipari islands; and another spot to the

right of them, darker and higher, and which emitted a light blue smoke, was the volcanic island of Stromboli. The back-ground of the plain was formed by the dark waving forest, and the wide rushy marshes, which presented an almost impassable fosse to it; as though destined to augment its mysteries, and "make security doubly sure" to the desperate bandits who then haunted its mazes. To all the beauties of linear landscape, to the variety of wood and water, mountain and plain, was added the indescribable charm of the colouring of a southern autumn evening; the sky and the waves, in which the sun was sinking, glowed with a refulgence that only Claude Lorraine, in a few instances, has been able to imitate. Receding from that line of glory, the peaceful level of the sea was like a fairy carpet of orange and purple; the capes of the gulf, and the mountains around, glowed with hues that might suit the unfading roses of an eastern paradise; the broad shades in the plain were of the deepest purple; but where they did not fall, the vegetation, the trees, the rivers, the white churches, and cottages, were brought out with a warmth and transparency which an untravelled inhabitant of the north can never hope to conceive. But it was not the eye merely that had a banquet to feast upon,—the air was charged with an odour so sweet, so luxurious, so penetrating, that it went to the very heart; at the same time that the ear was charmed by those sounds which seem the cherished favourites of solitude. The bell of a monastery on the

hills, sent forth a slow, melancholy tolling; some oxen in the plain returning from labour, and some buffaloes that were ranging in the black marshes, tinkled their dull bells as they moved along; a shepherd boy was playing upon a rustic pipe, made by his own hands from a reed of the marsh, and a woodman afar off, blew his equally primitive *zampogna*, the sound of which, softened by distance, was pleasant and soothing. The querulous voice of the cicada, the croaking of frogs, the chirp of birds repairing to the wood, and the stilly flutter of the wings of the rapid bat, were also among the sounds of that quiet hour,—their union was sweet, and formed a tranquil symphony that harmonized with the scene.

Poor Antonietta felt it as became her,—her heart melted within her; her frame quivered with delicious emotion, her large, black eyes filled with tears, and by a natural impulse which disposes us to seek participation in every deep feeling, she turned to her wretched companion. Alas! in him such sympathies had never existed, or were for ever dried up: he gazed upon the scene, it is true; his senses imbibed the sweetness of odour and sound; but with as much indifference as the wolf of his native forest: his brows were knit into their habitual frown, his eyes scowled as though he saw an enemy or a victim before him, and his hands were unconsciously playing with the haft of the dagger, and the butt end of the pistols that were fastened in his girdle. Antonietta retreated several paces from him. Anon the church bells

in the plain chimed the *Ave Maria*; the robber shook himself as the sound reached his ear, and began fervently to mutter his prayer to the Virgin Mother of God: Antonietta followed him,—but oh! with what different feelings. A few minutes afterwards, Peppè Tosco called her to hasten home. “I must have my supper betimes,” said he; “when the moon rises, I must to the forest—my comrades expect me.”

“But why away so soon?” said Antonietta: “it was but yester-night that you returned so sadly harassed and fatigued?”

“Ask no questions, wench—these are times of hell; by Saint Francis, they are! here we must meet, and meet again and consult;—and for what, in sooth? why, not to secure booty, or plan expeditions; but to contrive our own safety—how to escape the pursuit of French blood-hounds. By the sainted Virgin, there will be no peace for us, until the last of these accursed strangers is sent out of the world with a bandit’s knife in his heart!”

Antonietta shuddered, accustomed as she was to similar horrors, though she considered the French as merciless invaders; and thought as firmly that her foster-parent’s occupation was justifiable, as the more refined daughter of a licensed hero, thinks that of her father glorious. She had hitherto possessed no means of correcting her mistake, as the people she had seen had all a fellow feeling with Peppè Tosco, and even the old monk was too much devoted to his interests, to unveil

to her the calling of his best customers, in its real deformity.

As they descended the hill, Antonietta's eye was arrested by a trim vessel, then doubling the romantic cape of Suvero, one of the extreme points of the gulf.

"Oh, see!" said she, catching the arm of the impatient Peppè Tosco, "see that beautiful white sail there, which is not quite white now, but the colour of the violets I gather in the spring,—see there! how it hurries along on the evening breeze,—and look! close under the cape comes another,—'t is larger, but not so pretty."

Peppè Tosco looked, and immediately recognised a French gun-boat, convoying a large transport;—"Now may every curse," cried he, striking his dagger hilt,— "may every curse light upon these invaders! They are come to hunt us like bears, in our fastnesses;—but let them come, band after band; our marshes are wide and treacherous; none but a brigand can thread our forest: Calabrian cunning, and bold hearts and sure shots, and ague and fever await them—they will yet rue the Forest of Sant' Eufemia!"

The robber hastened on: as they drew near the cottage they saw an old man seated at the door, who arose hurriedly as Peppè Tosco approached, and beckoning him aside, began a conversation in a whisper, the interest of which was plainly betrayed by the violence of his gestures. A more appalling figure than this veteran villain, never occupied the pencil of Salvator Rosa, or of our

own countryman, Eastlake or Uwins: he was short in stature, but most robustly knit; his round head, with its straggling grey locks, was sunk between his broad shoulders; and his body, and arms, and legs, seemed to have been shortened expressly to give them more strength; his hat was high and sugar-loafed, with broad flapping brims, that shaded the upper part of his face, but could not deaden his eye, which shone from under his snowy eye-brow like a burning coal. He wore a coarse velvet jacket, covered with silver Spanish buttons, which being open at the breast, discovered a medal of the Virgin, and a little silk bag, containing an esteemed relic: a broad leathern belt around his waist, supported a dagger, a large *couteau de chasse*, and a brace of pistols; a long heavy Spanish gun, that shewed by the polish of its stock how familiar it was to his hand, was flung over his shoulder. His feet and legs were cased in a sort of sandal, made of stripes of untanned hide, fastened under the knee with a silver buckle. Such was the exterior of Benincasa, the captain of the Sant' Eufemia banditti,—of the successful monster, whose atrocities had been the subject of dread and astonishment for so many years.

The dialogue between the two brigands soon ended.—

“Away, let us away!” cried Benincasa aloud.

“But my supper,” expostulated Peppè Tosco hesitatingly.

“Your supper, Peppè, must be eaten elsewhere to night,” retorted his captain. “Our legs and our hands

must be tried ere our stomachs be satisfied,—if we succeed, our supper shall be a feast; but if we fail, by Saint Joseph, I believe some of us will have small need of food!—Come, come!—your gun, your powder-flask,—haste!”

“Girl,” cried Tosco to Antonietta, “bring here my gun and horn, and the knife that’s under my pillow;—Pasquale, Annarella, bear in mind my orders; remember what I told you last night, or I will cut your throats when I return.”

With these words, and while his submissive underlings exclaimed, “the Madonna accompany you,—the Madonna bring you safe back!”—Peppè Tosco strode after his leader, who was already out of sight among the trees. After he had proceeded a few paces, however, he turned his head to look at Antonietta, and seeing her fixed as a statue, with her arms stretched forward, and her eyes bent upon him, he walked back.

“What, child,” said he, “you let me go away without saying a word to me?—Ah! ’tis well! you care not about my coming in or my going out; you care not if I never return;—if the bullet of one of these French murderers! — well, well! who will take care of you then?”

“Oh, father!” replied the poor girl, “you set out so suddenly, I had not time to say what is here in my heart,—I never can do so!”

“Farewell then, now,” said the robber, softened;—

“fare you well; and if I return in safety, I will give you a new rosary, with pearl beads and a gold cross; and I will give you——but hark! old Benincasa is shouting after me—curse him!—Sant’ Antonio remain with you.” He then kissed her, and in a minute was by the side of his impatient captain.

The tenderness Peppè Tosco had unwillingly allowed to escape him, was of rare occurrence; but the expedition on which he was setting out, was one of unusual danger; its object being nothing less than to destroy the French soldiers in Nicastro, and to liberate a number of brigands who had been surprised, and were then confined in the public prison. The watchful Benincasa had learned that the military force in the town was at that moment very weak, as several detachments had been drawn off to escort the receivers’ money chests, and one the preceding day, to accompany an *aide-de-camp*, who was repairing from the army at Reggio to the capital. These circumstances seemed to promise success to the project Benincasa had for some time meditated, and he had given consequently a rendezvous to the best part of his band.

By the clear light of the moon these determined men began their march; they kept near the borders of the wood until within a short distance of Nicastro, when they crossed some little hills, and concealed themselves in a thicket, while two of the most adroit went into the town to reconnoitre. The spies presently returned with the information that the town was wrapped in sleep,—

that no sentinel was before the barrack; and that only three men, who were smoking cigars, were near the prison. Benincasa led on his troop in death-like silence; they entered the town unperceived, they traversed several streets, and were in sight of the prison and of the sentinels, who, with an imprudence which had become habitual to the French from a long series of good fortune, were smoking and singing over a jug of wine, when one of the robbers stumbled over a stone in his way, and in falling, let his cocked gun go off. This alarmed the soldiers;—in a moment they were on their arms, and were joined by several half-naked comrades, who had been sleeping in a hovel under the prison walls. The first impulse of Benincasa, on seeing his treacherous surprise thus frustrated, was to stab the fallen wretch; he was, however, withheld by considerations of a more weighty nature; and turning round, cried, “forward, forward!—after all, they are but a handful; we have a dozen shots for each;—take your aims,—down with the bloodhounds,—then your hands to your axes, and break the prison doors for your brethren, before a new force arrives.”

The brigands obeyed his orders, by rushing forward with a fiendish yell, and firing on the sentinels; but the mishap had thrown them into confusion, and it was no part of their system, excepting in cases of vital importance, to fight with a prepared enemy: their fire had no visible effect, while two of the gang fell, wounded by the

French. Still, however, they remained firm by their leader, and were about to throw themselves on the sentinels, when a murderous discharge from an unseen enemy was opened upon their rear : the robbers, baffled and panic struck, then took to flight, leaving several wounded and dead behind them.

The timely assistance which thus saved the sentinels from being massacred, proceeded from the rest of the French in the town, who having reflected on their exposed situation, had that same night left their separate quarters, and united together, officers and men, to the number of twenty-eight, in an old church near the prison ; they were on the alert immediately on hearing the firing, and a few steps brought them in sight of their enemy.

The day after this affair, a detachment of light troops, that had come round in the transport the evening before, reached Nicastro. The French commandant, exasperated at the late attempt, determined to dispatch them immediately to scour the country, and to attempt the forest in search of the brigands ; and the already harassed men were accordingly sent off, after a few hours' repose. The adventures they met with, and the hardships they suffered, might be found interesting ; but they do not come within the scope of our narrative, and we must rather confine ourselves to one of the hapless band,—a young officer of the name of Vernet.

This young man was said to be of a noble family, which

had perished during the cruel excesses of the French revolution. In the helpless age of childhood, he was left alone in the world, and might have begged by the road side, had not his beauty and ingenuity attracted the attention of an old officer, who had him placed in a military school. From this establishment he had emerged while yet a boy, full of lofty republican sentiments, of enthusiasm for glory, and of a restless desire to see the different countries of the world; and with many hundreds not older than himself, had been marched off in the ranks, to meet the assailing or assailed enemies of France. With the swelling fullness of heart that youth only knows, he had coasted the romantic shores of the Rhine; he had crossed the lofty, frozen barrier of the Alps; he had seen his enemy retreat before him, almost wherever they had met, and the French banner fly like a meteor (as brilliant indeed, and almost as transient!) from the summit of the Grand Saint Bernard, to the farthest shores of lower Italy; he had traversed the land of ancient heroism and of genius, and had revelled on the feast she presented to all his stronger sympathies. At the moment we are about to bring him under notice, his feelings had been considerably depressed: he had seen his darling republic distracted by weak and bad men, and at last evaporate before the dazzling beams of a fortunate conqueror: he had met with those, once his bosom friends, who a few years before had entered Italy with him, ragged and barefoot—who had many times shared

his bed of straw, now high in command, and fluttering about, the ornaments of courts, the favourites of the kings and queens of a new dynasty! Perhaps he had felt, that an unbending spirit and contempt of flattery and intrigue, had kept him a subaltern in the most laborious corps of the army. The mistaken but noble principles that had animated him in the beginning of his career, had died away, and their absence went well nigh to make him quit the service, to which, however, he was chained by the consciousness of obstacles to every other profession; by his unsatisfied curiosity, and a lingering fondness for change and adventure. Vernet was not altogether without the vices of his class: he was eager after pleasure, when his relaxation from danger and fatigue permitted its pursuit, and was not over discriminating in its quality: he was extravagant, imprudent and headstrong; yet his redeeming virtues were many, and his experience in the unprofitable scenes of the world, and even the chilling dereliction from his high sentiments, which is generally a perilous fall, had not depraved the natural goodness of his heart.

On the evening on which our history begins, Vernet left Nicastro with his company.

“Well, here I am,” said he, as he followed his men across the plain of Sant’ Eufemia; “here I am, and truly in a glorious calling! I little thought, when I saw the plains of Italy from the Alps—when I saw the enemy leaving the field of Marengo—that after a few years I

should be chasing dastardly robbers in the wilds of Calabria; but no matter, 't is destiny,—all destiny,—Napoleon was born to be the Emperor of France, and to command Europe; and I to do the biddings of some hundreds of my superiors. I must say, however, I should like a better field than this—'t would be humiliating to fall by the shot or the knife of a thief."

The soldiers slept that night at a large *masseria* or farmhouse, not far from Nicastro; and Vernet forgot, over a cheering bottle of Calabrian wine, the melancholy reflections of the evening. They began their route early the next morning, to reconnoitre the hamlets on the edge of the forest; the men rambled on in the straggling manner usual with light troops, and Vernet imprudently enough in such a country and on such an occasion, frequently strayed apart with a brother officer. As the day advanced, the sun became intensely hot, and they suffered greatly from thirst; about eleven o'clock, Vernet found himself with a friend of the name of Beauchamp on the side of a hill, whence piercing a thick grove of trees, they descried a white cottage, superior in its aspect to the few wretched hovels they had hitherto passed.

"*Allons, Beauchamp,*" cried Vernet, "there's a snug house, which seems by the smoke ascending from its chimney to have an inhabitant; perhaps it may afford us a glass of wine and water."

They ordered their men to halt, and soon reached the open door of the cottage:—it was the house of Peppè

Tosco, and on entering it they found Antonietta and the old man and woman at their early dinner.

“What, ho!” exclaimed Vernet to his companion, as he perceived the lovely and blushing Antonietta, “what have we here? is it Proserpine or one of her nymphs, returned from the valleys of Etna to gather flowers in the plains of Calabria?” *

The sudden entrance of the two strangers occasioned considerable disturbance to the party: Pasquale started to his legs, the old woman turned pale, and Antonietta hung down her head; she would have escaped, but Vernet detained her.

“Fear not, lovely girl,” said he, “you have nothing to fear from us—we may have to fear you rather.—Come, come, sit down! we want to partake of this repast, and ’t would be all unsavoury should the queen of the feast leave the table;—and you, good dame, don’t look so alarmed, I pray you;—and you, old gentleman, pray sit down, and leave off chafing about the room in this manner;—come, a jug of wine to our better acquaintance, and a little water here, good mother; your Calabrian suns make a man thirsty!”

The frank manners of the intruders, re-assured the suspicious Pasquale and Annarella; and Antonietta,

* According to the ancient poets, Proserpine, surrounded by a troop of beautiful nymphs, repaired every year to preside at the harvests in the fertile plain of Hipponium, a few miles from the plain of Sant’ Eufemia.

though she had been taught to consider every Frenchman as a near relation of the devil, could not help stealing an occasional glance at the handsome soldier who sat by her side. She had never before seen any object so interesting; the feelings of nature triumphed over an artificial and unfounded dislike, and if she was not actually in love with him in this first short interview, she at least felt (without knowing it) the precursors of that tender passion, preparing her heart for its reception. Vernet on his part was enchanted with her beauty and artlessness, and his warm feelings of adoration threw an eloquence in his manner and in the expression of his face, and in the few words he said to her, that made her heart palpitate with delight. When the young Frenchmen had satisfied their thirst, and partaken of what was on the table, they had no longer any pretext for remaining; Beauchamp arose, and pulled Vernet by the sleeve, and he too, though most unwillingly, prepared to depart.

“Adieu, my pretty maid,” said he, patting her on her cheek, half playfully, half mournfully, “Adieu! thanks for your hospitality—and here’s something by which to remember me.”

Antonietta refused the dollar with something like offended dignity; the old woman, however, sprang forward and clutched it, and kept it in spite of her mistress’s frown.

“Farewell, sirs,” said Antonietta, “farewell!” she would have said something else, but old Pasquale watched

her narrowly, and seemed to intimidate her. She followed Vernet to the door, and with her eyes until he was out of sight, and then sat down on the stone bench before the cottage.

“Well, Beauchamp,” said Vernet, as they hastened on to join their men, “what think you of this rencontre?”

“My faith! she’s an angel,” cried Beauchamp.—“Who the devil would ever have expected to unnest such a bird, and in such regions as these! Did you ever see so lovely a Grecian face, such swimming black eyes, under such narrow little arches of eyebrows—such a mouth—such lips—such teeth!—and then, such a transparent complexion, and such a rosy blush as now and then flowed over her cheeks, her forehead, her neck—even to her finger ends;—how she came by it, I can’t conceive, in this burning country, where everybody we meet is almost as black as our Martinique cymbal-player.”

“And her figure!” rejoined Beauchamp, “her neck—her waist—I’m sure I could span it! and her arms, her round, finely-turned arms; her white tapering hand—her feet! I never saw such feet but once—those belonging to the little Venus with the funny name at Naples.” *

“She’s a riddle, Beauchamp, that’s certain; how came she by those elegant manners, and that pretty way of speaking? I suppose, at most, she’s the daughter of

* The Venus Callipiga, which has been attributed to Praxiteles, and considered as a rival to the Venus de Medici.

some little farmer or buffalo driver; but how such a father should have such a daughter, quite passes my comprehension."

"But did you observe the old man and woman?" said Beauchamp.

"I can't say I did, very particularly."

"They have both certainly most sinister physiognomies—the countenance of the old fellow would sign his death-warrant, before any of our military tribunals. I did n't much like his long knife, and that old gun in the corner. I think he's a dangerous rogue."

"Be he what he may, he shall not hinder me from repeating my visit as soon as our present chase is over."

"What! to get a knife in your back, or a bullet from behind a tree—eh, Vernet? He scowled at you most horribly when you patted the little girl on the cheek."

"Oh, nonsense! these people have all an instinctive hatred of us; and, as we run such pretty risks in our bounden duty, surely it may be permitted to us to get into a little amateur scrape, just on one's own account. The fact is, the girl has interested me more than I should be willing to confess to any one but you; and so, see her again I will, whatever be the consequences."

Here they joined their company, and soon had to attend to other matters. In this expedition they suffered severely; a pitiless sirocco, with its dull, red atmosphere, that lasted the whole time, depressed their spirits, and choked them with thirst; the marshes they had to sweep

round, exhaled foetid vapours, which, combined with the impure water the soldiers drank in their maddening drought, proved fatal to many. To these serious discomforts, was added the mortifying result of their expedition; the robbers were nowhere to be traced, and the shepherds and country people they interrogated, seemed rather anxious to delude them, than to direct them aright. Two of their men were killed, and another wounded, at the edge of the wood, without their being able to reach, or even to see, the assassins; and, after two days of extreme fatigue and vexation, Vernet was fain to withdraw his detachment to the town of Maida. In this agreeable sojourn they had but short leisure to repose, for just before their arrival, the commandant of the place had arrested an emissary of the brigands, who had visited the town to treat with a rich proprietor about the ransom of a drove of oxen, which had been carried off into the forest. This wretch, who was in fact one of Benincasa's gang, was induced by the fear of being shot, and by the promise of a considerable reward, to undertake to lead a body of soldiers to the robbers' haunt, and to surprise them in an unsuspecting and defenceless moment. Vernet was appointed to this expedition; and the following night, guided by the traitor, with his arms tied behind him, the little band left Maida for the wood. They traversed the plain, by the side of the Amato, which river they forded at a short distance from the wood. After cutting their way, with great labour, through a thick

copse, they entered the forest, favoured by a clear moonlight. They had to wade knee-deep through a pestilent marsh, at the edge of which they found their progress arrested by a wide and deep ditch; their guide, however, and two of their men, contrived to cross it. The robber now began to search in the thickets around, for some beams of wood which the brigands were accustomed to make use of as a bridge to pass the fosse; these were so well concealed, and he was so long in finding them, that when they were arranged, and the French crawled over, day began to dawn. They had not got many paces from the ditch, when the barking of a number of dogs was heard, apparently a little farther in the wood. A few minutes afterwards, the advanced guard which had gained a narrow uncovered ridge, was saluted by a sharp running fire, accompanied by horrid shrieks and yells: no time was to be lost—the whole body rushed on; and, by the first bright rays of the sun, advanced into the thickest of the forest. Their rapid pace soon brought them to a large, natural circus, surrounded by thick, matted bushes, and shaded by huge cork trees; this they understood to be the brigands' head-quarters. A large fire burned in the centre, at which were roasting the quarters of a bullock and a sheep; a number of sacks full of bread and cheese, and ham, and several skins of wine, were scattered within the circle; around which were tied to the trunks of trees, horses, asses, and mules, while the branches were decorated with the spare wardrobe of the robbers. The

goodly smell of the meats, and the tempting aspect of the wine-skins, would have brought the fatigued soldiers to an agreeable full stop, had it not been for the voice of their leader:—"Run on, my brave boys! the villains can't have had a long warning of our approach; they can't have got far yet;—let us, at least, secure a few of them;—it will give those nice joints time to roast, and we shall relish our feast the better after a bit of fighting."

Vernet halted for a few moments, to see that no loiterers evaded his commands. As he was proceeding on his way, his eye was attracted by an old brigand, who slunk from behind a bush, and unhooked a sort of knapsack that hung to a tree. Before he could get without the circle, Vernet's shot was after him; the robber, however, apparently untouched, leaped into the thicket and escaped. The soldiers followed the traces of the brigands through the thick wood: they found here and there fragments of their clothes torn in their flight, and hats hooked off by the hanging branches; but their owners had been more fortunate; not one could be seen, and at last their traces were entirely lost in a wide marsh, through which their guide could not, or would not, conduct them. On their return towards the circus, the men were in part reconciled to the escape of the brigands, by the discovery of a number of oxen and a herd of sheep, which they drove before them as their legitimate prize. To the banquet of Benincasa, which

by this time was well cooked, they did infinite honour. Vernet and Beauchamp presided with all the joviality of adventurous soldiers; but they were obliged to interrupt the festivity (somewhat prematurely as the men thought), fearing the effects of intoxication, in case the robbers should make an attack on them during their retreat. The jolly band, however, emerged from the mysterious labyrinths of the wood in safety; and in its novel, pastoral capacity, driving its flocks and herds before it, reached Maida in the evening, covered with mud, and with the glory of having been the first to penetrate the Forest of Sant' Eufemia.

A few days after this adventure, Vernet removed from Maida to a *masseria* between Sant' Eufemia and Nicastro. Here he was not more than two or three miles from the cottage of Antonietta, and so warm was the interest she had excited, that he took the first opportunity of visiting it. Beauchamp, who had in vain attempted to dissuade him, determined to accompany him. On their arrival, they found Antonietta alone; she rushed forward to meet Vernet, with pleasure glowing in her eyes and on her cheek; but this immediately gave way to an expression of fear and anxiety, and the words she was about to pronounce died away on her lips.

"Well, my mysterious fair one, here we are again; we found your sweet eyes and your sweeter tattle so enticing, that we have hastened to enjoy them once more."

"Oh," said Antonietta, blushing, "you are come

again because you are thirsty,—a good welcome to you, gentlemen; here is a wine-flask, and here is water—but your pardon! I must call Annarella;—she is hard by.”

“Oh, no,” said Vernet, holding her by the arm; there’s no need of that ugly old woman. Don’t frown! No offence: but we really can do without her. Come, sit down here; there’s no one will harm you. I would not hurt a lock of that flowing hair, for all the riches of the two Calabrias: come,—why are you alarmed?”

“You are Frenchmen,” said Antonietta confusedly.

“And what then, fair Calabrian?”

“You are the enemies of my country,—the foes of my friends, and”—she hesitated, and blushed deeper than before. In a moment her eagerness to go after Annarella returned; but her search was anticipated by the old woman herself, who hobbled in, in great confusion, muttering curses on the visitors. She said something to Antonietta, in an under voice, and in so barbarous a dialect, that the young men did not understand her; but Antonietta replied aloud, “Oh, no, no! the gentlemen have only come again because they are in need of refreshment.”

Annarella at length became pacified: Beauchamp occupied her attention as well as he could, to prevent her from interrupting Vernet, who had taken possession of a stool at Antonietta’s feet, and had begun an affecting little dialogue, the purport of which it will scarcely be necessary to explain. Thanks to the liberality of Beau-

champ, and to his unfailing loquacity (which was for the greater part unintelligible to the old woman), half an hour passed away. The hag then began to murmur, "Gesù Maria! do they never mean to go? Pasquale will be here in a moment: do you hear, Antonietta? By all the Saints! if Peppè should return, you will rue this wrongheadedness!"

"Oh! go,—fly, dear stranger! fly!" said Antonietta, as soon as she heard Peppè named,—"fly, and never come here again!"

"We will depart, instantly," replied Vernet, astonished at her eagerness,—"we go, fair stranger! But really, I, on my part, cannot promise to come here no more. Can you, on yours, wish it—wish that we may never meet again?"

"Oh, I wish—I wish—I cannot say what I wish: but only go now, and the blessings of the Holy Virgin go with you! Now, you are at the door,—adieu! adieu!"

Vernet grasped her hand,—a flush, like that of anger, overspread her face, and old Annarella swelled with rage at this familiarity. Antonietta tried to withdraw her hand: Vernet, who was unconscious of the dreadful punctilios of Calabrian propriety on this head, raised it, and kissed it: he kissed it again, and again,—and his heart was drowned with a flood of rapture, when he felt, or fancied he felt, the last time he kissed it, that the gentle girl pressed it softly against his lips.

As the two friends were returning to their quarters,

Vernet could talk of nothing but the beautiful Calabrian: he swore he loved her,—loved her desperately; at which his companion laughed very heartily. He regretted he had not asked something of her history,—how she had obtained even a shadow of her acquirements, in the midst of such brute ignorance,—who—what was her father, and several other interesting queries, which now came into his mind with great force, but had never presented themselves while he was in her company. At this, Beauchamp, who had more of French effrontery than his friend, and was not in love, very much marvelled, and thought he had made an ill use of the long intercourse his kindness had managed to procure for him. When Vernet talked of returning again in a day or two, Beauchamp became serious, and exposed to him the futility of such a course, and the risk that attended it; he again suggested the villanous appearance of the old people, and gave an interpretation to the alarm of the girl at the mention of Peppè's name, that might probably never have presented itself to his friend.

Vernet was not to be diverted from his object: he, however, felt the force of what Beauchamp urged, and it was agreed that they should return, accompanied by a few of their men, who might easily be concealed near the house. This being settled, Vernet counted impatiently the tedious hours of duty that intervened.

In the cottage of Peppè Tosco, matters were not quite so tranquil. The brigand returned on the day after the

Frenchmen's last visit, almost dead with fatigue, and smarting with a shot-wound in his arm: he was savagely morose; he flung Antonietta from him when she flew to embrace him, and he spoke neither to Pasquale nor the old woman. It was not until he had cheered himself with long and repeated draughts of wine, that, with horrid imprecations, he related the disasters of the band at Nicastro,—his danger, wound, and fatigue in the forest (for he was with Benincasa at the time of the surprise), and the loss of his baggage and his share of the live stock. When he paused from his recital and his curses, Pasquale and Annarella, in that spirit which seeks to heap horror upon horror, began to relate the visit of Beauchamp and Vernet at length, without concealing the attentions the latter had paid to Antonietta, the abominable liberties he had taken with her person, and the great complacency she had manifested towards him. The ferocious mood of Peppè Tosco, at this information, rose to so frantic an excess, that he struck the meek, unoffending girl to the ground; and raving over her, as she lay senseless and bleeding before him, swore he would destroy her for seeking to betray him to his enemies.

“How, girl!” cried he,—“is it thus you reward me for having saved your throat from the knife, years ago,—for having kept you,—for having defended and cherished you? You open my doors to the dogs that thirst for my blood!—You display that pallid face, and bedecked form, which my cares have guarded from the scorching

sun and cutting blast—which my hard-earned money has been spent to adorn!—You flaunt them before the eternal enemies of me, of my band, and my country!—You smile on them!—You play with their hands—their lips! Now, by all the pains of purgatory,—you deserve instant death!”

The necessity of consulting his safety, rather than the deprecating, touching looks of the reviving Antonietta, recalled him to his senses. To remain on a spot that had been visited, and probably would soon be visited again, by French officers, seemed to him an excess of imprudence; particularly as he had lately learned, that, from an unfortunate celebrity he had acquired, he was—Benincasa, his chief, excepted—the brigand the most eagerly sought after. The secrets of the forest offered a sure refuge, and thither, accordingly, he determined to repair with Antonietta, Pasquale, and the old woman, that very night. His prompt plan was, however, frustrated; for as he was making preparations for the journey, Vernet and Beauchamp were seen approaching the house. The deadly hate and rage which then filled the heart of Peppè Tosco were measureless; and the expression that convulsed his face, might have paralysed for a moment the boldest heart.

“If you speak a word of warning,” said he, in a sepulchral tone, to Antonietta; “if you speak one word, if you make one sign,—by heaven, my first shot shall be at you!”

He flew to his gun,—Pasquale did the same, and they both escaped through the back-door as the Frenchmen were about entering by the front. Who can describe the minute that ensued! Antonietta stood,—with her long black hair hanging loose, and soiled with the dust of the floor,—the blood streaming from her nose and mouth,—trembling, and unable to speak one word, or move one step! One little word she had on her tongue—"Fly," but a suffocating force repressed it! One little sign she would have made, but her arm and hand were palsied! A minute more of that dreadful state of anxiety,—a minute more, and her life's strings must have burst!—A gun was fired into the room: then she breathed and moved,—and rushing forward, clung around him whom all unwittingly she adored.

"A deadly shot that," said Vernet, who, from a long familiarity with scenes of danger, could trifle in the very worst of them,—“a deadly shot, by Jupiter! It has carried away the gold tassel of my cap, that Giulietta of Ancona gave me when we parted.”

"Ay, we're in a pretty wasp's nest, as I thought," said Beauchamp, who had placed himself under cover by one side of the window, and was preparing his pistols, "but, quick, come here, or you're a dead man,—quick, quick! our merry lads will be at our backs in a moment."

But Vernet had not time to move: Peppè Tosco had already fixed him with his murderous, long gun: he had

been indeed a dead man (for it was almost impossible that so sure a shot, though blinded with fury, should miss twice), but a sudden and violent return of old feelings, a momentary softening of the heart, seized Peppè: his Antonietta shielded the Frenchman with her body,—her cheek lay against his,—and there was scarcely enough of his person exposed, to plant a bullet: he could not kill her,—he could not draw the trigger: that momentary delay saved Vernet,—for, as the demon got the upper hand, and he was pressing the lock with his finger, a chasseur reached him, struck down the butt of his gun, and the bullet lodged in the cottage ceiling. When Vernet and Beauchamp ran out, their men had already secured Peppè Tosco and Pasquale: Vernet, on looking at the former, recognised him as the brigand he had fired at in the forest.

“What, old Grim!” cried he, “I believe you and I are old acquaintances. Oh, ho! your arm is wounded, eh? What, then, I hit you? I thought, by the nimbleness of your flight, that I had missed you as scandalously as you did me just now; but I find you owe me a shot. And pray who cut your head in this way!”

“That I did for him,” said one of the soldiers; “for the dog would n’t surrender.”

“Well, well! we must keep him from giving and receiving such compliments for the future. Home to quarters with him.”

The brigands were carried bound into the cottage: the

feelings of Antonietta, which had been distracted by a variety of fears and interests, were now entirely concentrated in one point. She ran to Peppè Tosco; she wept over him, and stanchèd the blood that streamed down his face in torrents, with a handkerchief she tore from her neck. Some time passed ere Vernet could gain her attention; and when he informed her that she must be removed with her companions, she silently placed herself by the side of her foster-father, and only by a sign expressed her readiness to depart. The old woman, who had looked upon the fearful scene with the most perfect apathy, when she found that she too was arrested, shrieked dreadfully, and called upon the Madonna to protect her innocence. The doors of the cottage were secured, and the procession moved off: on the road, Vernet tried to reassure and console Antonietta; but she answered not a word—proceeding by the side of Peppè, with her eyes bent upon the ground.

When they arrived at the *masseria*, Vernet ordered that Peppè Tosco, Pasquale, and the old woman, should be confined bound as they were, in a strong room in the under part of the building: as they were proceeding thither, Antonietta supplicated to share the imprisonment of her foster-father; and he, on his part, gazed at her with commiseration, fearing, perhaps, the effects of French licentiousness, to which she was thus left exposed. If so, his fears were unfounded, for Vernet treated her with all the respect due to a young and innocent female: he assigned

her a room apart from the rest, and made a country girl of the house attend upon her.

The next morning, the officers summoned Peppè Tosco before them, as they were anxious to examine him, before they committed him to the prison of Nicastro. He appeared in their presence, sullen and determined; he refused to answer their interrogations, and only protested that he attempted to defend his house and the honour of his daughter, from their assaults; that the wound in his arm, and an imagined likeness to a brigand in the forest, proved nothing; and that they, in justice, ought to release him immediately. Pasquale and Annarella were then questioned, and with more success: their feebler spirits were dashed; and hoping to obtain pardon as the price of evidence against their superior, they made an ample confession. It principally imported that Peppè Tosco was one of the leaders of Benincasa's horde; that he had been a brigand from his boyhood; that he was stained with several murders and robberies; and that Antonietta was not his daughter, but the child of a gentleman and lady, who had been destroyed as they were travelling through Calabria fourteen or fifteen years before.

The latter part of the confession was what most interested Vernet, and his eager questions elicited further details. Pasquale related circumstantially the attack made on a foreigner's family on the skirts of the forest; the discharge of one gun killed husband and wife, and a wretch had pointed his pistol at the child, when the

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THE BRIGANDS' CAVE.

youthful wife of one of the robbers rushed forward and saved it. The helpless orphan was conveyed with the plunder into a cave (one of the secret resorts of the banditti); and brought up as the child of the bandit by whose wife she had been preserved.

The unfortunate Antonietta, in the mean time, had recovered from her stupefaction, and dwelt with agonizing fear on the fate of Peppè Tosco. When Vernet visited her, he found her walking hurriedly about the room, and tracing her steps with her fast-falling tears. She instantly turned to him, and, without answering his kind inquiries, began to supplicate for the brigand: she threw herself on the ground, and, clinging to his knees, begged, with heart-searching fervour, that he would not kill him. Vernet endeavoured to make her comprehend that his fate did not depend upon him; that it was his duty to consign him to the prison at Nicastro, and that he would there be disposed of by justice. To her mind, however, prison and justice conveyed the idea of tyranny and murder; and she continued to implore, that Vernet would set him at liberty. The young Frenchman explained the enormity of his offences; but she would not give credit to the greater part, and for the rest, as we have already said, she had been precluded, by her mode of life, from learning to estimate them aright. A feeling of horror prevented him then from acquainting her with the mystery he had discovered; that the wretch whose cause she advocated was one of the murderers of

her parents; and beside, he feared the effect such a disclosure might have, on a brain that seemed already well nigh distraught. She continued to pray, and it was not easy to resist her prayers.

“ You told me, in the cottage,” said she, “ that I was pretty, and that you loved me; that you would die for me! Now I only ask you this favour,—grant it, and I will follow you to the end of the world,—*I will die for you!*”

All that he could he promised, namely, that if Peppè Tosco should shew signs of repentance, and give hopes of amendment, he would interest himself in his favour, and endeavour to save his life. Her gratitude knew no bounds. She, on her part, undertook (if Vernet would permit her to visit Tosco) to induce him to abandon his evil calling, and never to carry a gun again: the permission was given, and they separated.

To second, as it seemed, the fulfilment of Vernet's promise, an order arrived from Nicastro, to detain the persons arrested where they were, until further directions; the prison of the town being already too much crowded. On the return of Antonietta from the chamber in which Peppè Tosco was confined, she acquainted Vernet that he had solemnly promised, on his being pardoned, to relinquish all connexion with his band; and then she began to conjure Vernet anew, to redeem his pledge.

Vernet acquainted her with the atrocities of her former associates, that Peppè Tosco was one of a band of assas-

sins, who had deprived her of her parents when she was an infant; and by the favour of her natural good sense, they soon enabled her to form those ideas of social right and propriety, from which she had been precluded by the singularity of her fortune. Still she was eager for the life of the robber.

"I must yet supplicate for that unhappy man," said she. "I will never see him more! I had a father and a mother, and he, perhaps, killed them! Oh! his sight would now kill me!—but he saved my life,—he reared me under his roof,—he supported me, and delicately too,—and sometimes he would be kind to me—so kind! Oh, he must not die, he must not!"

Vernet again pledged himself to do all he could to save his life, and gave her to hope that his endeavours would be successful.

It was then agreed that Antonietta should seek a temporary shelter in the house of a respectable inhabitant of a neighbouring town, and Vernet left his lovely *protégée* to enjoyments, of which she had till then had no experience,—a participation in the harmony and repose of a virtuous family circle. An unwonted sadness fell upon his heart as he was leaving her,—a sadness he could not account for, as he knew he left her in safety and might soon see her again. Poor Antonietta was equally depressed, and perhaps with as little apparent reason: she accompanied him to the door, she returned the grasp of his hand, and when he ventured to press her cheek to his lips,—her tears flowed down it.

Vernet, anxious to fulfil his promise to Antonietta, and to dismiss the revolting subject for ever from his mind, repaired the next morning to Nicastro. He succeeded in obtaining a sentence condemning Peppè Tosco and his two associates to solitary confinement, in a fortress on the coast; and, full of joy, and picturing to himself a sunny futurity, he mounted his horse, to return.

A short time after the departure of Vernet from his quarters, a little old man, in the dress of a mendicant friar, arrived at the *masseria*, and asked to speak with the officer. He was admitted to Beauchamp, to whom, after numerous salutations and *benedicite*, he revealed, that he could conduct him to a spot, three or four miles off, on the skirts of the wood, where a small body of robbers, rich with booty they had just captured, might be easily surprised by his troop. He pretended to be very anxious for his own safety, and begged he might be disguised as a French soldier, and mixed with the men, to avoid being seen acting as a guide by any of the country people, who would not fail to inform the brigands, and so bring down certain destruction upon him. All this deceived Beauchamp: he unreflectingly fell into the snare, and leaving six or seven men to guard the house, prepared to march with the rest of his company. Accordingly, to the great amusement of the soldiers, the guide's "holy wool" was stripped off, and after a deal of trying on and fitting, his droll figure was equipped in a chasseur's uniform, and his burly person placed between two

soldiers. They set out at full speed: in the course of an hour, they reached the spot referred to by the priest, panting from the rapidity of their movements—for the pseudo friar had made them race like a pack of hounds—where the reverend gentleman came to a serious halt, and told Beauchamp that as they were within a few shots of the brigands, he must go forward in his monastic dress to lure them into the toils. “Do you, meanwhile,” said he, “keep yourself concealed among this brushwood, and do not move until you hear my shrill whistle;—in ten minutes you will have them, and the whole of their booty in your hands.” He now resumed his former toilette, retaining only the good blue breeches—part of his military disguise that could not be seen under his monk’s garments—and advanced at an exceedingly brisk pace into the wood.

The soldiers followed his advice, and lay down without moving or speaking: ten minutes passed away—a quarter of an hour—half an hour; but when nearly an hour had elapsed, and no other sounds were heard than the chirping of the little birds that were flitting about in the woods, Beauchamp arrived at the very mortifying conclusion, that he had been duped, and with hearty curses on the fugitive friar, ordered his men homeward. When he approached the outward gate of the *masseria*, he perceived, to his great dismay, that the ground was in several places stained with blood; and hastening on to the house, he soon learned the object of the trick that

had been played upon him. The room where Peppè Tosco and his companions had been confined, was broken open, and two of his men were lying dead near the doorway: Beauchamp was now informed by a wounded soldier, who had just descended the stairs, that soon after he had set out with the monk, the *masseria* was surrounded by a number of robbers, who advanced and attacked the few French that remained; they had defended the prison as long as they could, and after two of them had been killed, the others retreated, with the people of the house, to the upper part of a small square tower, in which they had barricaded themselves, and whence they had seen the brigands carry off the prisoners in triumph.

“Truly,” said Beauchamp to himself, when he recovered from the excess of his rage and mortification,—“truly I have got myself into a pretty scrape: how shall I answer for this to Vernet? He will call me a madman for having trusted to any thing in the shape of a monk! Oh, I shall be ashamed to see his face!” But that face he had never to see again lit up with life!—He had nothing more to fear from its biting, sarcastic air,—or to hope from its commiserating and friendly expression!—Its muscles had moved for the last time, and were now fixed in the rigid languor of death!

Poor Vernet, cantering gaily homeward, attended by only one soldier, had reached a little thicket not far from his quarters, when a shot, from an unseen hand, laid his attendant upon the earth. The next instant, he saw

Peppè Tosco, by the side of a tree, aiming at him,—and in another moment, the villain's shot had pierced his heart! When the brigands rushed on the body of the unfortunate young man, in search of plunder, they found three or four dollars—the whole of his worldly wealth,—an edition of Horace, a lock of Antonietta's hair, and a pardon for his assassin, Peppè Tosco. The bodies were discovered in the evening by some soldiers returning with forage: the orderly-man was not dead, and had just breath enough to relate the above particulars.

The sad news soon reached Antonietta: it almost killed her. Indeed, her real existence ended at that moment; for she was soon induced to bury herself in the deadening monotony and unserviceable sanctity of a monastery, with all her youth, and beauty, and disposition for the loftiest virtues.

[This narrative was written at Naples, after a tour in the Calabrias, and while the scenes I have attempted to describe, were fresh in my mind. The whole of the story, with a very slight exception, is matter of fact. The attacks and decoys of the brigands were related by an eye-witness,—an officer in the French service. —CHARLES MAC FARLANE].

HYMN TO LIBERTY.

BY W. S. WALKER, ESQ.

Yet were life a charnel, where
Hope lay confined with Despair;
Yet were Truth a sacred lie,
Love but lust,—if Liberty
Lent not life its robe of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robes to wear,—
Love its power to give and bear!

SHELLEY.

I.

O Freedom! who can tell thy worth,
Thou, sent of heaven to suffering earth,
Save him who hath thee in his lot,
And him who seeks, but finds thee not?

II.

Thou art the chain from heaven suspended,
By which great Truth to earth descended;
Thou art the one selected shrine,
Wherein the fires of Virtue shine.

III.

To thee our willing thanks we raise,
For sacred hearths, for fearless days ;
The blooming field, the crowded mart,
Each guardian law, each graceful art.

IV.

But thy chief seat, thy place of rest,
Is in man's deep-recessed breast ;
Thy chosen task, to call to light
Its unseen loveliness and might.

V.

At thy approach the startled mind
Quakes, as before some stirring wind ;
And with glad pain, sets wide her door
To the celestial visitor.

VI.

And, chased before thy presence pure,
Fly evil creeds and fears obscure ;
And flowers of hope before thee bloom,
And new-born wisdom spreads its plume.

VII.

Blithe fancies, morning birds that sing
Around the soul's awakening ;
Pure loves are thine, and darings high,
And frank and fearless purity.

VIII.

Before thy throne, a various band,
Of many an age, and class, and land,
Now waiting in the world's great hour,
We kneel for comfort and for power.

IX.

Our wills, O Freedom! are thine own,
Our trust is in thy might alone;
But we are scattered far apart,
Feeble, and few, and faint of heart.

X.

Look on us, Goddess! chase away
Low-minded hopes, and weak dismay;
That our exorcised souls may be
A living mansion, worthy thee!

XI.

Nor less in one our hearts unite
Unto that last and awful fight;
For mighty are the foes, that wage
Their warfare with thy heritage.

XII.

Against thee league the powers of wrong,
The bigot's sword, the slanderer's tongue;
And thy worst foe, the seeming wise,
Veiling his hate in friendship's guise.

XIII.

But weak to thee the might of earth,
For thou art of ethereal birth ;
And they thou lov'st shall triumph still,
Despite blind wrath, or evil will.

XIV.

In vain before thine altars crowd
The light, the sensual, and the proud :
'The meek of mind, the pure of heart,
Alone shall see thee as thou art.

XV.

Sustained by thee, untired we go
Through doubt and fear, through care and woe ;
O'er rough and smooth we toil along,
Led by thy far and lovely song.

XVI.

We will not shrink,—we will not flee ;
Though bitter tears have flowed for thee,
And bitterer tears are yet to flow ;
Be thou but ours—come bliss, come woe !

XVII.

Awake, O Queen ! we call thee not
From favoured land, or hallowed spot ;
Where'er man lifts to heaven his brow,
Where Love and Right are, there art thou !

XVIII.

Awake, O Queen ! put forth that might
Wherewith thou warrest for the right ;
Speed on, speed on the conquering hour,
Spirit of light, and love, and power !

XIX.

By baffled hopes, by wrong, by scorn,
By all that man hath done and borne,
Oh, come ! let fear and falsehood flee,
And earth at length find rest in thee !

RETROSPECTION.

WHAT phantoms of the past in mystery sleep,
Till memory (warder of the gloom profound)
Wake at a sight, an odour, or a sound,
And call the long-forgotten from the deep,
To sooth us or to sting : then sinners reap
The harvest of their guilt ;—what cries astound,
What furies and what fiends environ round
Their death-bed anguish : grief that cannot weep,
Remorse that dare not hope ! But how divine
The pledge of immortality, when bright
The lamp of conscience burns, and heavenly balm
And heavenly vision gladden the decline
Of age with images of rest and calm,—
The better Canaan's realm, the Solyma of light ! H.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois : c'est la premiere. Les
amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires !

LA BRUYERE.

I.

How shall I woo her ?—I will stand
Beside her when she sings ;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
Flit o'er the quivering strings :
And I will tell her, I have heard,
Though sweet her song may be,
A voice, whose every whispered word
Was more than song to me !

II.

How shall I woo her ?—I will gaze,
In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays
Look love in every glance :
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,
Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to-night
Upon me in my dream.

III.

How shall I woo her ?—I will try
The charms of olden time,
And swear by earth and sea and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme ;—
And I will tell her, when I bent
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent,—
I could not speak for tears !

IV.

How shall I woo her ?—I will bow
Before the holy shrine ;
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And press her lips to mine :
And I will tell her, when she parts
From passion's thrilling kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

V.

Away ! away ! the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain ;—
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again :
Love's toil I know is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin ;
But souls that lose what I have lost,—
What have they left to win ?

FLODDEN FIELD.

BY D. M. MOIR, ESQ.

I.

'T WAS on a sultry summer noon,
The sky was blue—the breeze was still—
And Nature with the robes of June
Had clothed the slopes of Flodden Hill;—
As rode we slowly o'er the plain,
'Mid wayside flowers and sprouting grain;
The leaves on every bough seemed sleeping,
And wild bees murmured in their mirth
So pleasantly, it seemed as earth
A jubilee was keeping!

II.

And canst thou be, unto my soul
I said, that dread Northumbrian field,
Where war's terrific thunder-roll
Above two banded kingdoms pealed?—
From out the forest of his spears,
Ardent imagination hears

The crash of Surrey's onward charging;
While curtel-axe and broadsword gleam
Opposed, a bright, wide, coming stream,
Like Solway's tide enlarging.

III.

Hark to the turmoil and the shout,
The war-cry, and the cannon's boom!
Behold the struggle and the rout,
The broken lance and draggled plume!
Borne to the earth, with deadly force,
Comes down the horseman and his horse;
Round boils the battle like an ocean;
While stripling blithe and veteran stern,
Pour forth their life-blood on the fern,
Amid its fierce commotion!

IV.

Mown down like swaths of summer flowers,
Yes! on the cold earth there they lie,
The lords of Scotland's bannered towers,
The chosen of her chivalry!
Commingled with the vulgar dead,
Perhaps lies many a mitred head;
And thou, the vanguard onwards leading,
Who left the sceptre for the sword,
For battle-field the festal board,
Liest low amid the bleeding!

V.

Yes! here thy life-star knew decline,
 Though hope, that strove to be deceived,
 Shaped thy lone course to Palestine,
 And what it wished full oft believed:—
 An unhewn pillar on the plain
 Marks out the spot where thou wast slain;
 There pondering as I stood, and gazing
 On its grey top, the linnet sang,
 And, o'er the slopes where conflict rang,
 The quiet sheep were grazing.

VI.

And were the nameless dead unsung,
 The patriot and the peasant train,
 Who like a phalanx round thee clung,
 To find but death on Flodden Plain?
 No! many a mother's melting lay
 Mourned o'er the bright flowers *wede* away;
 And many a maid, with tears of sorrow,
 Whose locks no more were seen to wave,
 Wept for the beauteous and the brave,
 Who came not on the morrow!

THE RUINS OF TIME.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

“ TIME in his awful course rolls on for ever.
Marble and brass and gold, temples and towers,
Fall down before his waves; the unsparing Hours.
And on the dark deep river
(Washed like an atom down) goes man, the god!
Pale stern philosophers and hermits holy,
Vain scholars, lovers vain, maids melancholy,
And kings, who once in purple vengeance trod.
Kingdoms and states resist not: great seas fall
Back, and old Earth shrinks like a crumbling ball;
Grace, honour, valour, wisdom, virtue, fame,
Weak, wise, or brave or strong,—all bend the same!

II.

“ Now sit, and let us mark what ruins hoar
Great Time hath left upon this terrene shore,—
What pillars and vast blocks of brass and stone,
With figures carved, and filled with speech unknown,—

What plains turned up by inundations wild,—
What pyramids unpiled,
And shattered rocks, and horrid wrecks sublime.
Look out,—while I note down each thing that Time
(Tyrannous Time) hath left, in deep amaze—
Count on, count on,—do I not bid thee gaze ?”
“ I gaze,—but see no marks of Time, save one,—
The little dial, pointing in the sun !”

THE DULL SCHOLAR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I.

ONE eve, when by Juana sitting,
She gave my arm a gentle pinch ;
I deemed the pressure all unwitting—
So took no heed, and scorned to flinch !

II.

Anon, the jade her joke repeated,
(She must have thought my heart a flint) ;
Though look and gesture both entreated,
I still refused to take the hint !

III.

A third and harder squeeze she gave me :
“ Pr’ythee Juana, why so rough ?”
(Said I) “ could charms like thine enslave me,
One pinch had, sure, been quite enough !”

WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE ?

AIR—*Sweet Kitty Clover.*

I.

WHERE is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell ?

Where is she gone, where is she gone ?

She flirts with another, I know very well ;

And I—am left all alone !

She flies to the window when Arundel rings ;

She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings ;

It's plain that her Cupid has two pair o' wings ;

Where is she gone, where is she gone ?

Her love and my love are different things ;

And I—am left all alone !

II.

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow ;

Where is she gone, where is she gone ?

She told me such horrors were never worn now :

And I—am left all alone !

But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,
And I guess who it came from,—of course I don't care !
We all know that girls are as false as they 're fair ;
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear :
 And I—am left all alone !

III.

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride,
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
She looks for another to trot by her side :
 And I—am left all alone !
And whenever I take her down stairs from a ball,
She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl :
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl ;—
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
But I would give a trifle to horsewhip them all ;
 And I—am left all alone !

IV.

She tells me her mother belongs to the sect,
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect :
 And I—am left all alone !
But a fire 's in my heart and a fire 's in my brain,
When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim O'Shane ;
I don't think I ever *can* ask her again :
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
And, lord ! since the summer she's grown very plain ;
 And I—am left all alone !

V.

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago ;
Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
And how should I guess that she 'd torture me so ?
And I—am left all alone !
Some day she 'll find out it was not very wise
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs ;
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize :
Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes :
And I 'll be—no longer alone !

CARTLANE CRAGS.

WHOSE is the lightning speed, the stately form,
That like a meteor rushes up the steep,
While dim the moon, and dark the midnight hour,
And ambushed in the cavern, marks how deep
Beneath his feet the bloodhounds of the war,
And curses of defeated vengeance sweep ?
'T is he ! the Wallace ! the bright Morning-Star
Of Liberty, the self-devoted Friend
Of Scotland and of Bruce : no trophied car
Awaits thee, no triumphal shouts attend,
Brave chieftain ! thine the pilgrimage of pain,
The life of peril, and the ' untimely end.
But go in peace : thou hast not struck in vain :
Die happy : sundered is thy country's chain. H.

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Painted by A. Phalipon.

Engraved by Henry Rolfs.

THE FISHERS OF SCHO.

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THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

As are our hearts, our way is one,
And cannot be divided. Strong affection
Contends with all things, and o'ercometh all things.
Will I not live with thee? Will I not cheer thee?
Wouldst thou be lonely then? Wouldst thou be sad?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

I.

“SISTER, sweet sister! let me weep awhile!
Bear with me—give the sudden passion way!
Thoughts of our own lost home—our sunny isle—
Come, as the wind that o'er a reed hath sway;
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears;—
Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!

II.

“Our father's voice—our mother's gentle eye—
Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where?
Desolate, desolate our chambers lie:
How hast thou won thy spirit from despair?
O'er mine, swift shadows, gusts of terror sweep;
I sink away—bear with me—let me weep!”

III.

“ Yes, weep, my sister ! weep, till from thy heart
The weight flow forth in tears—yet sink thou not !
I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one ! our orphan lot,
To meet in quenchless trust :—my soul is strong—
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might, ere long.

IV.

“ A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead,—
These mantle me with power ; and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side :—
Have the wild birds, and have not *we* a guide ?

V.

“ Cheer, then, beloved ! on whose meek brow is set
Our mother’s image—in whose voice a tone,
A faint, sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
An echo of our childhood’s music gone ;—
Cheer thee ! thy sister’s heart and faith are high ;
Our path is one—with thee I live and die ! ”

THE LAST MAN IN TOWN.

The last—the last—the last !
Oh, by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred !

IT was about the latter end of July last, when the dog-star reigned supreme, that I had assembled at my lodgings the few of my intimates who yet remained in Town, to take their farewell dinner with me,—melancholy me,—condemned to pass the entire summer in London. It was ten o'clock,—we had wheeled the table, with all the apparatus for wine-drinking and fruit-eating, to the open window, and were lolling in summer luxuriance, some on the sofa, some with both feet on empty chairs, listening with composing indolence to the hum of voices and shuffling sound of promenaders in the street below, or reviving in each other's memories (since it was too hot for graver or more useful argument), the by-gone pleasures of the past season,—discussing the pretensions of one beauty, railing at the frowardness of another,—and each occasionally lifting his glass to his lips, the inward motion of which, and the ill-suppressed smile pro-

claimed the homage he was doing to some all-perfect favourite of his own.

“Come,” said I, putting round the last bottle of claret, as I saw my neighbour on the left, reach out his hand for a finishing glass of sherry:—

One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crowned by us yet.

The claret was drunk,—and drunk almost in silence; perhaps my friends were as sorry to leave London, as I was to remain in it by myself; I cannot say;—however there was, shortly afterwards, a general move. One said he *must* go, as he was to mount the Shrewsbury at seven the next morning; another must superintend the packing of his new gun; another, of his travelling apparatus; and the Stanhope of a fourth was waiting at my door, ready packed, to convey its master into the country, in the cool of the night.

The door closed upon the last, and I found myself alone in my room,—I may say, alone in London. “Ah,” said I, looking at my linen trowsers and speckled stockings, “I shall not want to change you to night.—You may go to bed, Thomas (addressing the servant, who was clearing away the things), I shall not want a coach called. My hand mechanically tossed over the countless cards that covered the mantel-piece. They were all old, and coated with dust, and I do not think

had welcomed a new comer to enliven their company for a week past. I kicked my gun-case, which lay under the sofa, violently and passionately, as it put me in mind, that in another fortnight, grouse-shooting would begin, while I should be clerk-scolding and paper-signing in Somerset House.—“ Hang Somerset House!” I exclaimed, “ I would give up half my income for a poor three-months’ holiday at this desolate Alexander-Selkirk-season of the year. Who would remain in London, when every soul one knows or cares about, has left it ;—when the dry, thirsty, dusty trees in the squares, mock you with a reminiscence of what they mean to represent! When the *green* of the park and the gardens is *brown* ; when even every tradesman that can get away, is gone ; and my hair-dresser and his lady, as the shopman told me, are ‘pleasuring at Ramsgate!’ Who would be in London, when the Somertons (as the Morning Post of this very day says), are gone to Brighton! Who would be in London, when the B—— races begin to morrow,—and, oh! what a happy party will be collected in R—— House! Who would be in London, I added, in a lowered and melancholy tone of voice, when Louisa is at ——! It will be long before I see her fair face and laughing eyes again ; or if I do see her, it may be as the wife of that fox-hunting baronet in her neighbourhood. Ah! those days are gone, when, disdaining the busy throng of quadrillers, we occupied a corner sofa in the refreshment-room, and

“loved the laughing hours away unheeding,” although I cannot say, “unheeded.” Those hours are flown, when Colinet’s flageolet summoned us willingly to the waltz; or saw us, with a sigh, undraw the window-curtains, and chide the “envious streaks of the too early dawn;” and then prolong the fascinating round, in spite of mamma’s watch, or papa’s horses. No longer shall I walk my horse in the shady part of St. James’s Park, under its grateful canopy of trees, till that dear bay mare appeared, with its still dearer and most graceful rider,—a little pony-mounted brother, and a groom, the only, and the silent witnesses of my happiness. No longer shall I watch, for hours, at the Stanhope Gate, for the first glimpse of the well-known purple hammer-cloth; or leave the Park, with the delicious certainty that within five hours, at most, we should meet again;—again to sit on a retired sofa,—again to be summoned to the waltz,—again to chide the early dawn,—again to put mamma in a fuss, and keep papa’s horses waiting,—again to go through the tender ceremonies of shawling,—again to feel the returned gentle pressure of the hand as she mounted the carriage,—to look for a minute after the rolling wheels, till they turned the corner of the street, and then run, light-hearted, to my home, to sleep soundly,—yet dream sweetly,—and in spite of what lovers say to the contrary, to go through the business of the next day with activity and spirit, which the pleasures of the next evening were once more so agreeably to relax.

Thus did I think aloud, as I lay upon the sofa, with no other light but the gas-lamp, which burned brightly beneath the open window; and though I am sure the gods never made me poetical, and I do not remember ever to have indulged in verse-making since I wrote some tolerable nonsense on my cousin's fan, I know not how long ago,—yet somehow the fit seized me, I clawed hold of a pencil and some paper, and actually found the following piece of folly on my table the next morning in my own hand-writing, or I could never have believed I had written it:—

August is near, and London lonely,
Of all that's gay bereft;
Rich doctors, and poor curates only,
Are all that now are left.

Sams, Saunders, Ebers, Andrews, Hookham,
Bemoan their empty shops;
Their loungers gone, they cannot book 'em
A single opera box.

Thy burnt-up turf, brown Kensington,
No gentle footstep marks;
Achilles is the only one
That's seen in all the Parks.

Each shutter closed, each knocker still,—
A scanty population,
Proclaim, though sore against its will,
The death of Dissipation.

Even Almacks,—ever last to close,—
Denies each lingering beauty;
Untenanted are opera rows,—
Unheeded even Velluti.

To bet upon the St. Leger
The northern 'squires in York meet;—
But what to me is Doncaster,
Condemned to stew in Cork Street!

Circumstances required my presence in London until October. Behold me, then, regularly booked for an inside place in the metropolis, for the two months during my journey through life in which I should so infinitely have preferred the outside.

And now my horrors began. There are plenty of nuisances and abominations in London, to annoy the sensitive, at all seasons; but occupied as I had been of late—gay, and full of spirits, I never particularly heeded them, nor did they ever, in the slightest degree, excite my spleen. But the case was altered now,—for I had leisure to be annoyed. I became quite a Tremainy sort of man, and the least thing fidgeted me.—Not that the evils I am about to relate, are by any means little things, and I wish to heaven there were some law to put them down!

Was it not enough, when I paced the hot pavement in melancholy mood, that I was overtaken by no elegant, smooth-rolling, hammer-clothed carriage, or prettily bowed to from its window; but where I *overtook* many a creeping, rattling, tumble-to-pieces Hackney-coach,

(save when a close-built, dark-green chariot, with barouche box, and perhaps leather over the horses' loins, raced swiftly by, and proclaimed itself the vehicle of some medical practitioner)? Was it not enough, that I was ever and anon obstructed in my way by the broken-up pavement, and broken-winded paviours, who were taking the opportunity of mending the streets, while the inhabitants were away? Was it not enough, that I saw the paper-capped painter, be-daubing and be-beautifying many a shop, and shop window, "giving dreadful note" that no customers, now, at least, were expected?—Was not all this enough to increase the spleen of a man already splenetic; but must I have dirty little Jew boys at every street corner, ringing little brass bells in my ears, and clamorously soliciting me to purchase their tiny copper coffee-pots, coal-scuttles, and dolls' slop-pails? Must I have a great brawny fellow thrust a vulgar-looking sword-stick into my hands, and insist upon my buying it because it was only two shillings and sixpence? Must I be followed, pestered, and dunned, at every crossing, by a Black, with a red nightcap and stunted broom; or a sailor-looking ruffian, with a poultice round his leg, drawling out, "Now *do*, Sir! God bless you, Sir! spare a half-penny:" as if (joking apart!) one really carried halfpence upon all occasions? Must I have, "*Puy a Proom,—Puy a Proom,*" screamed in my ear, at the highest pitch of a high Flemish voice, and the article itself thrust into my face?

Nor are these brooms, brass bells, copper coal-scuttles and sword-canes, the only articles people want me to carry home in my pocket. I am unceremoniously and incessantly urged to the purchase of bundles of pencils,—knives, with blades sticking out in every direction,—Morocco pocket-books, “only a shilling,”—and “good strong dolls.” Not to mention the nasty little bits of damp paper, pressed upon me every thirty yards, inviting me to the purchase of flannels, the cure of cutaneous disorders, the inspection of a learned pig, or a half-naked man they call a skeleton!

Again, if I walk through Piccadilly, towards the Park, may I not even look at a Hammersmith or Fulham stage, without the man taking me for such a one as would wish to enter therein,—as if I looked like a person who wanted to go to Hammersmith!

But, worse than all, if I pass through the Haymarket, or the Strand, between the hours of six and nine of an evening, must I be positively beset by a posse of boys, or shirtless Irishmen, who follow me the whole length of the streets, importuning me to “*Buy a bill of the play,—Buy a bill of the play?*” In vain I say I am not going,—in vain I tell a lie, and say I have got one; nor oaths nor imprecations avail;—in vain I push one away, another succeeds, like the heads of the Hydra, till I have fairly passed one or other of the theatres. Near Covent Garden and Drury Lane, when those theatres are open, and in the courts leading to them, it is even worse.

Now I am upon the subject of nuisances, I will mention one, which concerns the equestrian, who is persecuted, though not equally with the pedestrian. There is no one who ever rode through a single street in town, but is as conversant as disgusted, with the bore of little boys, or ragged men, running after you, and following you street after street, exclaiming at regular intervals, and in the same tone, "*Old your orse, Sir?—Want your orse eld?*" 'T is vain to swear at them; vain to strike at them with your whip; equally vain to try and escape them, by putting your horse into a trot, and endangering his knees. When you think you have fairly got out of their reach, and the sound of their odious whine, you look round, and behold with dismay the same face, with a nasty sort of knowing grin upon it, and hear with disgust, the same eternal, tormenting, never-to-be-escaped "*Old your orse, Sir?—Want your orse eld, Sir?*" This may seem a trifle; but trifles sometimes raise our wrath. I do not think I am over-pettish, but I own my bile is very severely excited by this annoyance.

All these things are bad, and require immediate reformation; and though such evils doubtless exist at all times of the year, yet, as I have said before, I never was so fully sensible of them, as at this most melancholy period. But I have not patience to relate my impatience of all these abominations, nor to tell with what weariness and misery I betook myself each night to my

pillow; and, in fact, I had better make an end of my story, for I feel I am just imparting that weariness I complain of, to my readers. If I am dull and melancholy, it is no reason why the reader should be dull also. I trust I have, at least, excited his or her compassion; and that he,—I would rather it were *she*,—will join his or her wishes to mine, that the return of Spring may awaken me again to life, to joy, to London, and to Louisa!

DERWENT-WATER.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

MARK the commotion, listen to the moan
Of Winter, hovering on Helvellyn's brow.
He comes! in wrath he comes!—the mountains groan,
The blasts above, the billows rage below,
The forest howls—the tempest eddying high
On Glaramara, whirls aloft the snow,
Sweeping the whole huge mountain to the sky;
And wheels in universal drift the vale,
Commingling heaven and earth!—confusedly fly
Above our heads the clouds before the gale,
Darkening the lake's white foam. Arise, and soar
Up to the Tabernacle and the Veil—
A call divine is in the whirlwind's roar:
This hour, this moment wake, or wake no more!

THE FAËRY OATH.

BY MARY HOWITT.

“ THY voice is weak, thine eyes are dim,”
The holy father said to him ;
“ The damp of death is on thy brow,—
What is thy sin ?—confess it now !
Confess it—ere it be too late ;—
Is it blood, or pride, or restless hate ?”
“ I have shed no blood,” he thus replied,—
“ I have hated none—I have known no pride,—
Yet have sinned as few men sin beside :—
I have bound myself by oath and spell
To the faëry people of field and fell,
With solemn rites and mysteries ;—
Can the church absolve such sins as these ?”
“ My son,” said the friar, “ tell to me
How such enchantment fell on thee ;
For thou hadst sinned, or it might not be.”
The sick man lay on the greensward low,
But he raised himself, and his words were slow :—

“I dwelt, as the minstrel dwells at best,
The thymy wold was my couch of rest ;
I watched on the ancient mountains gray,
I dwelt in the greenwood, day by day ;
I knew each bird that singeth free,
I had knowledge of each herb and tree ;
I called each little star by name,
I watched the lightning’s subtle flame ;
I was learned in the skies and seas,
And earth’s profoundest mysteries.
But best I loved, in the moonlight glade,
To be where the faëry people played ;
And to list their music, sweet and low,
Too soft for joy, too wild for woe !
And I tuned my harp, both even and morn,
To the witching airs of the faëry horn,
Till I knew them all, and at will could bring
The revellers wild from their grassy ring.
Then I sate with them at a banquet spread,
I drank their wine that was ruby red,
And a deadly sleep came o’er my brain ; —
But when I opened my eyes again,
I was not beneath any earthly tree —
A heavy darkness hung o’er me.
I lay in a couch-like chariot wide,
And one who drove me sat beside ;
I heard him urge the horses fleet,
And I heard the sound of their ceaseless feet ;

On they went, o'er the rugged road,
For days and days, with their easy load ;
Swiftly we sped, and the passing air
Was cool on my cheek, and lifted my hair ;—
On we went—over mountains high,
And roaring waters we journeyed by ;
And through thick woods, where the air was cold ;
O'er sandy wastes, and the furzy wold ;
Day after day, as it seemed to me,
In a gloom, like the night of eternity.
At length, I sate in another land,
With the faëry people on either hand ;
Where was that land, I cannot say—
Its light was not like the light of day,
Its air was not like the air of earth—
'T was the wondrous land where dreams have birth !
There were glorious things of shape divine,
There were fountains, that poured forth purple wine !
There were trees, that bent with their golden load
Of fruits, that all gifts of mind bestowed !
The very air did breathe and sigh,
As if o'erburthened with melody !—
But then there were frightful, creeping things,
The coil of the adder, the harpy's wings,—
The screech of the owl, the death-bed moan,—
And eyes that would turn the blood to stone !
I was set to the feast—and half in dread
I drank of the cup, and I ate the bread ;

I was told to bathe—and half in fear
I bathed myself in those waters clear ;—
I ate—I drank—I bathed—and then
I could no longer have part with men :
I dwelt 'mong the faeries, their merry king,—
I danced on the earth, in the charmed ring ;
I learned the songs of awful mirth,
That were made ere man abode on earth ;
In the time of chaos, stern and gray,
'Mid ruins of old worlds passed away.
A careless, joyful life I led,
Till thrice seven years, as a day, had sped ;—
Then a longing wish was in my mind
To dwell once more among human kind :
So up I rose, but I told to none
What journey I was departing on ;
And at the close of a summer's day
I laid me down on the Leeder brae.
Ere long, came one, and a friar was he,
Muttering over his rosary ;
He was lean, and crabbed, and old,
His voice was thick, and his prayers were cold,—
He moved not my heart ;—then came there by
A fair child, chasing a butterfly ;
'T was a lovely boy—with his free, light hair,
Like a sunny cloud, o'er his shoulders bare ;
And as he danced in his glee along,
He filled the air with a joyful song ;

I blessed the child from my inmost heart,
With a faëry gift, that could ne'er depart.
Next came a maiden, all alone,
And down she sate on a mossy stone :
Fair was she, as the morning's smile,
But her serious eye had a tear the while ;
Then she raised to heaven her thoughtful look,
And drew from her bosom a clasped book ;
Page by page of that book she read,—
Hour by hour I listened ;—
Still on she read, sedate and low,
And at every word I was wrung with woe ;
For she taught what I ne'er had known before,
The holy truths of the Christian lore !
And I saw the sinful life I led,
And my human heart was shook with dread ;
And I, who had lived in pleasures wild,
Now wept in awe, like a stricken child !
Down I knelt, and I strove to pray,
But never a hope to my soul found way ;
For with that spell I was bound and bound,
And with elvish snares was compassed round ;—
But a prayer was ever on my tongue,
For soon I learnt that prayers were strong
To unweave the webs that were in my track,
To win my soul to the faëry back.
I have wrestled hard, I have fiercely striven
'Gainst them, and for my peace with heaven ;—

But now my strength doth ebb apace—
Father, can the church award me grace,
And among the blessed a dwelling-place ?”
“ My son,” the reverend friar spake,
“ Behold ! how the faëry webs shall break ;
Thou hast fought the fight—thou hast battled long—
And the victor here is not the strong ;
But the gates of heaven are opened wide,
And the contrite heart is the sanctified !
Give up—stand like the Hebrews, still—
And behold the wonders of God’s will ;—
Lay down thy strift—lay down thy pride—
Lay all thy hope on Christ who died,
And thou art saved ;—for at his spell
Not faëry webs, but the gates of hell
Are dashed aside, like the morning mist—
Oh, vainly might fay or fiend resist !
Have faith ! ’t is the spell of glory, given
To burst all bars on the way to heaven ;
Have faith—have heaven, my son.”—There ran
A sudden joy through the dying man ;
And the holy father bent his knee,
Chanting, “ Te laudamus, Domine !”

A REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED OF BEING
ALONE IN THE WORLD.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

Oh say not thou art all alone,
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth ;
Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown,
The vacant chair,—the silent hearth :
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth,
That people oft thy solitude !

II.

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace ;—
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place ;

Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine,—
The fadeless love,—all-pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine !

III.

Not all alone ;—for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a pure, untravelled page :—
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore,—are still thine own ;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh, how canst thou be all alone !

IV.

Not all alone ;—the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings ;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above—below—on morning's wings ;
The softer murmurs twilight brings,—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee ;—
All earth—that lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee !

V.

Not all alone ;— the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,—
Have each peculiar harmonies,
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify :—
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,—
To say— thou art not all alone !

VI.

Not all alone ;— a watchful eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall ;
A saving hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call :
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft his tenderest mercy shown ;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be ALONE !

THE CONFESSION.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

My furlough had nearly expired ; and, as I was to leave the village the next morning to join my regiment, then on the point of being shipped off at Portsmouth, for India, several of my old companions spent the evening with me, in the Marquis of Granby. They were joyous, hearty lads ; but mirth bred thirst, and drinking begot contention.

I was myself the soberest of the squad, and did what I could to appease their quarrels. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish difference about a song, between Dick Winlaw and Jem Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he joined me in my way home, and I spoke to him again about enlisting, but his blood was still hot—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. This led to some remonstrance on my part, for Bradley

was to blame in the dispute ; till, from less to more, we both grew fierce, and he struck me such a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I saw him dead at my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled towards my father's house—the door was left unbolted for me—I crept softly, but in a flutter, to bed,—but I could not sleep. I was stunned ;—a fearful consternation was upon me ;—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradley. I thought it was the nightmare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal : had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more horrible thirst. I breathed as if I were suffocating with the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time, that fit of burning agony went off ;—tears came into my eyes ;—my nature was softened. I thought of Bradley when we were boys, and of the summer days we had spent together. I never owed him a grudge—his blow was occasioned by the liquor—a freer heart than his, mercy never opened ; and I wept like a maiden.

The day at last began to dawn. I had thrown myself on the bed without undressing, and I started up involuntarily, and moved hastily—I should rather say instinctively—towards the door. My father heard the stir, and inquired wherefore I was departing so early. I begged

him not to be disturbed ; my voice was troubled, and he spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, exhorting me to eschew riotous companions. I could make no reply—indeed I heard no more—there was a blank between his blessing and the time when I found myself crossing the Common, near the place of execution.

But through all that horror and frenzy, I felt not that I had committed a crime—the deed was the doing of a flash. I was conscious I could never in cold blood have harmed a hair of Bradley's head. I considered myself unfortunate, but not guilty ; and this fond persuasion so pacified my alarms, that, by the time I reached Portsmouth, I almost thought as lightly of what I had done, as of the fate of the gallant French dragoon, whom I sabred at Salamanca.

But ever and anon, during the course of our long voyage to India, sadder afterthoughts often came upon me. In those trances, I saw, as it were, our pleasant village green, all sparkling again with schoolboys at their pastimes ; then I fancied them gathering into groups, and telling the story of the murder ; again, moving away in silence towards the church-yard, to look at the grave of poor Bradley. Still, however, I was loth to believe myself a criminal ; and so, from day to day, the time passed on, without any outward change revealing what was passing within, to the observance or suspicions of my comrades. When the regiment was sent against the Burmese, the bravery of the war, and the hardships of

our adventures, so won me from reflection, that I began almost to forget the accident of that fatal night.

One day, however, while I was waiting in an outer room of the Colonel's quarters, I chanced to take up a London newspaper, and the first thing in it which caught my eye was, an account of the trial and execution of Dick Winlaw, for the murder of Bradley. The dreadful story scorched my eyes;—I read it as if every word had been fire,—it was a wild and wonderful account of all. The farewell party at the Granby was described by the witnesses. I was spoken of by them with kindness and commendation; the quarrel between Bradley and Winlaw was described, as in a picture; and my attempt to restrain them was pointed out by the judge, in his charge to the jury, as a beautiful example of loving old companionship. Winlaw had been found near the body, and the presumptions of guilt were so strong and manifold, that the jury, without retiring, found him guilty. He was executed on the Common, and his body hung in chains. Then it was, that I first felt I was indeed a murderer,—then it was that the molten sulphur of remorse was poured into my bosom, rushing, spreading, burning, and devouring; but it changed not the bronze with which hardship had masked my cheek, nor the steel to which danger had tempered my nerves.

I obeyed the Colonel's orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. I did my duty with habitual precision,—my hand was steady, my limbs were firm; but my

tongue was incapable of uttering a word. My comrades as they came towards me, suddenly halted, and turned aside,—strangers looked at me, as if I bore the impress of some fearful thing. I was removed, as it were, out of myself—I was in another state of being—I was in hell.

Next morning we had a skirmish, in which I received this wound in the knee; and soon afterwards, with other invalids, I was ordered home. We were landed at Portsmouth, and I proceeded to my native village. But in this I had no will nor choice; a chain was around me, which I could not resist, drawing me on. Often did I pause and turn, wishing to change my route; but Fate held me fast, and I was enchanted by the spell of many an old and dear recollection, to revisit those things which had lost all their innocence and holiness to me.

The day had been sultry, the sun set with a drowsy eye, and the evening air was moist, warm, and oppressive. It weighed heavily alike on mind and body. I was crippled by my wound,—the journey was longer than my strength could sustain much further,—still I resolved to persevere, for I longed to be again in my father's house; and I fancied were I once there, that the burning in my bosom would abate.

During my absence in India, the new road across the Common had been opened. By the time I reached it, the night was closed in,—a dull, starless, breezeless, dumb, sluggish, and unwholesome night; and those things which still retained in their shapes some black-

ness, deeper than the darkness, seemed, as I slowly passed by, to be endowed with a mysterious intelligence, with which my spirit would have held communion but for dread.

While I was frozen with the influence of this dreadful phantasy, I saw a pale, glimmering, ineffectual light, rising before me. It was neither lamp, fire, nor candle; and though like, it was yet not flame. I took it at first for the lustre of a reflection from some unseen light, and I walked towards it, in the hope of finding a cottage or an alehouse, where I might obtain some refreshment and a little rest. I advanced,—its form enlarged, but its beam became no brighter; and the horror, which had for a moment left me when it was first discovered, returned with overwhelming power. I rushed forward, but soon halted,—for I saw that it hung in the air, and as I approached, that it began to take a ghastly and spectral form! I discerned the lineaments of a head, and the hideous outlines of a shapeless anatomy. I stood rivetted to the spot; for I thought that I saw behind it, a dark and vast thing, in whose hand it was held forth. In that moment, a voice said,—“It is Winlaw the murderer; his bones often, in the moist summer nights, shine out in this way; it is thought to be an acknowledgment of his guilt, for he died protesting his innocence.”—The person who addressed me was your Honor’s gamekeeper, and the story I have told, is the cause of my having desired him to bring me here.

THE RUSSIAN MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MOORS."

Circumstances of domestic tyranny and misfortune, having separated in infancy the daughter of Countess O—— from her unhappy mother, the latter, on being conducted by the Empress, to the Asylum for noble orphans, recognised her child among two hundred other young women.

Russian Anecdotes.

Is there on earth a name of magic power,
To make hearts vibrate, hearts that sternly turn
From sounds like it, that cannot stir the soul?—
Is there a name, that lisped in infancy,
Dwells on the lip of youth, and even in age,
Through the deep time-worn caverns of the heart,
Where many a name beside has died away,
Still softly echoes?—Mother! Thine alone!

There lived a Mother—lived with speechless smile,
To greet a babe, such as her silent prayers
Had imaged, when her full-heart soared beyond
Things of this world. She lived to see it draw

Existence from her bosom, while her smile
Became the fountain where the expanding soul
Found a like nurture : lived, till save that eye,
Which dropped upon its cheek the earliest tear,
None else could laugh its childish griefs away ;—
Till, save that voice, that whispered first through pangs,
All unremembered, blessings on its head,
None could woo slumber to its lids, or scare
The tiny phantoms, murdering even the sleep
Of infancy. Ay, more—she lived to hear,
With strange delicious wonder, sounds—as though
They came from things inanimate,—the word
Which nature loves to teach, and loves to hear
Long ere another follows, and which still
The Mother's ear first catches. Nay, she loved
By parting's playful mockery to seduce
The fairy form to totter to her side,
And hide the panting trembler in her heart !—
When, as if heaven its murky arrows hurled
Through skies of cloudless blue,—as sudden glides
The whelming lawine, when the sunniest smiles
Of spring unbind it,—as the central fires
Heave the dread sea-quake when no tempests blow ;—
Thus, all unfeared, unthreatened, unbelieved,
Fell on that mother's heart the dire command,
To bid her child farewell !—It could not be !—
'T was trial, sure—all else had been endured ;
'T was sport, perchance,—for he whose iron yoke

Entered her soul, had pastimes such as these ;
'T was murder—all beside had failed to kill ! —
It must not be ! a few short months before
Malice had been unheeded, trial borne,
And death most welcome : —but a Mother's heart
Beat in her bosom now, and gave her strength
To live, to suffer,—any thing but part !

She woke one dreadful morn—and there was nought
To smile upon her,—nought to hide its locks
Of clustering amber in her widowed breast ;
To breathe upon her cheek like spring's first sigh,
And with heaven's music soothe her waking ear !
The first dread pang was short,—for reason fled,
And anguish with it : —pitying fancy brought
Again her bosom's treasure, and in fond
Delusions lost, she clasped in thought her child !

There came an hour of retribution.—He,
Who Nature's holiest bands could sever thus,
Fell, his own treason's victim ; wept by none !
None, save that babe, whose tears so oft had flowed
Beneath his frown that now they quicker dried.

O'er this frail scion from a blasted stem,
Imperial justice softened : —Pity threw
The asylum open, where a sylph-like band
Of orphans grew beneath their sovereign's smile.

Years onward rolled.—As if some mystic link
Had bound their being, still as reason dawned
In brightening radiance o'er the daughter's path,
From the far mother's long benighted soul
The mists of error fled,—Her speech grew mild,
Her eye intelligent,—her smile no more
Made hearts that marked it, broken like her own !

Reason returned,—but with it, sense of woe,
And utter destitution.—Much she bore,
Ere, like a vine, whose stay by lightnings riven,
Has left it prostrate,—at her Sovereign's feet
She lay a suppliant. Royal Catherine raised
The mourner ; filled with god-like joy, that one
Who sought but bread to moisten with her tears,
'T was hers to gladden with that matchless boon,
Making all treasures poor—a long-lost child !

Oh, Instinct, thou art wond'rous ! Dost thou lend
The dumb brute, language, and the mute bird, song ?—
Dost thou bring care to many a downy breast,
To chase it thence with all a parent's joy,—
And shall a mother's bosom e'er escape
Thy wizard sway ?—Shall e'er her soul forget
The babe she nurtured ? No, though years have rolled,
And seas and clouds between !—All these had gone
Deep o'er that widowed mother's wasted brow ;
The memory of her child was as the thoughts

We bring from brighter worlds, that may not brave
Earth's grosser element,—but melt in air,
Even as they came. The Empress watched, benign,
An hour propitious, and thus softly spoke:—
“Countess! methinks thy widowed state demands
Duteous attendance from some orphan maid:
Come with me,—and from out the blooming group
Of Russia's daughters, choose one for thine own!”

The hall was entered—and the orphans thronged
Round their Imperial mother;—awe, surprise,
And gladness, mantling on each youthful cheek.
Ah! who could choose, where all alike seemed fair?
And yet the eye would rest on one meek girl,
Behind the younger, gayer group retired,
Whom maiden bashfulness had taught to stand
Somewhat apart;—while modesty's deep glow
Lent youth's rich roses to a cheek oft pale.
Her eye was downcast, but such fringe as veiled
Its brightness, nature never wove in vain;
No! nor such clustering ringlets, formed to play
Mid veins of azure, o'er a brow of snow.
“Give me yon maiden,” cried the Mother's heart;—
And yet she knew not why, for she had drank
Deep draughts of Lethe:—not a trace remained
Of all that she had borne, and mused, and wept,
Save cherub lineaments, vague, undefined
As golden tracery of a summer cloud;—

“Give me yon maiden,—if the downcast eye
And varying colour speak her not averse
To share a widow’s lot.” The maiden turned,
Bewildered—like some nymph by Echo mocked,
Shook back those ringlets from a brow of pride,
Almost her father’s—had not heaven’s own calm
Sat there enthroned. A single glance sufficed!
The speechless mother clasped her speechless child,
Forgot her wrongs, her sorrows,—nay, her joy!

SPEEDWELL-MINE.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

THE long, low vault whose hollow groans resound
Along the wave in rocky channel pent,
Is past; and we o’erhang the dire profound
Where the close-prisoned waters find their vent,
Hurled through the mountain’s subterranean rent,
Of grim dimensionless obscure around—
Height without end, and fathomless descent,
Down to the nether world’s remotest bound.
Fit burial-place for hope—’t is death to view:
How if the blasting spectre of the mine
Crush in the roof, and leave us here to die,
Or bid the widening gulf our flight pursue?
Peace, trembler! Is there not a hand divine,
Or art thou hidden from the’ All-seeing Eye?

VANITY FAIR.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

I.

To Vanity Fair all my neighbours have been,
To see all the sights that were there to be seen ;
Old and young, rich and poor, were all hurrying there,
To pick up a bargain at Vanity Fair !

II.

A very rich man ostentatiously came,
To buy with his lucre a liberal name ;
He published his charities everywhere,
And thought he bought virtue at Vanity Fair !

III.

A lady, whose beauty was on the decline,
Rather *tawny* from age, like an over-kept wine ;
Bought lilies and roses, teeth, plumpers, and hair,
And emerged a new person from Vanity Fair !

IV.

Another, so plain that she really resigned
Pretensions to beauty — save that of the mind ;
Picked up a half-mad, intellectual air,
And came back quite a genius from Vanity Fair !

V.

A soldier came next, and he flourished a flag,
By sword, gun, and bayonet torn to a rag !
He had faced the grim mouth of a cannon, to share
Renown's twig of laurel in Vanity Fair !

VI.

A mathematician there made up his mind
To sneer at all things of a frivolous kind ;
A circle he vowed was by no means a square,
And he thought he enlightened all Vanity Fair !

VII.

Another, despising refinement and grace,
Growled at all who were near, with a frown on his face ;
He prided himself on being rude as a bear,
So he shone the eccentric of Vanity Fair !

VIII.

A grand politician, unshaken, withstood
Individual ill for the national good ;
To mount a new step on promotion's high stair,
He toiled for precedence in Vanity Fair !

IX.

A *ci-devant* beau, with one foot in the grave,
Still followed the ladies, their shadowy slave ;
Concealing his limp with a strut debonair,
He smoothed down his wrinkles in Vanity Fair !

X.

The next was an orator, longing to teach,
And to cut a great figure by figures of speech ;
At dinner he sat in the President's chair,
In attitudes purchased at Vanity Fair !

XI.

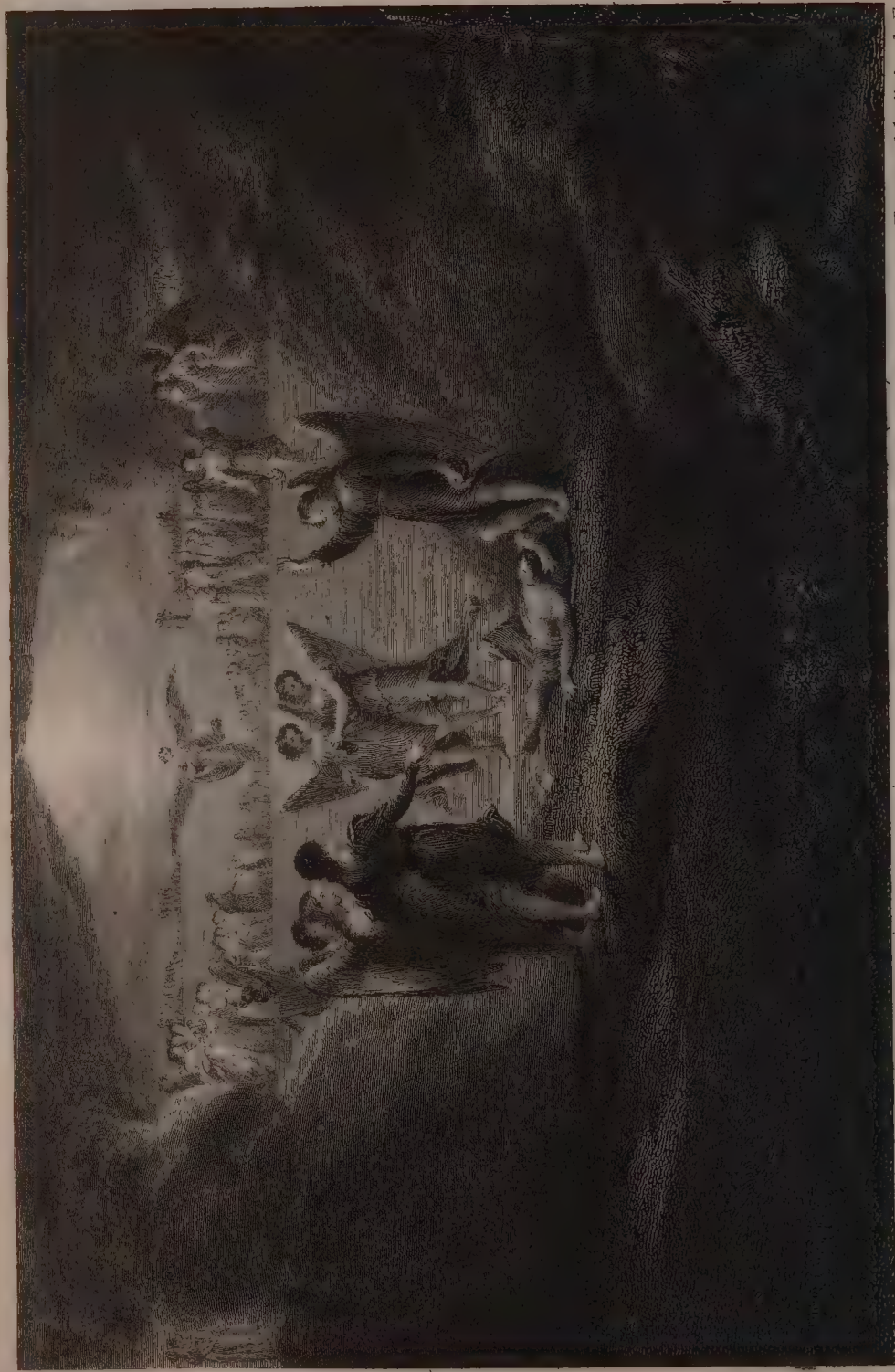
One sailed to the Red Sea—and one to the Black ;
One danced on the tight rope—and one on the slack ;
And all were agog for the popular stare,—
All mad to be Lions in Vanity Fair !

XII.

One raised on new doctrines his personal pride,—
His pen put the wisdom of ages aside ;
The apple of Eve after all was a pear !
So said the Reformer of Vanity Fair !

XIII.

A poet came last, with a fine rolling eye,
His shirt collar open—his neckcloth thrown by ;—
Such matters evince inspiration, he'll swear,
So he sticks up his portrait in Vanity Fair !



Engraved by E. Goodall.

J. A. COOPER, T. T. E. A. M.

Painted by W. Allston A.R.A.

THE CHRONICLE OF ANGELS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Suggested by the perusal of a manuscript treatise, "*Concerning the Holy Angels and their Ministry*," by a deceased friend, which was afterwards printed for private distribution only, in 1826, having the first clause of the following lines for a motto.

ALL that of angels God to man makes known,
Here by the light of his clear Word is shewn :
'T is Jacob's dream ; — behold the ladder rise, —
Resting on earth, but reaching to the skies ;
Where faith the radiant hierarchies may trace
Abroad in nature, providence, and grace,
Descending and returning by that path,
On embassies of mercy or of wrath ;
Here the stone pillow and the desert sod
Become the gate of heaven — the house of God :
Put off thy shoes ; approach with awe profound ;
The spot on which thou stand'st is holy ground !

Spirit made perfect,—Spirit of the Just!—
Thine hand, which traced these lines, hath fall'n to
dust;
Yet in the visions of eternity,
Things unconceived by mortals thou canst see;
Angels, as angels stand before the throne,
By thee are, without veil or symbol, known:
Oh! couldst thou add one brilliant page, and tell
What those pure beings are that never fell,—
Those first-born sons of God, ere time began,
Elder and greater,—not more loved than man;
Thrones, principalities, dominions, powers,
Cherub and Seraph, 'midst empyreal bowers,
Who in themselves their Maker only see,
And dwell in the abyss of Deity.
But 'tis forbidden; earthly eye nor ear,
Heaven's splendours could behold, heaven's secrets
hear;
To flesh and blood that world to come is sealed,
Or but in hieroglyphic shades revealed.
We follow thee, blest saint! our tongues ere long
May learn from thine the church-triumphant's song;
For well, I ween, thy minstrel-soul of fire
Can compass all the notes of Raphael's lyre;—
That soul which once, beneath the body's cloud,
Sang, like an unseen skylark, sweet and loud;—
Sweeter and louder now thy raptures rise,
Where cloud nor sun are seen,—in purer skies!

But what of angels know we?—Ask that Book,
In which the eyes of angels love to look,
Desiring, through its opening seals, to trace
The heights and depths of that transcendant grace,
Which from the Father's bosom sent the Son,
Himself the ransom for a world undone !

Here, with the morning-stars, when nature sprang,
Those sons of God for joy together sang ;
Diviner wonders day by day explored,
Night after night with deeper awe adored ;
Till o'er his finished works Jehovah placed
Man,—with the stamp of his own image graced :
Even angels paused a moment then to gaze,
Ere burst from all their choirs such shouts of praise
As not in heaven, at their own birth, were known,
Nor heard when Satan's host was overthrown.

When man lost Eden by his first offence,
The swords of cherubim expelled him thence ;
Those flaming signs of heaven and earth at strife,
Turned every way to guard the Tree of Life !

Angels thenceforth, who in God's presence stand,
As ministering spirits traverse sea and land ;
Onward or upward, rapt through air and sky,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, they fly ;

Like rays diverging from the central sun,
That through the darkness of creation run,
Enlighten moons and planets in their course,
And thence reflected, seek their glorious Source.

When Abraham dwelt in Mamre, angels spoke,
As friend to friend, with him, beneath the oak :
With flocks and herds, with wealth and servants blest,
Of almost more than heart could wish possess ;
One want the old man felt,—a hopeless one ;
Oh ! what was all he had without a son !
The messengers brought tidings to his ear,
Which nature, dead in him, found hard to hear ;
Which faith itself could scarce receive for joy ;
But *he* believed,—and soon embraced a boy ;
Nor, while the line of Adam shall extend,
Will faithful Abraham's promised issue end.

Hence, when his lifted arm the death-stroke aimed
At him, whom God in sacrifice reclaimed ;
At him, whom God miraculously gave ;
An angel cried from heaven the youth to save.

When Hagar fainted in the wilderness,
An angel-watcher pitied her distress—
To Ishmael's lips a hidden fount unsealed,
And the long wanderings of his race revealed,

Who still as hunters, warriors, spoilers roam,—
Their steeds their riches,—sands and sky their home.

Angels o'erthrew the cities of the plain,
With fire and brimstone, in tempestuous rain ;
And from the wrath, which impious sinners braved,
By holy violence, the righteous saved ;
Now, where with life the region breathed of yore,
Stands a dead sea, where life can breathe no more.

When Jacob, journeying with his feeble bands,
Trembled to fall into a brother's hands ;
At twilight, lingering in the rear, he saw
God's host around his tents their legions draw ;
He, with a stranger, in mysterious strife,
Wrestled till break of day, for more than life ;
He prayed, he wept, he cried in his distress,
“ I will not let thee go, except thou bless.”
Lame with a touch, he halted on his thigh,
Yet, like a prince, had power with God most high.

Nine plagues, in vain, had smitten Pharaoh's land,
Ere the destroying angel stretched his hand,
Whose sword of vengeance, flashing through the gloom,
Lit while it struck the first-born to the tomb ;
Through all the realm a cry at midnight spread,
For not a dwelling stood, without *one* dead.

When Balaam, blinded with the lure of gold,
To curse whom God would bless his heart had sold—
A wrathful angel, with high-brandished blade,
Invisible to him, his progress stayed;
Nor, till, with human voice, his own dumb ass
Rebuked the Prophet's madness, let him pass.

When Joshua led the tribes o'er Jordan's flood,
The Captain of God's host before him stood;
He fell, and owned, adoring on his face,
A Power, whose presence sanctified the place.

When Deborah from beneath her palm-tree rose,
God into woman's hands sold Israel's foes;
They fought from heaven, —'t was Heaven deliverance
wrought,
Stars in their courses against Sisera fought.

They sinned again, and groaned beneath the yoke;—
To Gideon then a guardian angel spoke;
Three hundred warriors, chosen at the brook,
For arms, their pitchers, lamps, and trumpets took;
They broke the vessels, raised the lights, and blew
A blast, which Midian's countless hosts o'erthrew;
Foe fell on foe, and friend his friend assailed;—
The sword of God and Gideon thus prevailed.

When David's heart was lifted up with pride,
And more on multitudes than God relied,

Three days, an angel smote with pestilence
 The numbered people for the king's offence;
 Yet when the penitent for Israel prayed,
 Heaven heard his groaning, and the plague was stayed;
 He kneeled between the living and the dead,
 Even as the sword came down on Zion's head:
 Then went the Almighty's voice throughout the land,—
 "It is enough: Avenger! stay thy hand."

Elijah with his mantle smote the flood,
 And Jordan's hastening waves divided stood;
 The fiery chariot on the farther shore,
 Deathless to heaven the ascending prophet bore;
 "My father!" cried Elisha, as he flew,
 And caught his mantle, and his spirit too:
His prayer of faith,—when, like a living net,
 Drawn close, the Syrian bands his home beset,—
 Opened his servant's eyes, who saw, amazed,
 How Dothan's mountain round the prophet blazed:
 Chariots of fire, and horses, thronged the air,
 And more were for them than against them there.

When pale Jerusalem heard Sennacherib's boast,
 How, in their march of death, his locust-host
 Swept field and forest, rivers turned aside,
 Crushed idols, and the living God defied;
 While fear within the walls sad vigils kept,
 And the proud foe without, securely slept;

At midnight, through the camp, as with a blast,
Hot from Arabian sands, an angel passed :—
All in their tents, around the city, lay
An army of dead men, at dawn of day.

Down in the raging furnace, bound, they fell;
Three Hebrew youths :—when, lo, a miracle !—
At large, amidst the sevenfold flames they walked,
And with an angel, as in Eden, talked.
Up rose the king, astonished, and in haste,—
“ Three men,” he cried, “ into the fires we cast;
Four I behold—and in the fourth, the mien
And semblance of the Son of God are seen.”

While Daniel lay beneath the lions’ paws,
An angel shut the death-gates of their jaws;
Which, ere his headlong foes could touch the floor,
Crashed all their bones, and drank the living gore.

Angels to prophets, things to come revealed,
And things yet unfulfilled in types concealed;
When, in deep visions of the night they lay,
And saw, in spirit, that millennial day,
For which the church looks out with earnest eye,
And counts the moments as the hour draws nigh.

Thus oft of old were angels from above,
Swift ministers of vengeance, or of love;

And in the fulness of the time decreed,
Glad heralds of the woman's promised seed.

To Zacharias, with his spouse grown old,
John the forerunner's course, an angel told ;
Struck dumb for unbelief, the father's tongue,
At the babe's birth, for joy brake loose and sung.

To Mary, highly favoured, Gabriel brought
An embassy of love, surpassing thought ;
With fear and meekness, hearkening to his word,
" Behold," said she, " the handmaid of the Lord."

When Christ was born, God's messenger once more
Glad tidings to the watching shepherds bore ;
When suddenly around, the angelic throngs
Turned night to morning, earth to heaven with songs.

When Herod sought the young Child's life,—by night
An angel warned his foster-sire to flight ;
But when the murderer's race of blood was run,
Jehovah out of Egypt called his Son.

When by the Spirit to the desert led,
Vapours his covering, turf and stones his bed,
With hunger, thirst, fatigue, and watching worn,
Jesus the Tempter's dire assaults had borne,
Still with the written Word his wiles repelled,
Though long in that mysterious conflict held,—

When the foiled fiend at length shrunk back with shame,
Angels to minister unto Him came.

In lone Gethsemane's most doleful shade,
When in such agony of soul He prayed,
That the dark sweat, from every pore around,
Burst like great blood-drops, falling to the ground,
An angel,—from twelve legions marshalled nigh,
Who waited but the signal of his eye,—
Spread o'er the Son of God his shadowing wing,
To strengthen Him whom angels own their King.

Round the sealed sepulchre where Jesus slept,
Angels their watch till the third morning kept;
They saw the earthquake, *they* beheld Him rise,
Death's victim and death's conqueror, to the skies.

While woman's faithful love the tomb surveyed,
In which her hands her Saviour's corpse had laid;
With lightning-looks and raiment snowy white,
To whom, as dead, the guards fell down in fright,
A mighty angel,—he, who rolled the stone
From the cave's mouth,—the Lord's ascent made known,
“He is not here; for He is risen:—repair
To Galilee, and ye shall meet Him there.”

Angels,—to his disciples, while they gazed
Silently, steadfastly to heaven, amazed

To see their Master in a cloud uprise,
Recede and vanish through the expanding skies,—
Foretold his second coming, in that day,
When heaven and earth themselves shall pass away.

Angels unseen, with them as guardians went,
When forth the chosen witnesses were sent,
With spirit and power to preach where'er they trod,
The glorious Gospel of the living God.
Angels made straight their paths o'er land and sea,
Opened their prison-doors and set them free;
Smote slaughter-breathing Herod on his throne,
Led Philip where the eunuch sate alone;
Taught meek Cornelius from what lips, his ear
Might "words whereby he must be saved" hear;
And stood by fearless Paul, when, tempest-driven,
A whole ship's company to him were given.

Good angels still conduct, from age to age,
Salvation's heirs on Nature's pilgrimage;
Cherubic swords, no longer signs of strife,
Now point the way, and keep the tree of life;
Seraphic hands, with coals of living fire,
The lips of God's true messengers inspire;
Angels, who see their heavenly Father's face,
Watch o'er his "little ones" with special grace;
Still o'er repenting sinners they rejoice,
Millions of voices blending as one voice.

Angels, with healing virtue on their wings
 Trouble rank pools, unsluice salubrious springs,
 Till, fresh as life new-born, the waters roll ;
 Lepers and lame step in, and are made whole.—
 Angels, the saints from noon-day perils keep,
 Encamp around their couches while they sleep,
 Uphold them where they seem to walk alone,
 Nor let them dash their foot against a stone :
 They teach the dumb to speak, the blind to see,
 Comfort the dying in their agony,
 And to the Paradise of rest convey,
 Spirits enfranchised from the fettering clay.

Strong angels, armed by righteous Providence,
 Judgments on guilty nations still dispense ;
 Pour out their vials of disease, despair,
 And death,—o'er sun and ocean, earth and air ;
 Or sound their trumpets, while, at every blast,
 Plague follows plague, woe treads on woe gone past.

Blest angels through mid-heaven shall hold their flight,
 Till all that sit in darkness see the light ;
 And the good tidings of great joy proclaim,
 Till every tongue confess Messiah's name.

The archangel's voice—the trump of God—the cry
 Of startled Nature, rending earth and sky,

Shall change the living, raise the dead, and bring
All nations to the presence of their King ;
Whose flaming ministers, on either hand,
As witnesses, around the throne shall stand,
Till Time's full roll hath by the Judge been sealed,
And unbegun eternity revealed ;—
That era in the reign of Deity,
Whence sin, the curse and death, no more can be.
Angels who fell not, men who fell restored,
Shall then rejoice for ever with the Lord ;
Hearts, harps, and voices, in one choir shall raise
The new, the old, the eternal song of praise.—

May he who wrote, and ye who read this strain,
Join in that song, and worship in that train.

Sheffield, August 10, 1829.

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

It is perhaps the most natural, as well as most powerful excuse that can be offered for the shade of misanthropy which is apt to creep, with advancing years, over the best and kindest spirits, that they have read in their pilgrimage through life so many bitter commentaries on the errors or vices of humanity. Youth hears of injustice, infidelity, and treachery. It neither believes nor understands, and goes on its jocund way unsaddened and unwarned. But the man of declining years has seen their harrowing traces on the brow of worth and the cheek of beauty, and conviction is reluctantly forced upon him. Out of very pity for one brother of his species, he begins to despise, if not to hate, another; and under the strong abhorrence of individual falsehood, is even heard to "say in his haste, all men are liars!"

If there be among the children of deceit or levity, a character more fitted than another to give rise to this uncharitable feeling, it is surely that of the man who, having set himself in sober sadness, and with all the energies of a perhaps powerful and commanding intellect,

to win and monopolise the affections of a fair woman, his equal in birth and station (and therefore exempt from the distrust and misgivings which seldom fail to make the humble maiden in some degree an accomplice in the task of seduction), conceives himself warranted by any change, short of personal unworthiness in the object of this well-assorted connexion, to withdraw his promise, and make shipwreck of her happiness! And if the cause be, as is too often the case, sordid love of gold, or diminution of worldly advantages, is there a term base enough to characterise so ignoble a breach of plighted faith? Oh! that the broken hearts and ravaged minds of hundreds of the noblest, and loveliest, and most innocent of God's creatures could suffice to brand, with inexpressible infamy, a crime, whose toleration amongst us is a disgrace to civilised society! Theoretically, I ever abhorred it; but as I before remarked, I had not learned to hate it "with a perfect hatred," till I gathered from the lips of him whose peace the stroke had shattered, even at the rebound; the history of one of the many hearts broken by the perfidy of the world's "honourable men." I will give it in the words of the narrator, a brave and high-minded officer, on whose manly frame grief and disappointment had done the work of a hundred battles, and whose blighted hopes and joyless existence, formed a living commentary on the text of which I have made choice.

"It was after a residence of nearly fifteen years in

India," said Colonel Merton to me, when months of silent sympathy had entitled me to confidence, "that I felt, for the first time during an interval of intense professional excitement, the wish to revisit my native country. It was no sooner formed than it became irresistible. I fancied my health affected by every moment's delay, and looked on the monotonous objects around with hourly and increasing disgust. Leave of absence, after such a period of active service, was readily granted; but its limited nature (for I was in the king's service), and an impatience to enjoy European scenes and associations, combined to make me prefer, to some months' imprisonment on ship-board, the harassing journey over land, across the desert. It was performed with its usual unvarying features of discomfort, privation, and fatigue. These, a soldier can despise: while there is something to be *done*, he is always ready to suffer; but the passive endurance of confinement and solitude is not his *forte*.

"I need not enlarge, to any one who has ever felt the vivid pleasures of contrast, on the bliss it was to tread, after the purgatory of an Alexandrian merchantman, and the still more annoying confinement of a Maltese lazaretto, the delicious shores of Naples! I did not think it had been in my harassed soldier-frame, and languid toil-worn spirit, to feel so happy; and I hailed my long forgotten sensations as an earnest of enjoyments even more heartfelt and consoling. The only drawback on my present satisfaction, was the want of a companion; though

the sense of solitude, which weighed so heavily amid the bustling myriads of the Toledo, was often welcome when treading the lone shores of Baiæ, and the silent tombs of Pompeii.

“I had spent one bright and balmy spring-morning amid the latter unspeakably interesting remains, and had identified myself so completely with their ancient inhabitants, as to feel absolutely startled to find (on looking in, for a second time, on what is termed the Basilica) its verdant area occupied by a gay group of English travellers; for whose mid-day repast, fallen pillars, and their yet *unfinished* capitals (for Pompeii when overwhelmed was but breathing from the ravages of an earthquake) furnished classical accommodations.

“I began by feeling angry at the intrusion, and ended by envying the intruders,—so very sociably did they seem to enjoy their frugal banquet, in a spirit of subdued and tranquil cheerfulness, which did not in the least degree outrage the sanctity of a people’s sepulchre. I really longed to join them, and felt convinced I should have been made welcome; but the frank, fearless spirit which on the banks of the Ganges would have prompted the proposal, shrunk abashed before the chilling influence of my native Thames, and I sat down quietly, behind a yet erect column, to contemplate the pleasing spectacle of domestic enjoyment, and listen to the sound of my country’s language,—now, for the first time, saluting my ear from many a cheerful and almost familiar voice.

“In this pleasant group was one, whose peculiar sweetness of tone thrilled at once upon my heart, and came in at intervals, with its rich mellow tenor, between the shrill youthful treble, and deep bass of the family dialogue, just as the speaker herself—a graceful, elegant woman, of about eight-and-twenty—formed, as it were, the connecting link between a pleasing-looking couple advanced in life, and young people of various ages, from ten to twenty. I was just thinking that I would have given the world to hear this lady sing, when one of the youngest of the group—a slender, fair-haired girl—hung coaxingly around her, and with privileged importunity, seemed to anticipate my wishes, by entreating for a song. A guitar was soon brought from the carriage; and never, surely, did the appropriate airs from “*L’Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*” find their way more resistlessly to the heart. They were sung with taste, and skill, and science; and thus I had heard them at San Carlos the night before. But what were taste, skill, and science behind a row of stage lamps, and amid the thunders of an orchestra, compared with the feeling and pathos which now woke the desolate echoes of Pompeii, and commemorated, upon its site, a city’s overthrow! I listened in breathless ecstasy, and felt as if I had never understood till then why I was surrounded by roofless edifices and tenantless dwellings!

“The song ceased—the spell was broken; and the party, warned by the lengthening shadows, arose to

depart. I looked on their preparations with indefinable interest, although with the feeling that I should in all probability never see them again; and I felt a childish pleasure in moving, when they were gone, to the spot which they had so recently occupied. Here, among the *debris* of their miscellaneous repast,—half hid beneath orange-peel, sandwich papers, and empty wine flasks, my eye was soon attracted by a red-morocco volume, apparently a sketch-book, forgotten by one of the party. I snatched it up, in the joint hope of being yet in time to restore it, and of getting, perhaps, a soft word of thanks from the delightful *mezzo soprano*,—when the songstress herself, aware of her loss, re-entered the Basilica to recover it.

“As I walked towards her with the book, I read, inscribed on its cover, the letters ‘Louisa Ormond;’ and their talismanic power as effectually transported me back some dozen of years, to the bloody field of A——, as the surrounding objects had before carried me a couple of thousand, to the fall of Pompeii. Encouraged by the sweet smile and slight blush, with which the property was claimed and received, I found voice to ask if indeed I had the unexpected pleasure of speaking to Miss Ormond, of F—— Hall?

“‘The same,’ answered the fair artist, with a flush of surprise, and quickness of expression foreign to her general manner: ‘does any one here know me?’

“‘I was unaware,’ replied I, ‘till this moment, that

one, for whom I am entrusted with a sacred commission, was within my reach. May I be permitted to acquit myself of a long-cherished duty, by waiting upon you when it may suit your convenience to receive me?' So saying, I handed her my card, and received one in return, indicating the name of the friends with whom she was residing, at a well-known hotel on the Chiaia.

"Just at that moment, one of her young companions came back in quest of her. I resigned her to his privileged guardianship, and stood rooted to the spot, pondering on the marvellous coincidences which, in real life, laugh to scorn the timid contrivances of fiction. Twelve years ago, on the banks of the Ganges, I had received a packet, to be delivered, should I return alive, to a young lady in England; and lo! on this identical person I had stumbled amid the ruins of Pompeii, when, but for a song, I should never have thought about her, and but for a lost scrap of paper, should never have found her out! Of course, I thought *now* about her, quite as much as such a concatenation of circumstances warranted; that is to say, all night, and all next day, till it was time to go and call upon her.

"On arriving at the Albergo delle Croalle, the handsome suite of apartments occupied by the family, I was introduced to the head of it,—a benevolent, sensible-looking man, whose frankness at once informed me why the task of receiving me had in the first instance devolved upon him.

“ ‘Your absence from your native country, Colonel Merton, has probably kept you ignorant of some painful circumstances in Miss Ormond’s history, which induce her partial friends to shield her from every possible source of sudden agitation. Her health is at all times delicate, and her spirits are only recovering from a shock of the severest kind. This being the case, you will perhaps allow me the parent’s office, of judging how far the communication you alluded to yesterday may safely be hazarded. If it comes from *one* quarter, I could almost take upon me to say, it is equally ill-judged and fruitless.’

“ ‘It comes from one, sir,’ said I, ‘long removed, by death, from the possibility of offending, and who, I am sure, would have gladly forfeited life to avert from Miss Ormond the shadow of pain or displeasure. Did you ever hear her speak of her cousin, Edmund Lyttelton?’

“ ‘Often. She regarded him with sisterly affection, and was much affected by his untimely fate.’

“ ‘It was with more than fraternal feelings that poor Edmund remembered his fair cousin,’ said I, with a sigh. ‘Living, she shared his youthful heart with glory; and his dying words were of her alone. Could she, do you think, without danger, afford me the melancholy satisfaction of consigning to her own hands tokens of boyish affection, endeared by youthful associations, and hallowed by the early grave of him by whom they were treasured?’

“‘Certainly,’ said Mr. Owenson, with the air of one relieved from secret uneasiness. ‘My dear young friend, whose feelings have been wounded in the tenderest point by unkindness, can only, I think, be soothed by testimonials of innocent attachment from one whose memory she cherishes, but to whose loss she has long been resigned. I will, however, just prepare her, if you will excuse’—

“But ere the good man had time to leave the room, Miss Ormond entered it, with somewhat of the hurried manner of one who anticipates a scene, and wishes it over.

“‘My dear Louisa,’ said Mr. O., ‘this gentleman is from the East Indies, and was the commanding officer and intimate friend of poor Edmund. He has a message from the dear fellow, to deliver to his cousin Louy. I am sure it will be welcome, as well as its bearer.—You will look in upon us frequently, sir, I hope,’ added he, as he left the room. ‘Any friend of Edmund Lyttleton’s I shall ever be proud to see.’

“‘Miss Ormond,’ said I, when alone with the lovely woman, whose slight air of absence and pre-occupation convinced me more than words, that there were no overwhelming feelings connected with her cousin’s memory, ‘I need not tell *you* that there never beat in human bosom, a braver or a softer heart than Edmund Lyttleton’s! That heart, from very childhood, was yours; and a passion, too boyish, probably, to excite in your breast any corresponding feelings, kept its hold of his

while life remained. If he loved glory, and ardently pursued it, it was to become more worthy of you: he sacrificed life in the pursuit, and his last words to me were, "When you go to England,—no matter when,—find out Louisa Ormond. I would fain she should one day know, that it was for her Edmund Lyttelton lived and died! Here are two memorials of her, which it was sweet to me to steal in secret as her lover, because I feared she would have given them but too readily to her cousin,—a lock of her dark-brown hair, and the unfinished purse she was netting the night I left home. It is an emblem of my own brief, incomplete career. Perhaps she may live to finish it yet, for Edmund's sake, and we may meet at length where all is perfect and as it should be!"

"Soft, quiet tears began to glide down Miss Ormond's pale cheek; and I said, 'I do not wonder you should be moved at such an affecting proof of constancy in one so young.'—'Constancy!' repeated she after me, as if it were a word of whose meaning she was doubtful, or had never heard,—'Poor Edmund! there are few like him.'

"I began to feel that the scene had gone quite far enough, and to long for a diversion. It was opportunely afforded by the entrance of some of the children; and I hurried away, promising to repeat my visit ere long.

"An invitation from the kind Mr. O., anticipated my intentions. We suited each other; and I became an almost daily guest. Louisa Ormond, whose temporary

agitation soon subsided into her wonted sweet serenity, behaved to me with an engaging frankness that quite won my heart, and talked to me so amiably of her lost cousin, that I soon ceased to wonder at his boyish adoration. I was past the age of romance; but not beyond the sphere of its widely-spreading influence,—and not Edmund himself, in the devotion of eighteen, could soon have outdone his veteran comrade in arms, in his admiration of Louisa Ormond.

“ Women in India,—idols as they are often made,—have a sort of artificial existence, which always acted on me as a repellant. Condemned by the climate to much of the inaction of eastern Sultanas, they often seem to emulate their listless inanity. They do not lend, as in England, a charm and a grace to a thousand little domestic duties; nor are there in a monotonous country, and burning climate, external objects to draw forth the sympathies of a cultivated mind. When I roamed with Louisa Ormond to the tomb of Virgil, or the villa of Cicero, I had but to look in her face to see the moral spirit of the scene; its natural beauty reflected both these, and I felt as if I had for the first time, an adequate notion of what a woman might or should be.

“ I was soon a lover, and a doting one. All saw it save Louisa, and all saw it with seeming satisfaction. That of Owenson was open and undisguised, like all his sentiments; but when, at length, I burst the bonds of reserve so natural to a lover of six-and-thirty, and asked

him, with faltering voice, and downcast eyes, what hope he could honestly give me of success,—he shook his head, and said, —‘ Merton ! I wish I could flatter ; but it is not my way, and truth is kindness.—Louisa Ormond will *never* love again. Her heart has been crushed and blighted irrecoverably, by the infamous conduct of a villain,—but she has affections left, as I and mine can testify, richly worth cultivating ; and with time and perseverance, I doubt not her esteem and hand may be yours. If this will content you, my best efforts shall be used to promote your views ; but if you insist on more, I advise you to leave Naples without delay. Names and particulars I have solemnly promised never to divulge ; indeed, why should I, when all has long since been irrevocably at an end, and the destroyer of her peace married to another?—Suffice it, that Louisa was engaged to one, base enough to desert her when, from an opulent heiress, she became the orphan of a ruined man!—She is too meek to hate—she despises and forgives him,—but she does not *forget!* There are things in life not to be forgotten,—and a five years’ betrothment to one of the most fascinating of men, even ingratitude and infamy cannot cancel like a dream. But my wife and myself have always said, there might be a balm even for such wounds, in a rational, well-placed attachment ; and with you, even *we* hope Louisa may yet be happy. Give her time—allow for natural repugnance to revive bitter recollections—and all, I trust, will yet be well.’

“I shrink from inflicting on myself the torture of describing how all this gradually took place. Why should I?—I am not the first who has mistaken gratitude for affection, and the torpor of death for the wholesome slumbers of returning health. Louisa, first shocked, then softened by my importunities, slowly gave way before the sincerity of my affection, the silent participation of her friends, and the forgotten luxury of being understood, appreciated, and idolized. It was amid the delicious exuberance of an Italian spring, that my blossoms of hope slowly expanded; and having lingered at Naples till the heats of summer surprised us, we agreed to pass the sultry season at Sorrentum, and return early in autumn to England, where the claims of relations, and professional business, imperiously demanded my presence.

“I would fain have persuaded Louisa to be mine in Italy,—to let the sunny region which had witnessed our first strange meeting, be the scene of our blissful union; but I urged in vain; and with something of superstitious horror she always answered, ‘I cannot be married in Italy.’ Her friends, like myself, regretted this; as, like me, they had misgivings about her return to England, which they could have wished her to revisit under happier auspices, and a husband’s protection; but her reluctance was so deep and unfeigned, that it was impossible not to give way.

“The convenience of transporting the very large fa-

mily of Mr. O., and the delicacy of Louisa's health,—to whom the confinement of a carriage was peculiarly distressing,—induced us to resolve on proceeding to England by sea. A large English merchantman was about to sail from Naples, which proved an additional temptation, and we all embarked under the most favourable auspices. The season, however, was somewhat advanced, and the tempests of the Mediterranean are as sudden as violent. One overtook us ere we could clear the Italian coast; and after some days of imminent peril, the captain was thankful to find shelter (though far out of his destined course) in the bay of Genoa. My alarm during the storm had been cruelly embittered by the idea of perishing without having received the hand of Louisa, and I flattered myself she too,—though serene amidst tempest as at all other times,—would have clung to me yet more confidently had our mutual vows been exchanged. At last, I guessed it was so; for when, on a trifling delay seeming likely to occur at Genoa, for repairs to the ship, I again urged our landing, and being married (should there be an English clergyman in that city), she ceased to oppose; but with a look of mild resignation, which has haunted me ever since, said, 'It is of no use to struggle, since it is to be.'

"We went ashore the moment the subsiding waves permitted; and almost thought Naples eclipsed by the less extolled magnificence of the site of *Genoa la Superba*. To me it was all one bright enchanted palace! for there

my vows were to be ratified, and my happiness placed beyond the power of fortune and the elements. O vain and foolish mortals! not the fairy castles of an Italian summer heaven, are more false and fugitive than your baseless projects, and short-sighted hopes!

“ I flew to the house of the Consul, where, when a clergyman can be procured, English service is performed,—and learned with transport, that after a considerable *interregnum*, there was now an officiating minister, in the person of a beneficed clergyman, travelling for his health, and a temporary resident in Genoa. I acceded (although with the stipulation of absolute privacy), to the Consul's polite request that I would, as is customary, use the sanction of his roof for the ceremony. The next day but one was named, and the Dean of——duly requested to officiate.

“ People talk of presentiments! but to me, elation of mind will ever be the most fearful of presages. I should shudder even yet to see any one so blindly, madly happy, as I was when I had made all these arrangements, and extorted Louisa's sweet, yet reluctant acquiescence in them.

“ Those who deal in omens, might have drawn auguries in favour of their belief, from one slight circumstance, which disturbed me. On joining, about ten minutes before the time fixed for the ceremony, the assembled family in the *saloon* of our inn,—a close, ill-aired apartment,—I found Louisa, who was too superior

to all affectation to feign petty inconvenience, evidently suffering from more than mental agitation, indeed, just recovering from a fainting fit. Seeing me alarmed, she smiled with her usual sweetness, and assured me her illness had proceeded from a very trifling cause, and was merely occasioned by the overpowering scent of the huge bouquet of orange flowers which the dear children had provided, as indispensable at all continental marriages.—We made light of this trifle ; but ‘ trifles light as air,’ sink into the mind with leaden pressure, when misfortune drives them home !

“ The carriage came to the door,—I put in Louisa,—we both trembled ; hers was the chill, nervous anticipation of impending evil,—mine, the feverish tremor of hope deferred. My beloved was enveloped in one of the graceful *mezzaros* of the Genoese ladies, the texture of which, although the finest to be procured, was sufficiently thick to prevent her distinguishing objects, had she even been disposed to look around her. Her thoughts were otherwise occupied at this solemn moment ;—after silent greetings from the Consul’s family, we ranged ourselves before the handsome, imposing-looking dignitary, whose frigid, aristocratic exterior, inspired me with no great prepossession in his favour. I half regretted my impatience, and grieved that it had defrauded my own venerable white-haired tutor in England, of his sacred office,—but it was too late ! The ceremony began,—it ended !—Ere a sentence was well accomplished, Louisa lay

motionless, and to all appearance, dead, in my arms: The Dean of —— was the faithless lover, whose perfidy had produced such overwhelming effects upon her mind.—That mind was a second time his victim! and I am for life, a sad, solitary Bachelor!”

THE TWO STREAMS.

THERE is in Rydal's vale a river sweet,
Clear too as Cydnus, called the wild Brathay,
That warbling urges on his crystal way,
Till he his shining bride the Rothay meet,
Winding along her amorous mate to greet.
United, thence through flowery meads they stray;
Nor storm, nor heat, nor time their loves can sever,
Till hushed in Windermere they sleep for ever.
Thus have I imaged oft, in union blest,
Gliding from youth to age, the soul-knit pair,
Emulous alone each other's worth to share,—
Sinking at last in that eternal rest,
Where the pure spirit dwells in kindred love,—
The haven Contemplation sees above!

EDWARD MOXON.

THE SINGING BIRD AT SEA.

BY MISS JEWSEBURY.

I.

It was a ship from Christendom,
Traversing unknown seas;
Of fair Castile and of Arragon,
The flag that kissed the breeze;
Few and poor the mariners were,
Voyaging less in hope than fear.

II.

Far behind they had left the land,
The sea spread far before,
And they were sailing to such a strand
None ever had sought of yore;—
Their leader was not of high degree,
But one whose mind was a mystery.

III.

He did not come from a hermitage,
Yet he prayed with book and bead;

He read the stars like an eastern sage,
And fought in the hour of need;—
Yet the dreams of his spirit were not of war,
But of islands hid in the main afar. .

IV.

Of fair green isles, with treasures vast
Of spicery and of gold,
Of seas, where anchor was never cast,
And hills, of height untold;—
It were a glorious thing to view,
If such bright dreams could now be true!

V.

Fearful of rock and fearful of shoal,
Few were the mates he won;
But he led them along in strength of soul,
Along towards the setting sun,—
Over the deep, where the waves are calm,
And ever the wind is wandering balm.

VI.

Over the deep, and over the deep,
By the same soft wind caressed,
The sky above in a spotless sleep,
Around them the waters' breast,
Seven hundred leagues—but the land they sought
Was viewless still, as a dream or thought.

VII.

Seven hundred leagues, and threescore days
Since the last shore they left;
How sad becomes each mariner's gaze,
Of hope and joy bereft!
How dwelleth now in the heart of each
Madness that cannot be told by speech!

VIII.

"I have left behind me a gentle child,—
I have angered an aged mother,—
And I from my home, in passion wild,
Have lured an only brother!"—
"Their curse be on him—yon dreamer dark,"—
Thus thought the crew of the wandering bark.

IX.

The sun went down on hearts more sad
Than twice in one life may be,
And when he arose he found them glad,
Though still they were on the sea;—
O human spirit!—glad look and word
Were all for the sake of a singing bird!

X.

Such a bird as in spring-time may,
Mid leaves and blossoms flitting,
Please awhile with its dancing play
One in an orchard sitting,—

Pouring its soul in gushes strong,
As if it would teach the air its song.

XI.

It sat all day on the mast and sails,
An omen right good to view,
For it told of land, and of dark green vales,
And it told the mariners true.
A prophet's promise—an angel's word—
They were all in the note of that singing bird!

PARSON'S BRIDGE.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

Look on the abyss by time and ruin rent;
Look, and recoil not: steady be the brain,
Firm be the gripe and footstep of descent,
Precipitous, in peril to the chain
Of cliffs, where the rude plank and railing throw
Their frailness o'er the chasm, while foams amain
In eddying gulfs the torrent far below,
Black with the shadow of death! Gaze not on high
To scan the' impending height of mountain brow,
Lost in the cloud and storm; nor let thine eye
Too-daring, meditate the downward gloom
Where horror and despair in ambush lie;
Lest fiends of frenzy hurl thee to thy doom,
And the wild rocks and waters be thy tomb.

AN INVITATION.

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.

SUCKLING.

I.

WHEREFORE, Fanny, look so lovely,
In your anger, in your glee?—
Laughing, weeping, fair, capricious !
If you will look so delicious,
Pr'ythee, look at me !

II.

Wherefore, Fanny, sing so sweetly ?
Like the bird upon the tree,—
Hearts in dozens round you bringing ?
Syren ! if you must be singing,
Pr'ythee, sing to me !

III.

Wherefore, Fanny, dance so lightly,
Like the wave upon the sea ?
Motion every charm enhancing,—
Fanny ! if you will be dancing,
Pr'ythee, dance with me !

IV.

Wherefore smile so like an angel,
Angel-like although you be ?—
Head and heart at once beguiling,—
Dearest ! if you will be smiling,
Pr'ythee, smile on me !

V.

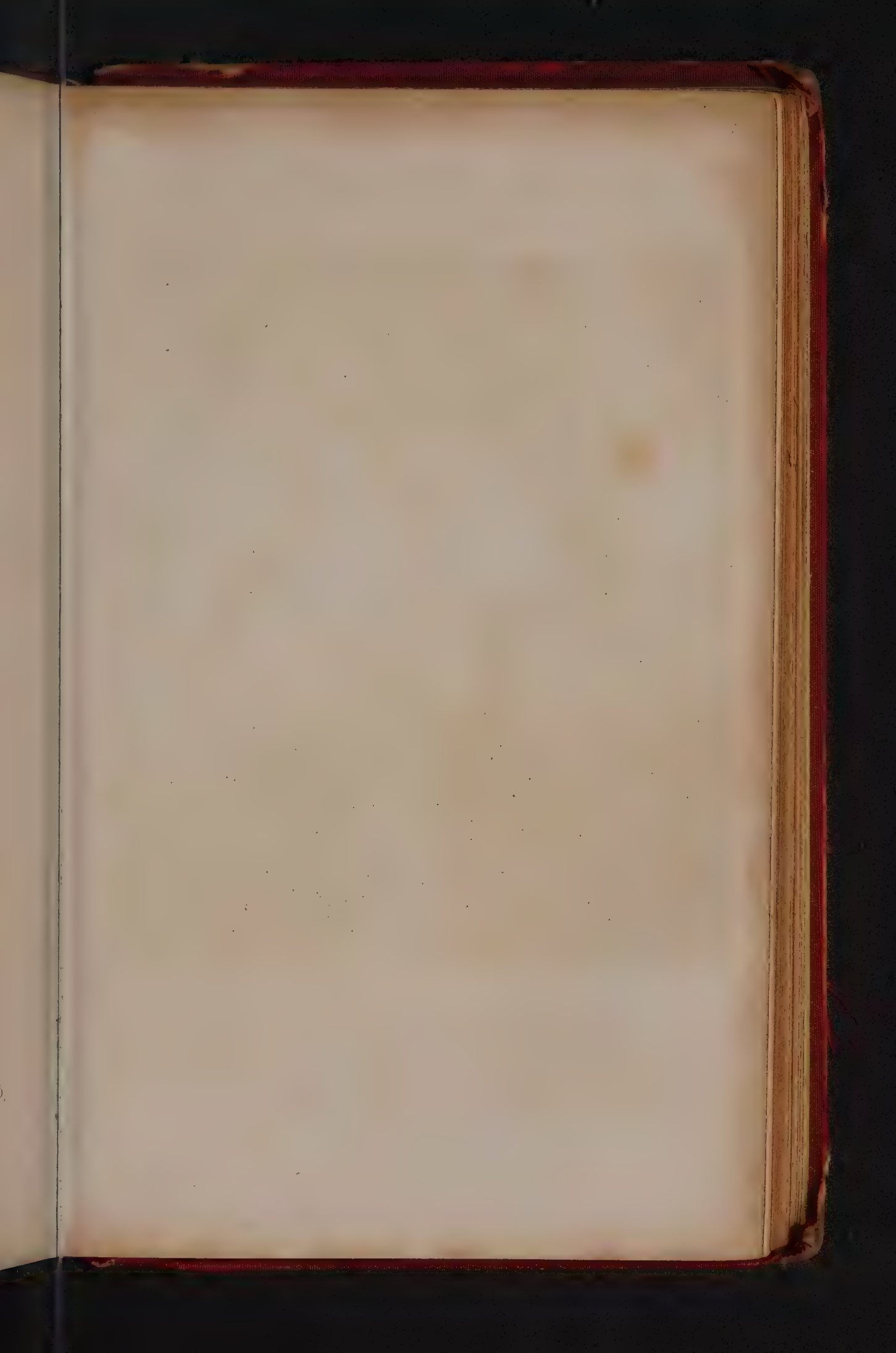
Wherefore flirt, and aim your arrows
At each harmless fop you see ?
Coxcombs, hardly worth the hurting,—
Tyrant ! if you must be flirting,
Pr'ythee, flirt with me !

VI.

Wherefore, Fanny ! kiss and fondle
Half the ugly brats you see ?—
Waste not love among so many,—
Sweetest ! if you fondle any,
Pr'ythee, fondle me !

VII.

Wherefore wedlock's lottery enter ?
Chances for you, one to three !—
Richest ventures oft miscarry,—
Fanny, Fanny, if you marry,
Pr'ythee, marry me !





Painted by E.P. Stepanoff.

Engraved by J. Goodyear.

THE DISCOVERY.

Printed by J. G. Smith, 1829.

Printed by J. G. Smith.

THE DISCOVERY.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy one's eyes,
More by your number than your light ;
You common people of the skies !
What are you, when the sun shall rise ?

JOHNSON.

SUCH was William Heathcote's impassioned soliloquy, as, after a long ramble in the beautiful woods of Denham, he sought as it were, to embody his thoughts into some visible reality, by industriously carving the trunk of a spreading elm, under whose protecting branches he was enjoying a respite from the noon-day sultriness : “ What are you, indeed, when the sun, my queen of loveliness, comes forth ? ”

He had already accomplished a deeply-graven R., and as he paused to gaze upon it, it seemed to more than satisfy him—to reassure him—to inspire him with confidence ; for what effect cannot fancy produce on a young and heated imagination.

“ No longer,” murmured our hero ; “ no longer will I hesitate to declare my affection. In *thee*, at least, there can be no deceit,—*thou* art far, far above the cold

artifices of thy sex. That gentle bosom knows nothing of the mean vanity that can seek to win a heart whose love it cannot return ; no, in *thee* may I safely confide.

Reassured as it should seem by his own eloquence, he returned to his employment, with an appearance, at least, of redoubled ardour. To account for the shadow which passed over his picture, we must inform the reader that it had fallen to his lot to meet with disappointment in his first love ;—his affections had been sported with by a heartless coquette, with an ingenuity of cruelty for which it is difficult to account. Three years had now elapsed, and, though the healing hand of time had softened the bitterness of his disappointment, and wounded pride had transformed love into dislike, there resulted to him two natural consequences of his withered feelings. A craving wish to fill the void in his breast with a more worthy object, and a distrust of all the daughters of Eve, how beautiful soever they might be.

Such was the state of his mind, when chance brought him to Denham Lodge, where, thrown into the society of two sisters, the only visitors at the house, he had ample means of acquainting himself with their characters and their singleness of mind, and of discovering qualities which, as it regarded one of these sisters, were destined to be the means of opening his heart to a second and more delightful impression than that of which he had so lately lamented the blight.

Such was the position of affairs for one month ; but by the end of that time, every day added to the influence which the virtues and congenial disposition of the elder of his fair friends had gained over his feelings ; though as yet, as far as was possible, he had avoided manifesting any marked preference for either of them ; and it was with a view to a strict scrutiny of his own feelings, as well as to ascertain the probability of any reciprocal emotion existing in the bosom of his innamorata, that he had spent the entire morning in a solitary ramble through the park. Having at length arrived at a conclusion, satisfactory, at least to himself, on both the said points, he determined at once to declare his attachment ; he had just added an O to the R he had previously carved, when accidentally turning round, he fancied that he was observed by his two gentle friends, who were sauntering down a shaded path at no great distance, and who seemed to have noticed his proceeding. There was nothing unusual in two young ladies walking in their uncle's park ; but no sooner did our hero gain a sight of them, than hastily leaving his labour of love, he struck into a retired path, and gained the house by a circuitous route.

“ Don't laugh so, Rosalie,” said the elder of the sisters, as she strove in vain to repress the joyous spirit of the damsel by her side ; “ indeed, I am in earnest—very seriously in earnest.”

“ Nay, sister, let me laugh,” rejoined the merry girl, unable to repress the impulse ; “ you do sometimes

cherish such odd fancies, dear Rowena,—how ever could you imagine such a thing?"

"Why, Rosalie, dear, is he not always talking and laughing with you?"

"Yes, to be sure he is, my good sister; but only because I laugh and talk with him."

"And does he not ever seek your society and your smiles?"

"To be sure he does, and simply because its lightness makes it amusing, whilst you, Rowena, are so very grave and so very wise, that he is half afraid of you:—oh! no—set your mind at rest, my fair monitress—be assured

Among the rest, young Edwin bows,
But never talks of love.

Rowena smiled at the extreme earnestness with which her sister considered it necessary to accompany this information: as she watched the unrepressed mirth that filled her sparkling eyes, she remembered the time when, her heart untutored by experience, and exulting in its ignorance of sorrow,—in that infancy of feeling, when the mind is open to the deepest impression,—she accidentally became acquainted with William Heathcote. To her young imagination, he seemed to unite in his own person, all that "high fancy formed or lavish heart could wish" in a hero or a lover: and long before she was aware of the nature of her own sentiments, she had bestowed a mine of tenderness on one, who had not

sought, and who happily was ignorant, of the nature of her regard.

Since Heathcote's arrival at Denham, she feared her sister might yield to impressions which, if disappointed, would inflict upon her that wretchedness which she herself had endured: and frequently had she essayed to caution the simple girl of her danger; but the task was oppressive, and she had shrunk from it. When, however, after a morning's stroll in the shaded avenue before the house, she chanced to discover Heathcote's lover-like occupation, the opportunity seemed too appropriate to be neglected.

"See, Rosalie, dear! what Heathcote is doing.— Lover-like, I doubt not,—carving your name on that elm."

"My name, Rowena!" exclaimed the merry Rosalie.

"Yes, your name. Is there any thing so very extraordinary in the circumstance?"

But the unrepressed laughter of her sister, and the accompanying simplicity of look, staid the further prosecution of her purpose.

"Ah! sister," said Rosalie, smiling, and looking archly in her face,—“whosever name it may be, I know whose *you* would wish it to be.”

"No, Rosalie!" exclaimed Rowena, with a forced laugh, intended to hide the agitation which her sister's remark had excited,—“I was only anxious on your account: do not, I pray you, draw any inference from my

seeming curiosity: it was nothing more than a fancy, and it has passed away."

There was far too much seriousness in her tone and manner for the good-tempered Rosalie to urge the subject any further, and she became at once silent.

But their curiosity was not extinct; and in despite of their mutually professed indifference to the matter, no sooner had they reached the drawing-room after dinner, than Rosalie proposed a walk in the park. Her sister assented; and without speaking, they mechanically bent their way towards the graven elm. As they approached it, their quickened pace contradicted their professed want of curiosity. That of Rowena was the quick step of fearful anxiety,—Rosalie's, but the light nimbleness of curiosity. Rowena approached the tree—she took a hasty glance, and drawing her sister close to her, pointed to its trunk, and said, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "There, Rosalie!—do you believe me now?"

But Rosalie's incredulous smile and artless astonishment seemed almost to refute the certain evidence before her, as, with a side-long look, she glanced at the indisputable characters, and pulled unconsciously to pieces the bouquet which she held in her hand.

When next Heathcote encountered the Misses Littledales, he fancied he perceived an unusual coldness and reserve in their manner. He sought an explanation; but Rosalie's timidity only increased the mystery by her

agitation, and Rowena denied him the opportunity of speaking to her in private.

It was on the following day, that stealing quietly from the house, Rowena sought with melancholy interest, to read once more the fatal announcement of her misery; she had already reached the elm, and was pausing for some moments in earnest scrutiny, lest any obtrusive eye should be watching her; when, whilst listening attentively to assure herself that she was quite alone, she distinctly heard footsteps approaching from behind;—supposing them to be her sister's, she turned round—and who should it be, advancing towards her with agitated steps, but Heathcote himself.

“Rowena,” said he, “I entreat from you one favour—frankness. What I have suffered from your mysterious coolness, dreadful as it has been to myself, is, I am aware, no consideration of yours; but still the dictates of a heart, so kind and so gentle as I know yours to be, will surely not suffer such misery to be the constant portion of one, whom you have, at least, esteemed, without granting me the small boon I now ask you; tell me then, candidly, has any secret enemy injured me in your estimation?”

“Certainly not,” replied Rowena calmly.

“Then, for God's sake! what has occasioned this unaccountable change?”

There was a pause—Heathcote's agitation seemed beyond his control—his lips quivered with emotion; he

again looked for the entreated explanation ; but it came not. Rowena, indeed, had she desired, had not the power to speak it ; and yielding to his anguish, he passionately reiterated his inquiry.

Rowena spoke not ; she advanced one step, and motioning her lover to follow her, she silently pointed to the name of ROSALIE !

The effect of this action, however, upon Heathcote, was that of mere surprise ; he looked, indeed, at the name for an instant, but his eyes quickly reverted to his companion, in unconscious wonder, and seemed to await some explanation.

Rowena was confused even in the midst of her overpowering emotions, she felt that some mystery hung over her, and perplexed with doubt, quietly demanded, " Know you that name ? "

" Most certainly, I do, " returned her lover, in a tone of unmixed surprise ; " it is your sister's. "

" And who placed it there ? "

His astonishment but increased, it was indeed without limit : " Not I, most certainly. "

" Mr. Heathcote, " said Rowena, with a voice almost choked by emotion, " I saw you carve it. "

He paused, and seemed struck with some sudden recollection. " The R and O, " he quickly replied ; " are undoubtedly mine, but had I finished the word, that tree would have borne Rowena's name : the remaining letters are not mine. "

Rowena could no longer disguise her delight: the full assurance of her happiness burst on her mind in a tide of joyful transport: she could not control her feelings, and looking round for some support for her weakness, she was not unwillingly clasped to his bosom, *now* the everlasting resting-place of all her joy and sorrow.

Still the mystery of the engraven name was unexplained; but a few days' patience served to clear it up. On the fourth day after the reconciliation of the lovers, a rustic swain, whom the liveliness and beauty of the merry Rosalie had captivated, came to make his proposals in due form. Whether it was that his impertinent interference at the "trysting-tree" had offended her, or that in person he did not stand a comparison with her sister's lover, history sayeth not; but certain it is, that he did not find favour in her sight, and was accordingly dismissed. Two months from the time of which we are speaking, Rowena became Mrs. Heathcote; and Rosalie, having lost the companion of her childhood, is, at this present time of writing, considerably in want of a companion for life.

BRING BACK THE CHAIN!

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

I.

It was an aged man, who stood
Beside the blue Atlantic sea;
They cast his fetters by the flood,
And hailed the time-worn Captive free!
From his indignant eye there flashed
A gleam his better nature gave,
And while his tyrants shrunk abashed,
Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave:

II.

“Bring back the chain, whose weight so long
These tortured limbs have vainly borne;
The word of Freedom from *your* tongue,
My weary ear rejects with scorn!
'Tis true, there was — there *was* a time,
I sighed, I panted to be free;
And, pining for my sunny clime,
Bowed down my stubborn knee.

III.

“ *Then* I have stretched my yearning arms,
And shook in wrath my bitter chain ;—
Then, when the magic word had charms,
I groaned for liberty in vain !
That freedom ye, at length, bestow,
And bid me bless my envied fate :
Ye tell me I am free to go —
Where ? — I am desolate !

IV.

“ The boundless hope — the spring of joy,
Felt when the spirit’s strength is young ;
Which slavery only can alloy,
The mockeries to which I clung, —
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray
Made life’s dull lamp less dimly burn, —
The tones I pined for, day by day,
Can ye bid them return ?

V.

“ Bring back the chain ! its clanking sound
Hath then a power beyond your own ;
It brings young visions smiling round,
Too fondly loved — too early flown !
It brings me days, when these dim eyes
Gazed o’er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise
Ere one might hail me free !

VI.

“ Bring back the chain ! that I may think
’T is *that* which weighs my spirit so ;
And, gazing on each galling link,
Dream as I dreamt—of bitter woe !
My days are gone ;—of hope, of youth,
These traces now alone remain ;
(Hoarded with sorrow’s sacred truth)
Tears—and my iron chain !

VII.

“ Freedom ! though doomed in pain to live,
The freedom of the soul *is* mine ;
But all of slavery you could give,
Around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent ;
Renew the hopes that childhood gave ;
Bid all return kind heaven once lent,—
Till then—I am a Slave !”

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

WE met when life and hope were new,
When all we looked on smiled ;—
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments—sweet as wild !—
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring ;—
The bloom—that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring !

II.

What though our love was never told,—
Or breathed in sighs alone ;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shown :—
The touch, that thrilled us with delight ;
The glance—by art untamed ;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed !

III.

We parted, chilling looks among ;
 My inmost soul was bowed ;
 And blessings died upon my tongue,
 I dared not breathe aloud :—
 A pensive smile, serene and bland,
 One thrilling glance—how vain !
 A pressure of thy yielding hand ;—
 We never met again !

IV.

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
 Of magic power to me ;
 That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
 To make me worthy thee !
 And long, through many an after-year,
 When boyhood's dream had flown,
 With nothing left to hope or fear,
 I loved, in silence, on !

V.

More sacred ties, at length, are ours,
 As dear as those of yore ;
 And later joys, like autumn-flowers,
 Have bloomed for us once more !
 But never canst thou be again,
 What once thou wert to me ;—
 I glory in another's chain,—
 And thou 'rt no longer free.

VI.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,
 (A prosperous lot is thine,)
 The brighter, that it did not join
 The turbid waves of mine !
 Yet oh ! could fondest love relume
 Joy's sunshine on my brow,
 Thine scarce can be a happier doom
 Than I might boast of now !

AILSA-CRAG.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

LONE, inaccessible, forbidden steep,
 Conqueror of storms and centuries art thou ;
 Implanting thy foundation in the deep,
 And hiding in the cloud thy furrowed brow !
 What feathered myriads round thee wheel their flight,
 And to the thunder of the waves below
 In hoarse defiance scream. The winter's night,
 The summer's noontide, are alike to thee,—
 Wreck of the deluge,—ocean's eremite,—
 Majestic symbol of eternity !
 For what are time, or earthquake, what the power
 Of howling tempest, or beleaguering sea ?
 Thy date and place are from creation's hour,
 Till heaven dissolve, and flames the globe devour.

REGULUS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

URGE me no more—your prayers are vain,
And vain the tears ye shed:
When I can lead to Rome again,
The bands that once I led;
When I can raise your legions, slain
On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain,
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will I seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!

II.

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death;
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like venom'd serpents wreath
Round every limb;—if lip and eye
Betrayed no sign of agony,
Inly I cursed my breath;—
Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
The only wretch who could not die?

III.

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's fitting doom,
I recked not ;—could they chain the mind,
Or plunge the soul in gloom ?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown ;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth—I thought, to die—
O, in that thought was ecstasy !

IV.

But no ;—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a conquered slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed, perchance, my haughtier mood
Was quelled by chains and solitude ;
That he who *once* was brave—
Was I *not* brave !—had now become
Estranged from honour as from Rome.

V.

They bade me to my country bear
The offers these have borne ;—
They would have trained my lips to swear,
Which never yet have sworn :

Silent their base commands I heard,
At length I pledged a Roman's word
Unshrinking to return :
I go, prepared to meet the worst ;
But I shall gall proud Carthage first.

VI.

They sue for peace ;—I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear ;
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare.
Fools as they were, could not mine eye
Through their dissembled calmness spy
The struggles of despair ?
Else had they sent this wasted frame
To bribe you to your country's shame ?

VII.

Your land (I must not call it mine,
No country has the slave ;
His father's name he must resign,
And even his father's grave—
But this not now—) beneath her lies
Proud Carthage, and her destinies ;
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours ;—she knows it well—and you
Shall know, and make her feel it too !

VIII.

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me;
Ye know no longer it is hers,
The empire of the sea;—
Ye know her fleets are far and few,
Her bands a mercenary crew;
And Rome, the bold and free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

IX.

One path alone remains for me;—
My vows were heard on high;
Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,
For I return to die!
Then tell me not of hope or life,
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
No smiling progeny;
One word concentrates for the slave
Wife, children, country, *all*—THE GRAVE!

MORNING CALLS.

“ Ah, it is a sad thing, to be sure,” said the fashionable Mrs. Lowton to her friend Lady James, as, after a few common-place inquiries on my entrance, she returned to the conversation I had interrupted ;—“ I really wonder, after Emma’s delightful match, that she could have been so imprudent.”

“ Heavens! my dear Mrs. Lowton! you do surprise me.”

“ Yes, indeed,—I think it has surprised every one ;—but you know, Lady James, she was always vastly opinionated.”

“ So I have heard ; but really, I am very sorry,—she seemed such a nice young woman. Only four hundred a-year, did you say ?”

“ Scarcely that, I am told,—it is a very poor living indeed. I really don’t see how they are to exist ; for you know, she had no fortune of her own, and he has nothing beyond his preferment.”

“ Dear, dear ! it is a sad business.”

“ I can assure you it is a grievous disappointment to her friends, for she might have done so much better ;—

you must have seen Lord S—'s attentions,—five thousand a-year there! But, Mr. —," she turned abruptly to me, "*you* must remember the Vernons,—you have often met them here?"

Now, it so happened, that I not only remembered them, but that the real purpose of my early call on the fashionable Mrs. Lowton, did not arise from any personal interest, as regarded the lady's self,—the mere compliment of a card, even after my six years' absence from England, would have amply satisfied *that*,—but, to ascertain, through her means, where the said Vernons were to be found; for they were two old and dear friends of mine. And though my long separation from my country had dissipated many of the associations of my earlier life, and destroyed most of its attachments, still, it had not in the slightest degree impaired my regard for this amiable family.

I had left them rich in beauty,—blooming in youth,—smiling in loveliness;—six years had now passed away, and my uncertain pursuits had kept me but ill-advised of the events—to them, at least—of those six years;—nor was I at all pleased, that my first intelligence should have been thus ungracious, as concerned the dearest of those dear sisters.

Promptly acknowledging my acquaintance,—although not *all* my acquaintance with them,—I asked, with earnest anxiety, the particulars of poor Alicia's sad fault.

"Fault, Mr. —!" exclaimed the lady, with evident

surprise;—and then turning to her friend, finished to her the interjection—“Why, Lady James, we cannot exactly call it a *fault*, you know.”

“No, my dear Mrs. Lowton,” rejoined her ladyship, “not exactly;—she has certainly thought proper to marry a *poor* man, when she had plenty of *rich* ones to choose from;—but that—”

“Is a fault,” continued her friend, “only as people choose to consider it.”

“But surely, Mrs. Lowton,” I inquired, “you do not regard wealth as the *only* good?—There may, I hope, be happiness without its abundance,—in some cases, perhaps, more, than with its greatest gifts?”

“Very likely, Sir.” Mrs. Lowton did not look half pleased with the interrogatory;—I fear her admitted assent was only about equally sincere.

“Pray, Madam,”—I waited a moment for the evaporation of her surprise,—“is there any objection to the gentleman, beyond his limited income?”

“N—o.” She drawled out the word very slowly; it was certainly any thing but a monosyllable.—“I believe he is a most amiable man, and very kind to her; but then, Mr. —, only think of the contrast between her and her sister, Mrs. Jermyn, who has as handsome an establishment as any in the beau-monde;—*hers*, indeed, was *something* like a match.”—She pronounced the concluding words with considerable emphasis, as she turned to Lady James for her ready approval.

I had already perceived that the two ladies formed no exception to the generally-admitted opinion of the omnipotence of money;—had I not, however, made the discovery, Mrs. Lowton's over-hasty reply to my inquiry after poor Alicia's residence, would speedily have satisfied me on that point.

"Park Street,—Mrs. Jer—? Alicia, did you say?—oh! truly—really, Mr. —, I don't exactly know,—somewhere, I believe, in the environs,—but I cannot be certain,—perhaps I can ascertain."

I begged that she would not, on any account, give herself the trouble. I was about to proceed to pay my respects to Mrs. Jermyn, who, no doubt, would be able to direct me;—and, with as much speed as was consistent with good breeding, I took my leave.

It may readily be imagined that my ruminations, as I walked along, were somewhat varied in their character. The false estimate of happiness, so universally existing,—the court paid to wealth,—the neglect attendant, even on the approach to poverty. I determined, however, to suspend any decision on the comparative happiness of my two friends;—the grandeur of the wealthy Mrs. Jermyn,—or the privations of the poor Alicia,—until I had judged of them from my own observation.

It was after two o'clock when I arrived at Mrs. Jermyn's residence. It was a large, noble-looking mansion; and I was shewn into a most superb drawing-room, whose whole arrangement seemed rather designed with

a view to suggest uses, than as the actual provision for wants already existing;—so, at least, it appeared to my untutored fancy; and I had ample opportunity for its exercise, as Mrs. Jermyn did not make her *entré* for above half an hour. When she did appear, how shocked, how sadly grieved was I, to look upon her.—She was but the spectre of her I had known;—the blooming girl I had left, was now——, but it is needless to particularise,—she had become the slave of fashion; she had sacrificed herself at its ruthless altar. There was nothing,—nothing that even *my* memory, vivid as it was in its remembrance of her, could rest upon of Emma Vernon;—for, changed as was her appearance, her manners were even more altered. She received me with all the elegance, indeed, of the most finished politeness,—the most fastidious etiquette could not have pointed out a single fault; but there was no *heart* in it, —it was as dead and cold as was herself to every feeling save the one engrossing one of fashion,—nay, the very allusion to former years was annoying to her. She seemed—or at least she wished to seem—to have forgotten them all.

I could not bear to witness such a wreck of feeling,—I dared not farther trust myself to allude to our former intimacy; and I attempted a few less exciting questions, although the attempt was answered with no better satisfaction. I inquired after her sister; but she knew little of her proceedings;—of her children;—but they were

such plagues, she never permitted them to come down, they were best in their nursery. I asked after her husband; but she knew not whither he had gone, or when he would return; she seemed to have little interest in aught concerning him;—to care, indeed, for nothing,—to feel for nobody.

I was oppressed with bitter regret,—I looked earnestly at her in sorrowing silence. She started at the sudden pause,—her eyes for a moment met mine; but they shrunk from my gaze,—and one deep, unconscious sigh, told me too surely, the desolation that rioted within.

I hurried from her;—my heart was too full, and my feelings were still but too imperfectly under my control to risk their further excitement.

“And is this the envied lot, which the world boasts of as its chiefest good?—Is this cold insensibility to every better feeling,—is it—can it be called, happiness? ’Tis a base prostitution of language to term it such, to call it aught but misery and despair,—it is, indeed!” But I checked the current of my painful reflections as I approached the residence of the poor, neglected Alicia.

Her house was, indeed, a contrast to that of her sister;—it was but a mere cottage; and instead of the splendid footman who had there announced me, a woman-servant opened the door. But there was an air of comfort, which more than pleased me; there seemed a peacefulness around it,—an elegance and refinement about its arrangement, that delighted me,—and my first

feelings were those almost of envy, that it was not mine. And then too, *her* reception,—there was a greater contrast *there*;—it was my own dear sister—the same warm-hearted Alicia, that welcomed me,—the same mild, gentle spirit I had known in earlier times. She asked anxiously after my past welfare,—listened with interest to the account of my proceedings,—heard with pleasure of my present comfort,—and when I alluded to her marriage, the glistening eye, and smiling acknowledgment of her looks, convinced me of her happiness, more than her words. She had, as she assured me, every blessing her heart desired,—it was true, indeed, that their income was only small, but then, their *wishes* were also small; and they were too happy in each other's affection and too well satisfied with that happiness, to desire more.

“I like, my dear ——” she added, with smiling cheerfulness, “to be happy in my own way. Poor Emma, indeed,”—a sigh accompanied the name,—“fancies that happiness is alone to be met with in wealth and fashion, and truly do I hope she finds it there: you know she was always ambitious;—but for myself, I am *sure* that my aspirations are after quietness and retirement. I might have been as rich and as gay as Emma, had I wished it; but I did not wish it. I preferred comparative insignificance, with the man I loved, and in whose everlasting affection I could confide without a fear, to all the false gifts of fortune; nor am I disappointed in the result.”

I had already spent a delightful hour in her society,

when an engagement called me away; and with a promise of soon repeating my visit, to be introduced to her husband, and again talk over the remembrances of the past, I took my leave, full of gratified and happy feelings.

“Oh, world, world!”—such was my exclamation, as I turned for a parting peep at the little paradise I was quitting,—“thou false idol,—thou deceiving desolation! alas! how do thy votaries, for a meretricious bauble, cast away a real treasure, and then seek to gild over the base cheat, with the tinsel of feigned enjoyment! Rightly dost thou punish them;—thou robbest them, one by one, of every native feeling, and givest them—what dost thou give them in return?—A heart of insensibility—a mere mockery of happiness!”

Perhaps I was somewhat over-caustic in my philippic,—excited too far by deep and present emotions,—and had I waited the soothing effects of the good dinner to which I was hastening, I might perhaps have viewed that same world with a more indulgent feeling. But I like pure, unadulterated emotions—they come warm and free from the heart; and though they may, occasionally, be a little too fervid, they seldom deceive us,—not unfrequently prove our best and truest monitors.

Happiness, most certainly, is in opinion; and not unlikely, in spite of all that has been said, or that may be said to the contrary, each individual will decide according to his own experience;—but heaven preserve me from the happiness of Fashion!

INEZ.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

I.

No more, within her marble halls,—to listen to the
breeze,
When evening, like a spirit, falls, among the orange trees;
No more,—to watch, around her bower, each shadow as
it flits,
With love's own eye, at love's own hour,—the lady Inez
sits !

II.

And never more, at morning time,—as at the touch of
spells,—
Shall Inez wake, beneath the chime of far Valencia's
bells ;
Valencia's lofty tower hath flung another voice around,
And she, alone, for whom it rung, arose not at the
sound !

III.

The lady of a thousand hearts !—the tended and carest !
And guarded by a thousand arts—that could not guard
her breast ;

And many answered at her call, and watched her steps,
in vain,
For she has wandered from them all,—never to come
again!

IV.

An old man sits within the home that she had made so
bright,
Whose brow is dreary as a tomb, and his eye is like its
light;
And page and squire, within its walls, keep up an idle
state,
For there are weepers in its halls, and weepers at its
gate!

V.

'T is eve!—and, through her lattice high, looks in the
quiet moon,
And scents—like sweet thoughts—wander by, upon the
breath of June;
There sits the lady Inez, pale, and with a fevered
eye,—
But not to watch the cloud-boats sail, nor hear the roses
sigh!

VI.

Light as a moonbeam through the leaves, a white plume
plays, afar,
And—louder scarce than silence—grieves a lone and low
guitar;

Well Inez knows it, by the tears that, at its waving,
start,
And, faint as are the tones, she hears,—and hears them
with her heart!

VII.

And all that melancholy night, that melancholy tune,
Sweet as it floated on that light, and murmured from that
moon,
Sad as it came from distant lands, and spoke of distant
years,
Falls loud upon her listening heart, though low upon her
ears!

VIII.

As 't were a song that she had heard,—oh! many an
age ago,
That voice of some remembered bird that from her bower
had flown!—
But silent—never more to rise!—the dim and dream-like
strain,
And morning shews her heavy eyes a ship upon the
main!

IX.

She withered from that day, her bloom grew beautifully
faint,
And her murmurs took a tone, whose voice was sadder
than complaint.

Oh! never more, to her, the moon flung beauty on the
wave,
And night fell down as if the sun were going to its
grave!

X.

And to her eye there came a light more bright than that
of mirth;
And o'er her brow a loveliness that was not of the
earth;
And as her wasting form went by, its motion gave no
sound,
And her foot-fall was so soft it drew no echo from the
ground!

XI.

The earth, to-day, is like a grave,—the air is like a
shroud,
There is no pulse upon the wave,—no motion in the
cloud;
The morning like a mourner comes,—the sky is like a
pall,
And sounds, as if they stole from tombs, go wailing over
all!

XII.

Before the shrine,—her forehead bowed upon her thin,
white hands,
Still as she were a sculptured thing, the lady Inez stands,

And when, among the long, dim aisles, the holy anthem
dies,
They raise her face,—but she is gone, in music, to the
skies !

XIII.

Upon her brow there is no sign that death had struggled
there,
No pang to make her all divine, who, *ever*, was so
fair!—
The stars had faded, one and all, before the dull, grey
light,
But Inez saw them once, again, long ere another night !

XIV.

The lark had risen, at her feet, upon her morning way,
But she shall be before him, yet, amid the purer day ;
And half way up at heaven's gate, *from earth*, she heard
him sing,
But Inez passed him, in his flight,—and with a lighter
wing !

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

“ I fain would speak to that unhappy pair,
Who hand in hand so lightly float in air.”
In words like these, to Maro I expressed
My wish ; and thus he granted my request.
“ Wait till the Shades approach, then name the word
Of love, which rules them ; straight you will be heard.”
Soon as I saw the constant ghosts were cast
Near to our station by the baleful blast,
Swift I conjured them : “ By your miseries past,
Oh, speak !” and as two doves on wings outspread
Float to their darling nest, by fondness led,
So did these sorrowing spirits leave the throng
Where Dido broods o’er Man’s unpunished wrong ;
Nor aught of woe concealed, nor aught refused,
Such magic power was in the words I used.
“ Oh, pitying stranger ! that in this dread place
Canst feel for blood-stained hearts, had we found grace

With the great Lord of all, we should not cease
To pray his mercy for your future peace ;
For you shew mercy to our mortal sin—
But stay ; while yet the tempest holds its din,
Speak what you list, ask what you reck to know,
And hear our griefs—'tis all we can bestow.
In lands where Po with ample torrent flows
To the broad sea, and finds at length repose,
We sprung ; there love, by which each gentle breast
Is quickly fired, my Paolo's heart possessed
For that fair form, torn from me in such chill
And cruel fashion as afflicts me still :
True love by love must ever be repaid ;—
I learned to please him so, that still his shade
Is seen e'en here to wander by my side,—
For love we lived, for love together died.
But he by whose unnatural hand we bled,
With Cain shall dwell ;"—these words the Shadow said.
Thoughtful I listened,—when I heard the' offence
Borne by these gentle souls, in sad suspense
I bent my eyes : the silence Virgil broke,
And questioned of my thoughts—slowly I spoke :
“ Alas ! ” I said, “ how soft and light a train
Of sweet desires led these to endless pain ! ”
Then turning round, the lovers I addressed :
“ Your griefs, Francesca, weigh upon my breast,
And fill my eyes with tears ; vouchsafe to tell,
In love's spring-season of fond sighs what spell

First brought the bud of secret hope to flower,
And taught your hearts the presence of his power.”
“ Alas !” she said, “ when only pangs remain,
The memory of past joy is sharpest pain,—
And this your master knows ; yet if desire
So strong and eager prompt you to inquire
Whence sprung our love, the story you shall hear,
Though every word be followed by a tear.
One day, intent to while away the time,
Alone, yet void of fear as free from crime,
We read of Lancelot’s love ; oft from the book
We raised our eyes, and each commingling look
Led to a blush,—the story we pursued,
Till one short, fatal passage all subdued.
For when we read the lover crowned with bliss,
Her rapturous smile, and his more ardent kiss,
He, who is ever to my side attached,
He from my lips a kiss all trembling snatched ;
No conscious slave the’ impassioned message bore,
Save that frail book : that day we read no more.”
As thus one Shadow told the mournful tale,
The other did so feelingly bewail,
That pity checked my blood, my voice, my breath,
And sunk me to the ground as one in death.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDEE.

FROM A PICTURE BY A. E. CHALON, ESQ.

I.

STATELY as a silver swan,
O'er a river sailing on,—
Fancies sweet with feelings high,
Mingled, in her dreaming eye,—
Guarded close by squire and page,
(Youth will *not* be schooled by age!)
Watched in vain, though watched so well,
Moves the lady Isabel!

II.

She is dreaming, at this hour!—
In her dream there is a bower,
And an overlooking star,
And the voice of a guitar,
And the murmur of a prayer;
And a vow is uttered there;—
Soon her guards will have to tell
How 't was kept by Isabel!



A. E. Chalon, R. A. Del.

Engraved by C. Rolls.

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ITHRAN THE DEMONIAK.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT, ESQ.

It was during the latter part of that remarkable period in the history of the world, when the Hebrews, passing from Egypt to Canaan, had encamped in the wilderness of Kadesh, that a young hunter went forth one morning from the borders of Mount Seir. He had pursued a herd of wild antelopes across one of the wide, sandy tracts of those regions till he beheld them take refuge among some rocky hills at a considerable distance before him. When he reached this craggy solitude, a variety of narrow valleys that opened between the cliffs, distracted his attention, and, pausing to consider which he should pursue, he observed for the first time—what his enthusiasm had hitherto prevented him from noticing—that the sun had nearly reached the mid-heaven, that the heat was intense, and that a burning thirst and a throbbing brow demanded the refreshments of shade and water. Added to this pressing necessity, he knew that to attempt to retrace those scorching sands till the heat of the day was past, was next to impossible; and beside, he hoped yet to surprise his game in some of the seclusions of these rocks. Selecting there-

fore, in preference to the others, a glen, which, by the dampness of the sand in its bottom, gave indication of water higher up, he followed its windings for a long time with great perseverance, and, at length, found his patience rewarded by the sight of one of those little, paradisiacal valleys often hidden in the bosom of these stony Oases. There the stream, which at his entrance was absorbed by the hot and ever-thirsty sand, came murmuring along with all the transparency and liveliness of a mountain rivulet; and, while all the tops of the eminences around were bare and burning peaks, its banks were brightened with the most green and flowery verdure; the large white lily, the globe amaranth, and abundance of other plants of the most splendid hues, and of the richest aroma, bending over its margin; the aloe, here and there, spreading out its ample round of dark-green leaves, and lifting up its lofty blossomed stem; thickets of tamarind, rose-laurel, cotton, and a variety of aromatic shrubs scattered about between the water and the feet of the dark granite rocks, aloft in whose interstices, the lovely rose of Jericho waved its glowing blooms, and acacias, dates, and various species of palm, cast at once shade and beauty.

After quenching his thirst, and cooling his feet repeatedly in the stream, he slowly wandered farther up the valley, and soon beheld, to his mortification, that it was terminated by lofty cliffs, down which the brook came scattering loudly its waters. One nook attracted his steps by the luxuriant, dependant foliage of a vast wild

vine, and he was about to seat himself beneath it, when he started back on discovering that it concealed the entrance to a gloomy cavern. Instinctively he glanced upon the ground to discern, by footmarks, what might be the nature of its inhabitants, if any; and he beheld, not the print of the wild-beast's paw, nor the sandal of man, but that of a large naked human foot. He was about to retreat; but, on turning round, his eye fell upon the wildest figure it had ever yet encountered.

It was that of a tall and slightly-built man, whose only clothing was a long robe of goat and camel's hair, and whose locks and beard had grown to a wonderful extravagance. He reclined beneath a broad sycamore tree, on a large fragment of rock; and, observing him more closely, the youth was struck with signs of sickness and exhaustion. His heart, at the view, lost at once its fear; he saw only before him an object of distress;—he advanced, and spoke.

The stranger lifted up his eyes, with a vague wildness for a moment; then, closing them again, the tears gushed silently down his cheeks. He was silent; but it was evidently the silence of emotion. At length, lifting up his hands, he grasped that of the youth fervently, and made signs for him to sit down. He obeyed,—but the stranger still continuing silent, he asked if he could render him any service. He replied, with a melancholy emphasis, "Thou mayest! but start not when thou knowest for whom. Knowest thou for whom thou art interested?"

knowest thou the "Demon of the Desert?" At that dreadful name the youth started to his feet with a shuddering groan; but he was rivetted to the spot,—and the stranger cried imploringly, "Nay!—fly not, fear not, my son! The time has been when thy visit hither would have been death; but that time is past—I am not what I was.—I am dying. At this moment, the presence of a human soul is precious to me. Thou canst hear me—thou canst bury me."

The eyes of the youth attested the truth of what his fearful companion declared; and with a strange mixture of awe, curiosity, and sympathy, he listened to the following narrative.

"I am not what thy countrymen have deemed me—I am not originally, and altogether, a demon; but Ithran, an outcast of Israel. It is not entirely unknown to the nations among whom that people has now so long sojourned, that, although their dreadful God has kept them wholly by his might, making nature bend its ancient laws to their use, and surrounding them with terror as with a wall, they have been but imperfectly sensible of the glory of their lot, and have often provoked the Lord to anger. But it has been, in these latter years, that this spirit of unbelief and ingratitude has grown to the most marvellous height. In vain were the overwhelming terrors of God displayed on the Mount;—in vain did blazing serpents spread death; and the burning bolts of Divine vengeance burst suddenly upon the heads

of the rebellious, in ruin ; in vain was the beautiful and majestic Miriam, who went out dancing before the virgins of Israel, and singing that triumphant song of victory over Pharaoh, cast, a leprous object, out of the camp before their eyes ;—since their abode in Kadesh the spirit of wickedness was become monstrous. God had refused to go up before them to the Promised Land ; the Amalekites had discomfited them, and they were full of despondency. Add to this, famine was in the camp. Except the manna and the quails, food now universally loathed, there was nothing. The stock of cattle was exhausted ; and the desert seemed to become, every day, more fierce and inhospitable.

“ But the day of Annual Expiation was at hand ; and hope awoke in all hearts. God had appointed, in his mercy, a way to free Israel from its sins. He had empowered the High Priest to lay all their crimes on the head of a goat, which should bear them away into the wilderness. The day arrived ;—all Israel was assembled before the sanctuary ;—a breathless anxiety prevailed ;—the various offerings were made ;—the devoted goat was brought forth ; the mysterious words which charged it with the whole sin of Israel, were pronounced ; and a weight, and a gloom, seemed to pass from the hearts of the people. It only remained to send the goat away, by the hand of a *fit man*. And now a fearful and eager curiosity ran through the multitude, to know who this man should be. It was an important trust. The two victim goats had

been procured with much difficulty,—such was our poverty; and they had been guarded with much care, for such was the wickedness of the time, that some sons of Belial had attempted to break in, and carry them off; and it was expected that they would lie in wait to kill the scape-goat in the wilderness. I was a prophet, and the son of a prophet; and young as I was, my zeal in the cause of God, and of Moses, had given me great favour in the eyes of the elders.—I was chosen as the *fit man*.

“It was deemed necessary that I should go two days’ journey into the wilderness. A great number of the most illustrious of the Hebrew youth accompanied me till the sun began to decline; then, with many blessings, I went on alone. As I saw the friendly band retracing their steps, a sensation of pride, such as I never felt before, arose in my heart, that I should be deemed most worthy of this most momentous trust. I marched lightly on;—the sun went down;—all night I pursued my way, unceasingly; so strongly did that exaltation of spirit bear me on. I never thought of food or sleep, till the next day as the sun became hot, when I sought the shade of a rock for rest and refreshment. When I looked for my scrip, it was gone;—during this state of self-gratulating excitement, it had slipped off, unperceived. I was stung with a sudden and unreasonable anger; and rising up, I smote the goat, and went on. The craving of hunger the torture of thirst—the sense of my loss, the conscious-

ness that several days must elapse before I should regain the camp, angered and appalled me. My frame was already debilitated and rendered irritable, by the effects of the famine, and of the strict fast preparatory to the day of expiation : in vain I all day looked out for water, for a wild fig, a date, a melon ;—there was nothing around me but burning sand. The goat, as well as myself, appeared exhausted. We went on and on ;—the day seemed as though it would never end ; and, to add to my anguish, the ground was now everywhere covered with a prickly plant, which lacerated my feet, and filled them with its spines. A suggestion arose in me, to return ; but my pride instantly rejected it ; and again I smote the goat, and we sped forward with increased exertion. The sun at length did set ; and, to my joy, I saw some rocks before me :—but there was neither tree, nor herb, nor water. I tied the goat to a stone, and flung myself down in despair beneath the rocks. But if my body was spent, my mind was full of a bitter activity. A thousand troublous and depressing thoughts passed through me ; the sense of my loss preyed on me ; the vast distance I imagined myself from men, terrified me ; the goat lay and slept quietly before me. At that sight my perturbation was aggravated tenfold. It could forget its pains ; but I, who suffered on its account, might not. I cursed the foolish pride which led me to undertake the enterprise. At this moment a thought arose—kill and eat. The horrible idea struck me like a thunder-clap ;—

I started up, and walked hastily away to escape from it; but it pursued me, and to evade it by action, I loosed the goat, and endeavoured to drive it away. But it was too much fatigued; it sank again on the ground. I had now, however, fulfilled my mission—I might return; but the view of the dreary boundlessness of the desert depressed my heart:—I despaired of ever recrossing it, and, with a fond fatality, lingered near the goat. I endeavoured to fill my mind with a vivid sense of the enormity of the suggested crime; but, in spite of myself, my sense of the guilt grew less, and less, and my appetite became furious. ‘What avails!’ I exclaimed, ‘at the price of my own existence, to spare a life which must soon be terminated!’ and drawing the knife from my girdle, I rushed on the goat; and plunged it into its neck. The blood spouted freely; I thought not of Moses or his laws; to me it was the stream of life—and pressing my parched lips to the wound, I drank with ravenous avidity. I was instantly seized with a delirious joy. I waited not for the life to depart; but kneeling down, I feasted on the flesh. A spirit of triumphant intoxication, a whirl of extravagant transport possessed me;—my vigour seemed restored tenfold;—I sat and laughed over my victim. But the wickedness of thousands,—the inspiration and madness of all crime and outrage, had passed into me from the dedicated animal, and I rushed away in its strength.

“At length I fell, and slept—I know not how long;

but when I awoke the intoxication was past, and the darkness and despair of inexpiable guilt was upon me. The depth of my fall—its utterness—its hopelessness—my eternal separation from the house of Israel,—all rushed upon my soul, and my first impulse was that of self destruction. For this purpose I arose and sought for the place of my crime ; for there were left the knife and the cord which had bound the goat. The spot I found ; but they and the remains of the animal were gone. The demoniac spirit which possessed me, now boiled up in furious anger. *Now* it was evident man was near—he had robbed me of my prey ; and my murderous passion turned from myself upon him.

A fierce and malignant desire of human destruction fastened upon me ; I stalked along with the ravenous heart of a beast of prey ; and it was not long before I descried, at the foot of a rocky range, a small Ishmaelish encampment. Like the tiger, I lurked in the crevices of the crags till nightfall ; and when I deemed sleep was upon the inhabitants, I rushed into the nearest tent. But the inmates were awake ; at the sight of my wild visage, they fled shrieking ; the alarm was communicated to the neighbouring tents, and I soon found myself in solitary possession of them all. At the sight of their soft couches, and various comforts, I was seized with envy and hatred intolerable. My first impulse was to set fire to the whole ; but the wealth, the gold, the pearls, the rich robes,—treasures of these merchants, caught my

eye, and a grasping avarice instantly took hold of me. Thoughtless of danger—forgetting, for the time, my thirst after human life,—I immediately set about digging a pit at the foot of a rock to bury a kingly spoil, when the people recovering from their surprise, returned. At the sight of their numbers I fled—fled upwards to the rocks. They pursued me, accustomed as they were to follow the wild goat and the chamois;—but I too had, from my youth, scaled the cliffs of the desert; and now a spell was on me which gave me supernatural power and speed, that annihilated all fear:—they pursued me in vain. I leaped from point to point, I swung by the pliant tree from ledge to ledge, and was gone. From that hour the terrors of my name spread through the wilderness—a thousand marvellous acts were attributed to me round the evening fires, and I became known as the “Demon of the Desert.” For months I ranged from place to place, driven by the unquenchable spirit of the murderer, but unable to gratify my fiendish desires. My fame went before me, and I found myself for ever in solitude.

“Exasperated with fruitless endeavours, my wrath turned from man to God: I became filled, at once, with a spirit of blasphemy and of idolatrous fear. I knelt to the sun at his rising, and kissed my hand to the moon and stars nightly;—to the Great Being who made them, I was full of hatred and defiance. In the vehemence of my impious rage, I traversed the deserts, and climbed by night to the lonely summits of Horeb and Sinai. There

no longer rested the dark and threatening clouds; no thunders shook the hills to their foundations; above, the clear sky, and the myriad stars shone silently,—around all was one waste sea of bare and splintered peaks. It is awful to think of the madness of impiety which there possessed me. I defied the Eternal on the very mountain of his power; and called on him, if he lived, to reveal himself once more in his thunders! I listened,—but a vast silence was around; the breeze only sighed carelessly on its way, as in mockery of my insignificance. I descended—my heart devoured with the most venomous feelings against God, and against Moses, whom I cursed as a juggling impostor.

“But if the sacred hills were quiet, not so was the earth beneath them. A sound of rushing wings swept by me; dark whispers were in my ears; shadowy shapes went to and fro, turning upon me their eyes gleaming with strange fires; and dusky forms arose out of the very ground before me. I had dared to challenge God; but I shrunk trembling from these dismal spirits! I fled to my cave for refuge; but where is the refuge for him who has surrendered the guardianship of the Author of Nature? Thunders shook the rocks over my head; crags fell crashing and echoing into the dell below; lightnings gleamed through the more than midnight darkness of my stronghold; and finally, a purple light issuing from the wall of solid granite, preceded the terrible Gods of the heathen, who passed slowly athwart the cavern.

They gazed silently upon me, but spoke not ; as if their only purpose were to receive my homage. I beheld the colossal majesty of Baal ; the imperial form, and lofty, yet smiling countenance of Ashtaroth, the queen of heaven—diademed with the horned moon, and a constellation of intensely beaming stars floating around her. Her steps were followed by the soft, voluptuous figure of Semel, the queen of love ; and by Pibeseth, the blushing and shame-faced goddess, with her eyes on the ground. Then came the hideous Dagon rolling on his fishy rear ; followed by the aged and stony-featured Chiun ; the stern and savage gloom of Moloch, enveloped in the furnace-glow of his own flames ; and lastly, Nehushtan, the haughty serpent, walking rather than gliding on his undulating volumes ; lifting aloft his crowned head and human countenance ; and clad in vivid scales, of scarlet, blue, and yellow, from beneath which streamed the radiance of internal fires. They passed ; but I was not the morea lone. The bottom of the cave swarmed with the pygmy forms of the Gemedim ; and from every nook and chink of wall and roof, gleamed down the green eyes and goatish visages of the Shoirim, grotesque but hideous.

“The idolatrous passion was extinguished. It was impossible to worship these fearful things ;—it was terrible to be conscious of their presence. This vision rekindled my longing after human society, and human sympathies ; but where were they to be found ? Far around I was to the inhabitants what these beings were to me. I determined,

therefore, to abandon the deserts ; and travelling on, from night to night, I, at length, found myself in a cultivated land, and at the gates of a city of stupendous walls and towers. It was Argob, the city of Og ;—who has not heard of that last of the Anakims, and of his great bedstead of iron ? I was surrounded by a band of fierce, shaggy, and monstrous men who led me into his presence. He sate on a massy bench, beneath a sycamore, at the gate of his ponderous palace, and his sons, and his old warriors, a race of giants, stood around. I was overwhelmed, for a moment, by the sight of so huge and terrible a being ; tall as I am, I reached not to his girdle. Hopeless of life—careless of death, which to me could not be worse than life itself,—I avowed myself a prophet of Israel. A lying and cunning spirit was upon me. I declared that I fled from the despotism of Moses, and would rather receive death at the hands of the king, than live in those of the tyrant of my people. The spirit of delusion seized the giant-monarch. The nations of the Anakims had fallen around him beneath the arms of the Israelites ; he awaited daily his own trial, and he grasped at the intelligence I might give as a saving branch in the moment of his fall. I was received with favour and honour. I encouraged him—feigned to reveal to him the secret of the Hebrew strength, and assured him of victory. Kindled by my words, he determined not to expect, but to pour forth on his enemies. At once the whole land was in motion like a swarm of hornets. The

din of arms, the tumult of processions and sacrifices, filled it from end to end. The giant sons of the king, like inflamed demons, flew from place to place;—the almost equally gigantic daughters, creatures of a fierce and superhuman beauty and stature, their proud necks loaded with strings of pearls, their hair flowing on their shoulders, glittering with gold and jewels, their arms and ancles bound with massy clasps of gold, and tinkling bells of silver, excited to madness the priests by their kindled charms, and their presents of embroidered hangings for the tabernacles of their polluted groves. Dreadful was the rage which boiled through the sanguinary multitudes—dreadful were the cries of human victims—thrilling the shrieks of tender infants cast into the flaming furnaces of Adrammelec.

“But in the midst of this tumultuous scene of guilt and terror, one beautiful and serene object shone like a solitary star upon a tempestuous ocean. It was the youngest daughter of the king, the daughter of a captive descendant of Esau. Of the ordinary stature of humanity, the richness of her beauty, and the gentleness of her spirit, presented only the image of her deceased mother. She was fair as the lily of the valley, but her eyes and flowing locks were dark as night. She had heard of the true God, and of his dealings with her ancestors, from her mother, in childhood; she looked on the savage natures of those with whom she dwelt, with horror and detestation; and my words roused in her soul the most intense

and anxious interest. While all others were absorbed in the preparations for war, from day to day, she besought me with questions. In her presence my former tone of mind, my former happiness, seemed to return; a spirit of sacred inspiration was even permitted to me; and I displayed, with glowing enthusiasm, the true history of man—the dispensations of God to Israel—the speedy and utter annihilation of this people. When I ceased, I beheld her kneeling upon the ground, her lovely face turned with a sublime and adoring expression towards heaven. She arose. ‘I fear not to die,’ she meekly said, “but I fain would not die in the midst of this idolatrous people. Oh! that I was but the lowest handmaid in the tents of my mother’s kindred!’

“Already deeply affected by her beauty, I was now aroused by her devotion. ‘Fly,’ I exclaimed. ‘I know the deserts, and vow to become thy faithful conductor.’

“With much entreaty I prevailed;—but when I counselled her to bear away the teraphim of the king, she paused; her pure soul shrank from any thing like theft; and those golden and jewelled teraphim, worth almost half his kingdom,—those household gods from which, morn and evening, he invoked prosperity,—it was too much. But my zeal—my character of a prophet—my solemn representations that it was a testimony against idolatry demanded by God, shook her spirit—she struggled long, but gave way. In a thicket, not far from

the city, I concealed two swift dromedaries. At night, I awaited her at the foot of a tower upon the wall, whence, with the teraphim, she descended in a basket. We had already reached the thicket, when her giant-brothers sprang forth with dreadful yells. I beheld her in their grasp—I heard her cries—I saw the sword red with her blood: resistance was vain—I fled! Darkness and my destiny favoured my flight; but the blood of that fair and gentle creature lay on my soul like fire. Remorse—pity—love—drove me on in desperation, I knew not whither. At length I was stopped by a range of rocks; I climbed to their top, and sate down in a state of dreamy torpor. From that height I beheld the armies of Israel in march; I saw the host of the Anakims come down like a foaming sea; anon, they were scattered like mist, and the Israelites pursued, slaying to the bounds of the vast horizon. I followed, and in a few days beheld all that monstrous nation utterly destroyed, and walked amongst the smoking ashes of their groves and idol-temples.

“ But I saw a thing there more hateful than even the Anakims. I saw the Israelites dwelling at peace in the cities and in the fertile fields—in a plenteous possession, from which I was cut off for ever. I retired from the intolerable spectacle once more to the desert. The tempestuous energy of those passions, which had successively visited me, seemed now exhausted. I was feeble and faint as a child; yet a burning envy consumed my

heart of the blessings of my brethren, and a malignant cruelty towards the weak and defenceless possessed me. I trod with vindictive malice on the beetle that crawled on the sand before me; and when the lizard ran up the sunny rock, and looked cheerfully in my face, I took up a stone and crushed it. Even this petty force of evil departed, and I was left a powerless prey to remorse—to a vain longing after reunion with my people—to overwhelming terrors—terrors of God, of death, and of the powers of darkness.

“Oh, praise! boundless praise to Him, who, at length, drew back the arm of his wrath, and forgave. I lay at the mouth of this cave—I know not whether awake or in sleep, but I saw before me two angelic beings; and, by a closer contemplation of them, I recognized my parents. I heard my mother, as if addressing my father, say,—‘How long have we interceded for our unhappy son, that he might be made a partaker of the annual benefit of the scape-goat, and, at length, it is granted. His latter career of crime has been but the career of a maniac—his real crime was the breach of his sacred trust—he has suffered as no man ever yet did, and he is forgiven.’ She scattered upon me drops, as of water, from a crystal vase, and a thrill of joy—a warm sensation of human love, and tenderness, and hope, gushed upon my soul—tears came into my eyes, and I lay as in a soothing trance. During the space of a moon I have continued tranquil, breathing an atmosphere of love, and full of

adoration. But I am now spent ; and the last good gift of God is this—that he has sent thee to learn this awful lesson of unfaithful pride, and to save the bones of his repentant servant from the desert beast.”

Before the sun had risen on the morrow, the youth had buried the prophet in his cave, and returned to his tribe with a story destined to carry down fear and wonder to countless generations.

OLDBURY.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

HERE stood the Celtic Britons ; from afar
To watch the' invader, and roll back the tide
Of desolation : here the combat's pride
Raged oft and long ; the courser and the car
Oft hence recoiled in tumult ; till the star
Of Rome shone out on mutual homicide
A mutual ruin : now explorers glide
In safety o'er the vestiges of war,
And muse on peace to come. Haste, visions bright,
When the first resurrection shall unfold
Millennial reign of glory, and enchain
The' Arch-dragon ; while the floods of heavenly light,
For ever from the eternal fountain rolled,
Inundate earth, like one unbounded main.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing;
Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path,—a cloud upon its sky!—

II.

I see her yet—so fancy deems—her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming, like sun-light upon snow, above her forehead
fair;—
Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning smile
that played,
In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's self
had made!

III.

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her
way,
Nor dreamed the flowers that round her bloomed would
ever know decay;—

She had no winter in her note, but evermore would sing
(What darker season had she proved?) of spring—of
only spring!

IV.

Alas, alas, that hopes like hers, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour
should blight ;—
Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant brow
o'ercast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the
past!

V.

Years came and went—we met again,—but what a
change was there!
The glassy calmness of the eye, that whispered of des-
pair ;—
The fitful flushing of the cheek,—the lips compressed
and thin,—
The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaimed the strife
within!

VI.

Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth some pitying power
had given
Beauty, of more than mortal birth,—a spell that breathed
of heaven ;—

And as she bent, resigned and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seemed to glow !

VII.

No wild reproach — no bitter word — in that sad hour was spoken,
For hopes deceived, for love betrayed, and plighted pledges broken ;—
Like Him who for his murderers prayed, — she wept, but did not chide,
And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died !

VIII.

Thus — thus — too oft the traitor man repays fond woman's truth ;
Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth :
And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most !

A SUMMER SCENE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

LET us go forth, pale student, nature hath
Voices for thy worn spirit, and a pulse
Beating in concord with thy heated brain,
O'er-wrought with its vain toil! Awhile forsake
The lore of by-gone intellect,—the dreams
Of old Pythagoras, and him who died
The martyr to a high philosophy,
At sunset's quiet hour. Come out with me,—
For by that quivering flush upon thy cheek
I know that thou hast pondered cunningly
Upon the old world's wisdom! 'Tis not well
That one who has a spiritual thirst
For the' unfathomed mysteries of mind,
Should ponder constantly o'er antique lore!
Life's taper will go out. The energies
Of man's corporeal being will decay,
And leave the spirit bodyless. What then
For the deep hoards of wisdom,—the profound

And consecrated palaces of mind !
Come out, thou pale and visionary youth,
And mark the paths of nature !

Sweetly breathes

The cool noon zephyr through the green arcades
Formed by the hand of nature,—summer's voice
Lives in the babbling rivulets, and swells
In the clear notes of nature's choristers !
Look how the grain bends to the breezes' kiss—
See the rich sun-light twinkling through the shade
Of yon old hoary wood ! And mark yon scene,
A simple cottage, slumbering on the breast
Of a calm valley, like a pale white cloud
Floating amid the soft blue depths of heaven !
List ! on the wind's wing comes the silver note
Of some untutored girl ; and hark ! 't is mocked
By a glad echo in the far-off hills !
Look now about thee, student !—See the sheaves
Piled in the winnowed meadow, and away
Over the lonely landscape mark the girls
Binding the corn !

The twilight hastens on—

Come, let us watch from this enamelled bank
For the first star. Shadows are sailing fast
Over the silent valleys, and the birds
Fly in strange order towards to-morrow's dawn !
Thy cheek, young student, hath a healthier hue ;
Thy step is more elastic. It were well

That thou didst often wander from the crowd,
And hold brief commune with the living things
That pant on nature's bosom. Time soon steals
The polish from young foreheads. Thou wilt be
Too soon among thy fathers, that thy strength
Must needs be wasted hunting cunning paths,
That lead to wisdom's temples. Live awhile,
And gaze among the crowd in thoughtfulness,
And thou wilt soon grow weary of the palm
That wisdom weaves for laurels. It is not
A dream of glory that gives happiness
To the aspiring spirit. Virtue dwells
Oftener in peasants' simple cottages
Than in the monarch's palace. Where she is,
Is human weal, and gentle hearts and peace!

Philadelphia, May 20, 1829.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

My birth-day! As the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears.

MOORE.

I.

I'M twenty-two;—I'm twenty-two,—they gaily give me
joy,
As if I should be glad to hear that I was less a boy;
They do not know how carelessly their words have given
pain
To one, whose heart would leap to be a happy boy again!

II.

A change has o'er my spirit passed, my mirthful hours
are few,
The light is all departed now my early feelings knew;
I used to love the morning grey, the twilight's quiet
deep,
But now, like shadows on the sea, upon my thoughts
they creep.

III.

And love was as a holy star when this brief year was
young,
And my whole worship of the sky on one sweet ray was
flung ;
But worldly things have come between, and shut it from
my sight,
And though that star shines purely yet, I mourn its
hidden light !

IV.

And fame !—I bent to it my knee, and bowed to it my
brow,
And it is like a coal upon my living spirit now ;
But when I prayed for fire from Heaven to touch the soul,
I bowed,
I little thought the lightning flash would come in such a
cloud.

V.

Ye give me joy ! Is it because another year has fled ?
That I am farther from my youth, and nearer to the
dead ?—
Is it that manhood's cares are come,—my happy boy-
hood o'er,—
Because the visions I have loved, will visit me no more !

VI.

Oh wherefore give me joy, when I can smile no welcome
back ?

I've found no flower, and seen no light, on manhood's
weary track :

My love is deep—ambition deep—and heart and mind
will on;

But love is fainting by the way, and fame consumes ere
won !

Philadelphia, May 2, 1829.

LUNACY.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

THE saddest scene of sadness is the fall
Of intellectual greatness from its height ;—
That darkness is most desolate of all
Which shadows and o'erwhelms mind's glorious light :
And time sees nothing in its thoughtful flight
So grievous as the' unlooked-for funeral
Of holy expectations, which, once bright
And beautiful, now rest beneath the pall
Of absolute despair. The sad undoing
Of man's sublimest deeds,—the wreck, the ruin
Of mental power and splendour, are to me
A page unreadable in the fair book—
O Infinite Wisdom,—of Thy mystery ;—
To Thee, O God ! not there—To thee I look !

THE CONTRAST.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK, ESQ.

I.

It was the morning of a day in spring,
The sun looked gladness from the eastern sky;
Birds were upon the trees and on the wing,
And all the air was rich with melody;
The heaven, the calm, clear heaven was bright on
high;
Earth laughed beneath, in all its freshening green;
The free, blue stream, in joy went murmuring by,
And many a sunny glade and flowery scene,
Gleamed out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled years
between.

II.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came,
Oft, as its whisperings the young branches stirred,
And flowers, for which the poet hath no name;
While, 'midst the blossoms of the grove was heard
The murmur of the restless humming-bird;

Waters were dancing in the mellow light,
And joyous tones, and many a cheerful word,
Stole on the charmed ear with such delight,
As waits on soft sweet tones of music heard at night.

III.

The night dew's lay in the half-opened flower,
Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast;
And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
Awoke the clear lake from its glassy rest;
Far, blending with the blue and distant west,
Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
Of amber clouds, like islands of the blest—
Glorious and bright, and changing like a dream,
And lessening fast away beneath the' intenser beam.

IV.

Songs were amid the mountains far and wide,
And songs were on the green slopes blooming nigh;
While 'mid the springing flowers on every side,
Upon its painted wings, the butterfly
Roamed, a sweet blossom of the sunny sky;
The visible smile of joy was on the scene;
'T was a bright vision, but too soon to die:
Spring may not linger in her robes of green—
Autumn, in storm and shade, shall quench the summer
sheen.

V.

I came again ;—'t was autumn's stormy hour,
The wild winds murmured in the yellow wood ;
The sere leaves, rustling in the naked bower,
Were whirled in eddies to the mountain flood ;
Dark clouds enthralled the west ; an orb of blood,
The red sun pierced the hazy atmosphere ;
And torrent murmurs broke the solitude,
Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
I marked the deepening gloom that shrouds the fading
year.

VI.

The ruffled lake heaved wildly ; near the shore
It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree,
Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar—
Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea :
Pale, withered leaves ! once to the breezes free,
They waved in spring and summer's golden prime ;
Now, even as clouds or dew, how fast they flee !
Weak, trembling on the boughs in autumn's clime,
As man sinks down in death, chilled by the touch of
time.

VII.

I looked again ; and fast the dying sun
Was fading in the melancholy west—

Sending his fitful gleams, through clouds of dun,
O'er nature's desolate and dreary breast;
He lit the dew-drop's cold and frozen rest,
That slept on yellow leaves the woods among;
The sere earth's flowers that did the glades invest,
Had perished, and were buried where they sprung,
While the wild autumn wind their mournful requiem
sung!

VIII.

I marked the picture;—'t was the changeful scene
Which life holds up to the observant eye;
Youth's spring of gladness, and its bowers of green,
The streaming sunlight of its morning sky,
And the dark clouds of Death, that linger by!
Yet oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong,
Shall sorrow fill with tears the youthful eye,
And age to death move peacefully along,
As on the singer's lip expires the finished song!

Philadelphia.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

I.

I never was a favourite—

My mother never smiled

On me, with half the tenderness

That blessed her fairer child :

I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,

While fondled on her knee ;

I've turned away to hide my tears,—

There was no kiss for me !

II.

And yet I strove to please, with all

My little store of sense ;

I *strove* to please, and infancy

Can rarely give offence :

But when my artless efforts met

A cold, ungentle check,

I did not dare to throw myself,

In tears, upon her neck.

III.

How blessed are the beautiful !
Love watches o'er their birth ;
Oh beauty ! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth ;—
For even *there*, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn ;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born !

IV.

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile or an embrace.
But when *I* raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

V.

But oh ! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect ;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked ;
I did not covet *them* ; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

VI.

But soon a time of triumph came —
A time of sorrow too,—
For sickness, o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw :—
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death ;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

VII.

'T was then, unwearied, day and night
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived !—she loved me for my care !—
My grief was at an end ;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I *have* a friend !

EVENING TIME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

ZECH. xiv. 7.

I.

AT evening time let there be light :
Life's little day draws near its close ;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose :
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

II.

AT evening time let there be light :
Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way :
O for one sweet, one parting ray !
At evening time let there be light.

III.

At evening time there *shall* be light ;
For God hath spoken ;—it must be :
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me ;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see :
—’T is evening time, and there *is* light !

TO THE TURTLE-DOVE.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

DEEP in the wood, thy voice I list, and love
Thy soft complaining song,—thy tender cooing ;
O what a winning way thou hast of wooing !
Gentlest of all thy race—sweet Turtle-dove.
Thine is a note that doth not pass away
Like the light music of a summer’s day !
The Merle may trill his richest song in vain,—
Scarce do we say, “ list ! for he pipes again ; ”—
But thou ! that low plaint oft and oft repeating
To the coy mate that needs so much entreating—
Fillest the woods with a discursive song
Of love, that sinketh deep, and resteth long,—
Hushing the voice of mirth, and staying folly—
And waking in the heart a gentle melancholy.



Engraved by J. T. Hildner

Painted by J. Norton

THE GARDEN OF THE MONASTERY

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

Des traditions etrangeres
En parlent sans obscurité.
Mais dans ces sources mensongeres
Ne cherchons point la verité.

GRESSET.

Nous avons changé tout cela.

MOLIERE.

I.

LILY! I've made a sketch to shew
How all the world will alter
The tournament in Ivanhoe
As painted by Sir Walter:
Those jousting-days are all gone by,
And, heaven be praised they're over!
"When brains were out, the man would die,"
A swain may now recover!

II.

Yet, Lily! Love has still his darts,
And beauty still her glances;
Her trophies now are wounded hearts,
Instead of broken lances!
Soft tales are told though not with flowers,
But in a simple letter,
And, on the whole, this world of ours
Is altered for the better!

III.

Your stalwart chiefs, and men of might,
Though fine poetic sketches,
Contrasted with a modern knight,
Were sad unpolished wretches:
They learned, indeed, to poise a dart,
Or breathe a bold defiance;
But "reading" was a mystic art,
And "writing" quite a science!

IV.

Our heroes still wear spur on heel,
And falchion, cap, and feather;
But for your "surcoats" made of steel,
And "doublets" made of leather,—
Good heavens! just fancy at a ball,
How very incommodious!
And then, they never shaved at all—
'T was positively odious!

V.

A warrior wasted half his life
In wild crusades to Mecca,
In previous penance for a wife,
Like Jacob for Rebecca!
Or captive held some twenty years
At Tunis or Aleppo,
Came back, perchance without his ears,
A yellow fright, like Beppo!

VI.

Then heads were made to carry weight,
And not to carry knowledge;
Boys were not "brought up for the state,"
Girls were not sent to "college:"
Now! (oh! how this round world improves)
We've "Essays" by mechanics,
"Courses" of wisdom, with removes—
And ladies' Calisthenics!

VII.

In the olden time, when youth had fled
A lady's life was over;
For might not she as well be dead
As live without a lover?
But now no foolish date we fix,
So brisk *our* Hymen's trade is,
Ladies are now at fifty-six,
But "elderly *young* ladies."

VIII.

And husbands now, with bolts and springs,
Ne'er cage, and frighten Cupid,
They know that if they clip his wings,
They only make him stupid;
Their "married ladies" had no lutes
To sigh beneath their windows,
They treated them, those "ancient" brutes,
As cruelly as Hindoos!

IX.

They moped away their lives, poor souls!
By no soft vision brightened,
Perched up in castle pigeon-holes,
Expecting to be—frightened!
Or hauled away through field, or fray,
To dungeon or to tower,
They ne'er were neat for half a day,
Or safe for half an hour.

X.

'T was easy too, by fraud or force,
A wife's complaints to stifle;
To starve her was a thing of course,
To poison her a trifle!
Their wrongs remain no longer dumb,
For now "the laws" protect them,
And canes "no thicker than one's thumb,"
Are suffered to correct them.

XI.

Then dwell not, Lily! on an age
Of Fancy's wild creation,
Our own presents a fairer page
For Beauty's meditation:
Though you share no *Bois Gilbert's* bed,
No *Front de Beuf's* vagaries,
You may be comfortably wed
Some morning at St. Mary's!

Φ.

THE LAST OF THE STORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

AT a very early hour of a July morning, an admirer of the picturesque stood alone upon the top of a hill, upon a spot best calculated to give him a bird's-eye view of the town in which he was a temporary resident, together with its adjacent scenery. The prospect he commanded was indeed most pleasing, notwithstanding that some blotches occasionally offended the eye, and produced disagreeable associations in the mind.

The extensive "haunt of men," containing twenty thousand souls, peeped out, here and there, about a mile distant, through groves, gardens and orchards mixed up with its outskirts, and through more rural foliage between him and them. The river that ran under its bridges from a remote hill-source, widened as it approached the stranger; uplands sloped from behind it and all around to a great distance, the country was spotted with villas and mansions, and relieved with masses of trees, rich and abundant for an Irish landscape, though somewhat meagre if

compared with a parallel scene in perfected England. Beyond them, from twenty to forty miles off, towered blue mountains—shapeless, excepting in the general outline; blank; pale; the mere spectres of what in reality they were. Upon their peaks alone the rising sun had begun to shine, whilst all the rest of the picture remained untouched by his beams, though visible in their promised advent;—not vague in twilight, but distinct and fresh, however cool, and, as it were, unjoyous in the reflection rather than in the presence of godlike day. A white mist curled up, at different points of the wide-spread slopes; the river running gray and dim, and shewing only black wrinkles where at noon-tide it was to sport its dimples, and interweave its maze of little lines of light.

The dark spots of this fair view remain now to be noticed. Part of the suburbs of the town consisted of dingy ruins: cabins, and small farm-houses beyond them, also appeared half burned;—no cattle grazed or sauntered, or reclined in their trampled pasturages—few, indeed, could be seen over the whole landscape; in other fields, hay had rotted, and wheat and barley were going to decay for want of the sickle; many mills upon the brink of the river, or of its tributary streamlets, shewed signs of recent and present idleness; and before one of them, which the stranger knew had lately been converted into a temporary barrack, a sentinel was pacing. These, and other things, seemed to indicate that civil war, not yet quite subdued, had recently visited in its

bitter wrath, one of the fairest districts of his country : in fact, it was the end of July, 1798.

“ But the storm is about to pass away,” said he, “ never again, I hope, to gather on our hills and desolate our plains ;—a few weeks more, and in this town and county, at least, we shall be amenable to our own civil magistrates, and not to the arbitrary administrators of martial law ;—a few days more, and our sisters, wives and daughters, need not tremble through the live-long night, cowering together like wood-pigeons from the hawk ;—a few days more, and you, dearest Bessie, now dreaming of me (you will say so at breakfast) in yonder garrisoned town, may be permitted to accept of my protection.”

Indulging the last feeling, he employed himself, lover-like, in trying to make out, among the different groups of houses that broke through the foliage in and beyond the town, the identical roof under which he imagined his fair dreamer to slumber, when he heard shrill cries from a bye-road that skirted the hill upon which he stood, although its convex sweep was so abrupt as to hide that road from his view. Suddenly the cries were hushed—and then came a clashing of weapons, from the same quarter. Indifferent to the danger of interfering, in such times, in an unknown quarrel, he hastened to the road, not indeed by plunging directly downward from the spot on which he had been standing, which was impracticable, but rather by running along

the hill's ridge towards the town, until he gained a path which winding obliquely over its bosom, would tardily usher him upon the road, at a point considerably above the spot he was so anxious to gain.

Before he got half way down, the clashing ceased, as the cries had previously done. He stopped to listen in the *bosheen*;—horsemen approached him, yet hidden by a turn of the narrow road. Prudence now qualified his first chivalrous ardour, and he secreted himself behind a fence. Presently, two Hessians, belonging to a regiment quartered in the town, came slowly up to his hiding-place. They were conversing in their own language, with which he was acquainted, and their first words strongly interested him. They came close—he held his breath to catch every syllable they uttered, and just as they passed, he ventured, for a reason drawn from their discourse, to glance observantly though cautiously at them. He became satisfied, so far;—the face of one bled profusely; the right arm of the other was bound up, and hung disabled at his side. Soon after clearing his ambush, the Hessians trotted briskly towards the town. He then jumped over the fence, and, greatly excited, ran along the road in the direction they had taken. He arrived at a stile, leading into a pasture-field, which belonged, as he was aware, to a farm-house distant some fields more from it, and skirting a little retired hamlet—almost the only one in the immediate district still free from the visitations of civil war. The

mark of horses' hoofs on the dust near the fence, recently impressed, made him pause at this spot. He vaulted over the stile, and remarked, even during his quick transit, that it was bloody. At the end of a path running from it, he saw two cows standing together, holding down their heads; a pail, overturned, was near them; and beyond them were some men and women, with eyes bent upon the ground. A few bounds brought him into the midst of the group, and he now saw what he had expected—the poor owner of the pail lying senseless, if not dead on the grass; her head bruised, and a severe wound in her neck.

He called on the bystanders for an explanation—one and all, they professed complete ignorance of the accident. They had only heard screams at some distance; and when, after waiting for each other to advance in a body, they arrived on the spot, they saw no one—nothing, in short, but the poor girl lying there, her pail upset, her milk spilled, and the two cows standing over her; and “*she* could not yet spake for herself, if it was the Lord’s will that she was ever to spake agin at all;” but one of the women surmised that “Brown Beck, the young cow wi’ the sharp horns, that now and then was a giddy, cross-grained cow, might have done the mischief, for as sorry as she now looked on the head of it.”

The catechist did not regret the ignorance of the peasants, and with praiseworthy caution resolved not to make them wiser on the subject. He only assisted in conveying the wounded milk-maid to the farm-house, having first

dispatched a messenger for a surgeon. The girl moaned when they stirred her, but gave no sign of consciousness. Her new friend saw her laid on a bed, and taking the dame of the house aside, soon convinced the good woman's understanding that, till the arrival of a surgeon, she alone ought to sit by the sufferer's couch, and hear her explanation; if, indeed, she should be able to give one by that time.—The next instant he was on the road to the town.

In the suburbs he met the surgeon proceeding to visit his patients. It was most advisable to make a confidant of this gentleman, also; accordingly, our young acquaintance stopped him, repeated much of what he had said to the farmer's wife, obtained the assurances he wished, and walked quietly forward.

It did not surprise him to observe, at the entrance of the town, groups of people looking around, as they conversed in a low tone, and turned their heads and eyes in the direction which the two bleeding Hessians must so very recently have taken. But, he was startled—though expecting something of the kind, too—when, as he gained the main street, drums beat to arms, trumpets sounded to the field, and soldiers of every description, regulars, militia, and the local yeomen, hurried, obeying the summons, to a well-known place of rendezvous.

He was received at the friend's house in which, for many months, he had been a visitor, with a welcome which suggested that his family had expected his return,

in some alarm. His host, and his host's son, stood at the back of the servant who opened the door, and shook his hand warmly. A voice yet gentler than theirs, whispered his name through a half-open door in the hall, and he disappeared into the apartment to answer the summons as became him; nor did he lead Bessie Gordon to the breakfast-parlour until he had made her the exclusive confidant of his morning's adventure, detailing every circumstance very minutely, for her satisfaction and assurance.

Breakfast was nearly over, when he asked—"and now, my good friends, what is the meaning of the excitement in which I find you all?"

"No one has told you, as you came along, Harry?" said Mr. Gordon;—"No!"—"Then you have yet to hear disagreeable news. Two of the Hessians of our garrison, on their way to General Sir A. D. with dispatches, this morning, have been attacked by a body of rebels, who, unfortunately for me, seem to be composed of my tenantry about Killane."

"Ay?" cried Harry, drily.

"Ay, indeed, and the two poor fellows are badly hurt; and Sir A. D. is going to march out almost the whole garrison, to burn every cabin of the hamlet, if he cannot meet with the treacherous rascals."

"Ay!" repeated Harry, his brow knitting and his cheek reddening, to the surprise of his host; "and have *the two poor fellows* described the appearance of the rebels, sir? Were there any *women* among them?"

"Why, yes, as is almost always the case; one of whom, the men think, they have wounded."

"Ay!" still cried Harry, rising sternly, while a party of horse trotted up to the hall door, and then a loud knocking resounded through the house.

"The General," resumed Mr. Gordon—"following up his intimation to me, even sooner than I expected."

"What intimation, sir?"

"That, before he proceeded to Killane, he would require my opinion as to those of my tenantry there, most likely, from symptoms of previous disaffection, to have headed the insurrection this morning."

"Mr. Gordon," resumed Henry, while they heard the General and his party ushered into an adjoining room, "there is now no time to inform you why I am very anxious to stand by your side during this interview, but I particularly request you to afford me that privilege."

"Henry Lane," answered his host, "your expression, when you came home, just now—the preference I know you have for that morning walk towards Killane—your manner at breakfast—your present request—all convince me you can say something about the matter in question—is it so?"

"It is, Mr. Gordon."

"And you *do not fear* to stand by my side?"

His young guest scouted the notion.

"Although your old enemy, Kirk, is at the General's elbow?"

“ Although the devil, instead of a dear friend of his, were there, Mr. Gordon.”

They entered the General's presence together. He was a sharp-featured man; having a military air certainly—but one of an inferior kind. A scar through his lips, and down his chin, argued, indeed, effective service; but it also added to the ungentle expression of his countenance, and did not combat the presumption that fitness of natural character, rather than high achievement in the field, had recommended him to his late and present situation of despotic chief, judge, and all but executioner, at a terrible and merciless crisis.

At his right hand, stood Mr. Sheriff Kirk—also, Captain Kirk; the second title having been conferred by a command in one of the yeomanry corps of the town. He wore, of course, his military uniform, and did not lack the air of a soldier. Nor were his cool grey eyes, his yellow cheeks, and his steady mouth, evidences of a merely civil energy of official character. A few words more, glancing at his previous history, are required, for the knowledge we need to have of this individual.

Ten years before, he had kept a very humble shop in the town. A large reward was offered for the apprehension of a notorious robber. Mr. Kirk courageously issued into the country—returned with the highwayman—got the reward—and never afterwards knew a poor day. Under the patronage of the noble person who dispensed corporate honours, he rose rapidly in the

world. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, no man could be more active in discovering hidden traitors, and dragging them to justice; some said, indeed, that on the principle of "sure hide, sure find," he might be supposed to be peculiarly adapted for the service. In the field, as a yeomanry officer, his zeal was equally conspicuous; for instance, after a skirmish with a band of United Irish, in a village some miles distant, two of the retreating peasants ran for shelter into a thatched chapel on the road-side, and Mr. Kirk pursued them, sword in hand, and dispatched the superstitious rebels on the steps of their little altar.

Henry Lane, when his host presented him to Sir A. D., wondered at the coldness of the General's bow. The undisguised sneer of Mr. Kirk did not surprise him. Upon his arrival, as the visitor of his father's oldest friend, Bessie Gordon was from home, and, amid the mixed society of the town, a daughter of the Captain-sheriff received at his hands more passing gallantry than perhaps fell to the lot of the young ladies around her; but Bessie came—looked—and conquered; and, in consequence, Mr. Kirk and his "darling child" chose to consider themselves ill-used people. But we dare say the gentleman felt even more keenly a second injury. Henry Lane had snatched from his gripe an innocent man, from whose condemnation as a rebel, Mr. Kirk had expected to reap peculiar advantages.

Mr. Gordon preferred his own and his young friend's

request, that Harry might be permitted to remain during the interview about to commence. The General and Mr. Kirk exchanged very expressive glances: and while, to Henry's increased amazement, the former said—"Certainly; though we could not suppose the young gentleman would be so anxious about it,"—the latter, almost to his consternation—smiled.

"In fact, sir, resumed Sir A. D., our principal business here is—making as little noise as possible—to desire you to consider yourself a prisoner."

"On what account?" asked Henry.

"Why, sir, we hope you may be able to tell us something of the insurrection of this morning;—you were observed on the road to Killane, hiding behind a fence, when, as is presumed, you found yourself likely to be overtaken by the retreating Hessians."

Henry Lane now asked another, and a very impolitic question; one that seemed almost to imply guilt; instead of at once communicating the information it was his duty to submit. But his curiosity to ascertain who had observed him, when he felt convinced the Hessians had not, threw him off his guard.

"Observed! by whom?"—he demanded.

"I regret to say, by me, Mr. Lane," continued Captain Kirk; "I happened to be in the fields, at your back."

"Then you dogged me, like the spy and informer you are, sir," said the accused, giving way to youthful passion. He was severely checked by the General, and

advised to speak more to the point. Much grieved and alarmed, his old host whispered him to be cool and collected: this, as is sometimes the case with persons in his situation, only made him less tractable. He vociferated;—he gesticulated;—he unbuttoned his coat, violently;—and there was an exclamation from the General and his prime-minister, as both pointed to a large bloody stain on his waistcoat. Henry had received it while assisting the unfortunate young woman to the farm-house; had buttoned his coat over it, as he returned to the town; had almost forgotten it, since; and had now unconsciously disclosed it. Feeling aware how much it must tell against him, he became silent and confused, and, to the scrutinizing eyes which observed him, appeared really guilty.

“Pray, Mr. Lane,” continued Sir A. D., “inform us, at last, if you please, why you concealed yourself from the Hessians, and in what manner your waistcoat became soiled.”

Courageously rallying, Henry said frankly what he had to say. The General and Mr. Kirk again glanced at each other; and the former, shaking his head, expressed his regret that, in the very improbable story submitted—and so tardily submitted—he saw little that ought to keep the matter from the ordinary test of a court-martial.

“Very well, sir,” said Henry, “only send for the poor girl, and if she is able to attend”—(and his blood grew

chill at the thought that she might be dead, without having uttered a word!) "I can laugh with scorn at the result."

The General believed that, whether she could attend or not, Mr. Lane would hardly be benefited; it was already in evidence from the two Hessians, that they had wounded one—and only one—of the motley rabble; that one, a woman, and, necessarily, the witness appealed to; and any convenient story she might tell, was scarcely worth the trouble of sending for; particularly as a dispatch to Killane must put the rebels on their guard against the intended attack; "and," continued Sir A. D., "as we only await the closing of the present case to march for their position."

Well aware of the prompt manner in which the General had hitherto deemed himself compelled to "close" such "cases" as "the present," Henry again began to exclaim against his mode of proceeding: "What! is an innocent man to be destroyed by the very villains he seeks to bring to justice?"

Mr. Gordon, quite terrified, raised his voice in entreaties for time and cool investigation. A whisper from the Captain-sheriff disposed of his appeal; and that gentleman then stepped out, and returned with two dragoons, who placed themselves at either side of the prisoner.

"In the name of common sense!" still conjured Henry, "how can I be supposed capable of the absur-

dity laid to my charge? My father's loyalty; as well known as are his rank and high character—my friends here; the first in your town—free from all taint,—how can suspicion fall on me? *I a rebel! I join with rebels in the field!*”

“Mr. Lane may recollect that his late zeal on behalf of a known and marked rebel, might not have left *motives* quite unsuspected,” said Mr. Kirk.

“Silence, paltry fellow!” cried the accused; “and now, Sir A. D., I have but one remaining appeal to make from your court-martial—from even your order for a court-martial—from yourself, personally—and it is to the distinguished man who has been publicly appointed to succeed you in your command over us all; understand, therefore, distinctly, that I protest, in his name, against your authority, and demand to be left—a prisoner, if necessary—for *his* disposal.”

“You will understand, in return, sir, that although the gallant individual to whom you allude has, indeed, been nominated to relieve me of my painful responsibilities, I retain, even with his assent, the full powers they confer, until he personally requires a transfer of them at my hands,” answered Sir A. D.

“But accountable to him, surely, for the use of what can be but delegated power, since his appointment,” urged Mr. Gordon.

“You mistake, sir,” said the General.

“He is expected this very day,” resumed Henry.

“ He *was* ; but he is not, Mr. Lane. Two men of our garrison—of whom you know something—brought me a dispatch from him a few hours ago, stating that, from a great anxiety to cultivate anew an old friendship, he will stop and sleep at Lord N——’s, on the road to us. And so I have answered all your demands at length, and, out of respect to your host, perhaps without considering the situation in which I am placed. Now, please to attend us to the court-house.”

“ Come, then ! ” cried the prisoner ; “ and how could I have hoped better from a man, whose cruelty, and not whose honourable services, procured him his present butchering commission ; and who dare not stand an appeal to the dignified commander, at length selected to rescue us from his despotism of blood ? ”—

“ My old friend’s son ! ” exclaimed Mr. Gordon, extending his arms, as Henry was led out after the General and Mr. Kirk. A shriek reached them ; and ere he could embrace the father, the daughter was clinging to his neck.

“ Fear nothing, Bessie—I am innocent.”

“ I know you are,” answered the poor girl ; “ but is that a reason why I should fear nothing ? Is that a reason why I should forget the sights we have unwillingly seen through the side panes of the old bow-window above stairs ? Oh ! Harry, remember the horrible day when, in less than an hour after he was dragged from our table, we beheld poor young S—— led to their

rooted gibbet, opposite their court-house ! But *you* must be saved !—how—how—what is to be done ?”

“ I will go out to General K——,” stammered Mr. Gordon, who, since Bessie’s appearance, had stood with his back against the wall ; and while he spoke, he fell. His daughter, screaming again, flung herself down by his side. The dragoons gained the hall with their prisoner ;—she flew to him ;—they forced her back ; and a second time she was at her father’s side, now as insensible as he ; and Henry, accompanied by her brother, proceeded to the Court-house.

Lord N——’s mansion, at which General K—— was spending the day, was about twelve miles distant from the town. An hour and a half after the occurrences related, he stood with his old friends before the steps of their hall-door, his hands behind his back, his grey head bent towards his breast. The urbanity of a gentleman, and the light of a good heart, cast a dignity over his massive and hard-marked features. A female galloped up the avenue, seated on a spirited little steed, as was evident from the animal’s fiery though graceful motions. She wore a lady’s riding-habit, but her head was bare ; and when she swept nearer, her golden hair appeared flowing down her shoulders and around her face, young and fair as the morning ; but like morning when its hues are washed out by tears. She must have caught a view of the persons she wished to see, at some distance, for she waved her light whip before they could hear her voice ;

and when the words she had long been uttering grew at last distinct, they pronounced his name.—He stepped forward.

“For life and death, General K——! for life and death!” she continued; “and not a moment—and not a word to spare;—order your horses, sir!—you are deputed to act for heaven, this day—you alone!—Come, sir, come!”

Amazed, admiring, sympathising, and much excited, he prayed an explanation.

“Not if you mean *to act!* not if you *will* discharge your great duty! not if you shrink from murder done in your name!—your horses, sir!”

Overpowered by her contagious vehemence, he gave the order required.

“The carriage!” said Lady N——, whose pale cheeks and streaming eyes bespoke the excitement in which she observed and listened—the carriage was in waiting, to take the party a ride through the grounds.

“Thanks,” said the General; “and it is better, if this young lady must”—

“Must and will go back with you!” interrupted Bessie Gordon, jumping from her saddle; and, almost stumbling, she was at the carriage door before he could offer his arm. The next moment they were whirled off, attended by the aid-de-camps, who had been ready mounted to accompany him on a very different excursion.

In broken sentences, Bessie now gave an explanation

of her hasty summons. Henry's confidential communication to her, before breakfast, enabled her to detail the whole of his case. Her companion listened most attentively. He inquired her lover's name. Bessie at last burst into tears as she gave it.

"Why, I know him," said General K —; "at least, I know his father; and may have seen him, when a child, at his father's table: he must be saved; even if he were guilty,—but we shall see."

"The time, sir! the time!" sobbed Bessie; "and we go so slow!"—The horses were proceeding at full gallop.

The General spoke out of the window to an aid-de-camp, desiring him to push forward at the utmost speed of his charger, and announce his approach to the court-martial; and the young man, stimulated by his interest for the beautiful and wretched Bessie Gordon, as well as by zeal in the service of his beloved commander, soon seemed to substantiate Bessie's charge against the very best gallop the carriage horses could assume. They lost sight of him in a few minutes.

"Is it over?" was her question, addressed to the first stranger she saw, as, an hour afterwards, the carriage rattled into the town; and twenty times she repeated it, although, either that it was not understood or heard, or that the people feared to answer her, no one replied. Approaching the court-house, she leaned out of the window, to look at the hideous gibbet;—its rope wavered in the breeze;—no more.

"Look! sir," she said, catching the General's arm, as she sank into her seat; "what do you think—*are* we too late?"

The carriage stopped;—the door was instantly opened, and an officer of the garrison appeared at it, saluting the General.

"My aid-de-camp, sir?" asked the new commander, getting down.

"I have the honour to await you here with a verbal dispatch from him," replied the officer.

"Where is he, sir?" asked Bessie, jumping to her old protector's side, who repeated her question.

"He has gone forward to Killane, sir, fresh mounted."

"Then the court-martial *have* decided?" continued Bessie.

"They have, madam."

"And Mr. Lane?"

"Has been marched out with the troops, to undergo his sentence, upon the spot where"—

The officer ceased speaking, as Bessie dropped at his feet. He and the General raised her, and she was placed in her brother's arms, who came running down the street.

"Fresh horses for us also, sir," said General K—, addressing the officer, as he pointed to his remaining aid-de-camps. While his commands were being obeyed, he walked up and down an open space before the court-house, his hands joined at his back, and his head bent,

as was customary with him. Other officers of the residue of the garrison left in the town, and several of the persons who, before the proclamation of martial law, had wielded civil authority, approached to pay their respects. Suddenly he stopped, and glancing up at the gallows, said to the group generally, "take that down; its day is over." Then he resumed his short walk, and again stopping, and scowling at the triangle which appeared in a corner of the space, added, "and down with that, too;—*its* day had passed even before it was put up."

His horses were led out, and he and his aid-de-camps proceeded towards Killane, by the narrow hill-road upon which Henry Lane had seen the Hessians in the morning; the officer of the garrison riding in advance to shew them the way. On approaching the hamlet, they met the second officer, who had gone forward before them, standing over the sorry steed with which he had been supplied at the town; the animal had fallen under him. After a few words they passed him.

"Shall we come up with them, sir?" asked General K—— of the officer.

"I should hope so, sir, unless they have marched at almost double-quick time; yet, see there, sir! and hear that!"—a wreath of smoke burst up into the sunshine, beyond a quick turn of the road, and a cheer, simultaneously reached the party;—"that must be the first firing of the enemy's cabins, and the execution of Mr. Lane's sentence must have preceded it."

General K—— spurred forward, passing his guide, so as to be the first at the turn of the road; and here he said, “you are wrong, sir,—the troops are still in motion towards their point.”

It was so. Sir A. D., with his force, had not yet gained the thatched hamlet of Killane; and the smoke that had been observed, arose only from a solitary cabin on the road side, which, having been found deserted by the terrified inmates, was fired by Mr. Kirk’s yeomen. Now within hearing of the rear-guard of the column, General K—— cried “halt! halt!” and desired his aid-de-camp to advance, who, obeying his command, repeated the magical word “halt!” and added, in still louder tones, his commander’s name. A halt quickly ensued, and the General galloped forward. Gaining the head of the line, he saw a young man, sitting on a horse led by a dragoon, his arms pinioned. Their eyes met;—the General touched his old-fashioned cocked hat, and smiled.—Henry Lane, who, till that moment, had worn a firm brow and a flushed cheek, turned sickly pale, and would have fallen from his saddle, but for the assistance of his guards.

The veteran joined Sir A. D. and his staff, still more in front. The two Generals exchanged bows, and stood uncovered, as also did their attendants, while the whole line presented arms, and the trumpets and kettle-drums of the horse, and the bands of the infantry, played a salute. Now the little hamlet appeared in view, and

from it came a wild and alarmed cry, in answer to the startling though cheering burst of martial music; and presently, groups of men, women and children, of every age, were seen running before the cabins, in great terror and disorder.

"The enemy, I suppose," said General K——; "not in arms, though, and therefore scarcely worth our attention. Let us send out to reconnoitre, however, in hopes that they may deem us entitled to a better reception. Meantime, Sir A. D., I go towards the cabins."

Attended only by an aid-de-camp, he arrived at the farm-house to which the wounded milk-maid had been carried. The surgeon, still in attendance, pronounced her out of danger, and at last able to speak. General K—— heard, at her bedside, the communications she had already made to her mistress and to the surgeon. Of the latter, he inquired whether she could safely be removed to the town, travelling in an open litter, only as fast as the troops should march. The surgeon said she could; and then, giving the necessary orders, he left the farm-house.

In a contiguous field, he summoned back the reconnoitring parties, and learned from their report, that no enemy of any kind appeared in view. After this, he rode to the nearest group of peasants, who, with much entreaty, awaited his approach; told the terrified people to go home and keep quiet; and lastly, returned to the troops on the road, and ordered them to march back the way they had come.

At the entrance to the town he whispered to his aid-de-camp, who trotted briskly forward. Arrived at the public parade, he halted the soldiers and dismissed them to their barracks: he then desired Sir A. D., the officers who generally formed his court-martial, and the prisoner, Henry Lane, to attend him to the court-house. As they proceeded up the steps of the building, Mr. Kirk, and many of his friends, exchanged eloquent glances at the disappearance of the gallows and the triangle.

The aid-de-camp who had gone forward, met his General in the court, and pointed out the two wounded Hessians, one in the dock, the other at a side-bar.

“Have you kept them separate, sir?” he asked.

“Strictly so, sir,” answered the aid-de-camp.

“Gentlemen,” he resumed, “we require some additional information touching the rebel movement of this morning; and without yet sitting as a court-martial, I wish to examine, in succession, these wounded men. Let one of them be led quite out of hearing. Let the other come on the table.”

He was quickly obeyed. The Hessian selected as a first witness, again affirmed that he and his comrade had been surprised by a band of rebels, at Killane, that morning; and, after wounding one only of the assailants—a woman—barely escaped with their lives. General K—— put questions, requiring minute accounts of the details of the affair, and received certain answers which he desired should be carefully written down. He then

seemed casually to inquire what conversation had passed between the witness and his comrade, upon the route home, after their escape;—the man hesitated. He raised his voice, knit his brow, and desired instantly a report of their whole conversation along the hill-road, whatever it was. The Hessian now gave answers, which were also committed to writing.

“Let him withdraw, and bring up the other—still keeping them apart,” resumed General K——.

The second Hessian appeared in the evidence-chair. His general statement of the attack corroborated that of the first; but his account of the specific details, already described by his comrade, was a new story altogether. And when asked to recollect and repeat their discourse on the road homewards, he made it consist of topics, which did not remotely resemble, even in matter, those sworn to by his friend.

“Let them come face to face,” was the General’s next command. Accordingly, they confronted each other; heard read the extraordinary clashings of their separate testimony, and were called on to reconcile them, if they could. The men were silent.

“Has the prisoner, Mr. Lane, any questions to propose to the witnesses?” asked General K——.

Henry said he would prefer to have them ask questions of one another, at his dictation. This was agreed to; and he proceeded fluently, in their own tongue.—

“The man whose sword-arm is disabled, shall say to

his comrade, 'Hans, bad work you have done for me, and I for you, all about a silly girl.'"

The Hessians started at these words,—exchanged glances,—then looked consciously around,—and then bent their eyes on the table.

"If he does not speak, shall I give him the answer Hans gave *him*?" continued Henry.

"Do so, prisoner."

"Listen, then, Hans.—'Ay, Quinton; but blame your own greediness of the girl's smiles, by the side of an old friend.'"

Again the Hessians shewed agitation.

"I continue, sir, speaking for Hans and Quinton, alternately."

Still the General assented.

"Well, Hans, here we ride back to head-quarters, without a smile of hers to boast of, between us."

"Ay; and in a plight we must account for, too, Quinton."

"Oh! the rebels have surprised us."

"Der deyvil! good!—but the girl may prate, unless her mouth is stopped."

"And I think I've stopped it, Hans; or, no matter; she was one of the ambuscade—half wild Irishmen, half wild Irishwomen;—so, let her tell her story;—who will believe it?"

"And such is the conversation," resumed Henry Lane, speaking for himself, "which I overheard between

these two men, upon the hill-road from Killane, early this morning."

In answer to questions from General K——, he ended by describing his proceedings, after the Hessians passed him, down to the moment at which he left the farmhouse.

"Place them at the bar," said the General; "and now we form our court-martial."

The Hessians were formally arraigned, and the contradictions of their own testimony, coupled with Henry Lane's story, were taken as evidence against them.

"I have yet another witness," resumed General K——, glancing at his aid-de-camp. The young officer withdrew, and speedily returned, ushering to the table a litter, borne by soldiers, on which lay the wounded milk-maid. Her cruel assaulters stared in stupid terror upon her reclining form. The surgeon stood beside her, as, in feeble and hoarse accents, she deposed to the following facts:

While employed in milking her cows, two troopers, "with beard on their lips," stopped at the stile of the pasture-field, looking towards her; it was "just the grey of the morning." Presently, they dismounted, and separately crossed the stile; one walking fast before the other, and both speaking loudly and angrily in "a fur'n speech." She screamed, attempted to run, and fell, from terror. Nearly at the same moment they broke into open quarrel, drew their swords, and cut at each other. She fainted;—

on regaining her senses, she saw them standing, exhausted and bleeding. In a frenzy, she called out the names of her friends, and spoke as if many people were speeding to help her; the troopers looked around; again interchanged words, in a more friendly tone; came close to her; desired her to cease screaming; finally, beat her about the head, and stabbed her in the neck; and further she could tell nothing.

"The prisoner, Lane, has had opportunity to arrange this improbable story with the cunning girl," said Mr. Kirk.

"Impossible," answered the surgeon; "when I reached the poor creature, she was unable to utter a word; and she must have been still more unable to do so before my arrival."

"She does not identify the men," resumed the sheriff.

"The men confess their guilt," said the aid-de-camp, who stood near them.

"Let them die before the sun sets, notwithstanding," said General K——, "and release Mr. Lane."

"Come home, Hal," cried young Gordon, grasping Henry Lane's hand.

"How is Bessie?" asked the liberated prisoner, on their way through the streets.

"In good hopes, since your return with old K——; and her father still able to congratulate you upon your escape from THE LAST OF THE STORM."

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

O dim, forsaken Mirror!
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleamed, in vanished hours
Of the wine-cup and the song!

II.

The song hath left no echo,
The bright wine hath been quaffed,
And hushed is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laughed.

III.

O Mirror, lonely Mirror,
Thou of the silent Hall!
Thou hast been flushed with beauty's bloom—
Is this too vanished all?

IV.

It is, with the scattered garlands
Of triumphs long ago,
With the melodies of buried lyres,
With the faded rainbow's glow.

V.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume ;

VI.

Now, dim, forsaken Mirror,
Thou giv'st but faintly back
The quiet stars and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

VII.

And thus with man's proud spirit
Thou tellest me 't will be,
When the forms and hues of this world fade
From his memory as from thee :

VIII.

And his heart's long-troubled waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

ADDRESS
TO CERTAIN GOLD FISHES.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ESQ.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings ;—
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams,
In fitting, flashing, billowy gleams !

Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale ;—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,—
Fleet are ye, as fleetest galley,
Of pirate rover sent from Sallee ;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire ?
Were ye born of vital fire ?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours ?

Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance ;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures ! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart ;
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,—
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain ;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining !

Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem ;
For what is Oriental pride
To an English warm fireside ?
And what are Oriental skies
To a British maiden's eyes !

LOCH-FYNE.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

SILENCE and loveliness divide the calm
Of night, and cheerily we float along,
The season's fervour tempered by the balm
Of breeziness and shade ; the dance, the song
Beguiling time, while harbour, town and spire
Flit phantom-like away in cloudy throng,
And as the stately shores of Bute retire,
Loch-Fyne receives us, rippling all around
In ever-varying gleams of lambent fire,
The frolic genii of the deep, that bound
Athwart the wave ; invoking mist and rain
On such as with the pipe's unlicensed sound,
Or merriment of middle earth, profane
Their carnival amid the haunted main.

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

GIFTED of Heaven ! who hast, in days gone by,
Moved every heart, delighted every eye,
While age and youth, of high and low degree,
In sympathy were joined, beholding thee,
As in the drama's ever changing scene
Thou held'st thy splendid state, our tragic queen !
No barriers there thy fair domain confined,
Thy sovereign sway was o'er the human mind ;
And, in the triumph of that witching hour,
Thy lofty bearing well became thy power.

The' impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,
Thy stately form and high imperial grace ;
Thine arms impetuous tost, thy robe's wide flow,
And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow,
What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne ;
Remorseful musings, sunk to deep dejection,
The fixed and yearning looks of strong affection ;

The actioned turmoil of a bosom rending,
When pity, love, and honour are contending ;—
Who have beheld all this, right well I ween !
A lovely, grand, and wondrous sight have seen.

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
Loud rage, and fear's snatched whisper, quick and low ;
The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
And tones of high command,—full, solemn, brief ;
The change of voice and emphasis that threw
Light on obscurity, and brought to view
Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood,
Or mingled humours, terse and new, elude
Common perception, as earth's smallest things
To size and form the vesting hoar-frost brings ;
Which seemed as if some secret voice, to clear
The ravelled meaning, whispered in thine ear,
And thou had'st even with him communion kept,
Who hath so long in Stratford's chancel slept,
Whose lines, where Nature's brightest traces shine,
Alone were worthy deemed of powers like thine ;—
They, who have heard all this, have proved full well
Of soul-exciting sound the mightiest spell.

low;



Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence F.R.A.

Engraved by Robert Graves

VISCOUNTESS BELGRAVE.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Co. Nov. 1829

A PORTRAIT.

GRACEFUL "Phantom of Delight!"
Glorious type of beauty bright,
Such as haunts the Poet's vision
When his dreams are all Elysian;—
When his musing fancy brings
Shadows of all lovely things;
And famed Zeuxis' art excelling,
He hath formed a second Helen,
Wanting but the power of speech,
From the glowing traits of each!
Though an angel's grace is thine;
Though the light is half divine,
That with chastened lustre flashes
From beneath thine eye's dark lashes;
Yet thy thoughtful forehead fair,
And thy sweetly pensive air,
Speak thee but of mortal birth,
An erring, witching child of earth;
In each varied mood revealing
Human hope, and human feeling;
Gladsome now,—now vowed to sorrow,—
Gay to day, if sad to morrow!

POSTSCRIPT.

*** The very great increase of the correspondence of the "Literary Souvenir," and the expense and trouble to which the Editor has been put, by the transmission to him of unsolicited communications for his Work, and subsequent and repeated applications respecting them, have rendered it necessary for him to announce, that no letters or parcels that do not appear to come from known correspondents, will be received, unless their carriage be paid; and that he cannot undertake to preserve and to return short pieces, whether of prose or verse, from anonymous or unsolicited contributors.

*** In consequence of his having seen a song in the newspapers, from the pen of Mr. T. H. Bayly, entitled, "The Last Man," the Editor considers it due to the author of the sketch, entitled, "The Last Man in Town," in the present volume, to mention that it was in the types several months before the appearance of the Poem in question, and that it was written upwards of four years ago.

*** The Editor regrets that several articles intended for the present volume reached him too late for insertion, and among others, prose sketches from pens of the Author of "Holland-Tide," and Dr. Maginn. Contributions destined for the current volume, should not reach the Editor later than the first of July, and the earlier, the more agreeable.

*** It is proper to mention, that the beautiful address to Mrs. Siddons, by Joanna Baillie, is reprinted from a collection of Poems, edited by that lady.

*** Several of the sonnets on Scottish scenery in the foregoing pages, have been extracted, with the author's permission, from an unpublished volume of poetry, by the Rev. Charles Hoyle, entitled, "The Pilgrim of the Hebrides."

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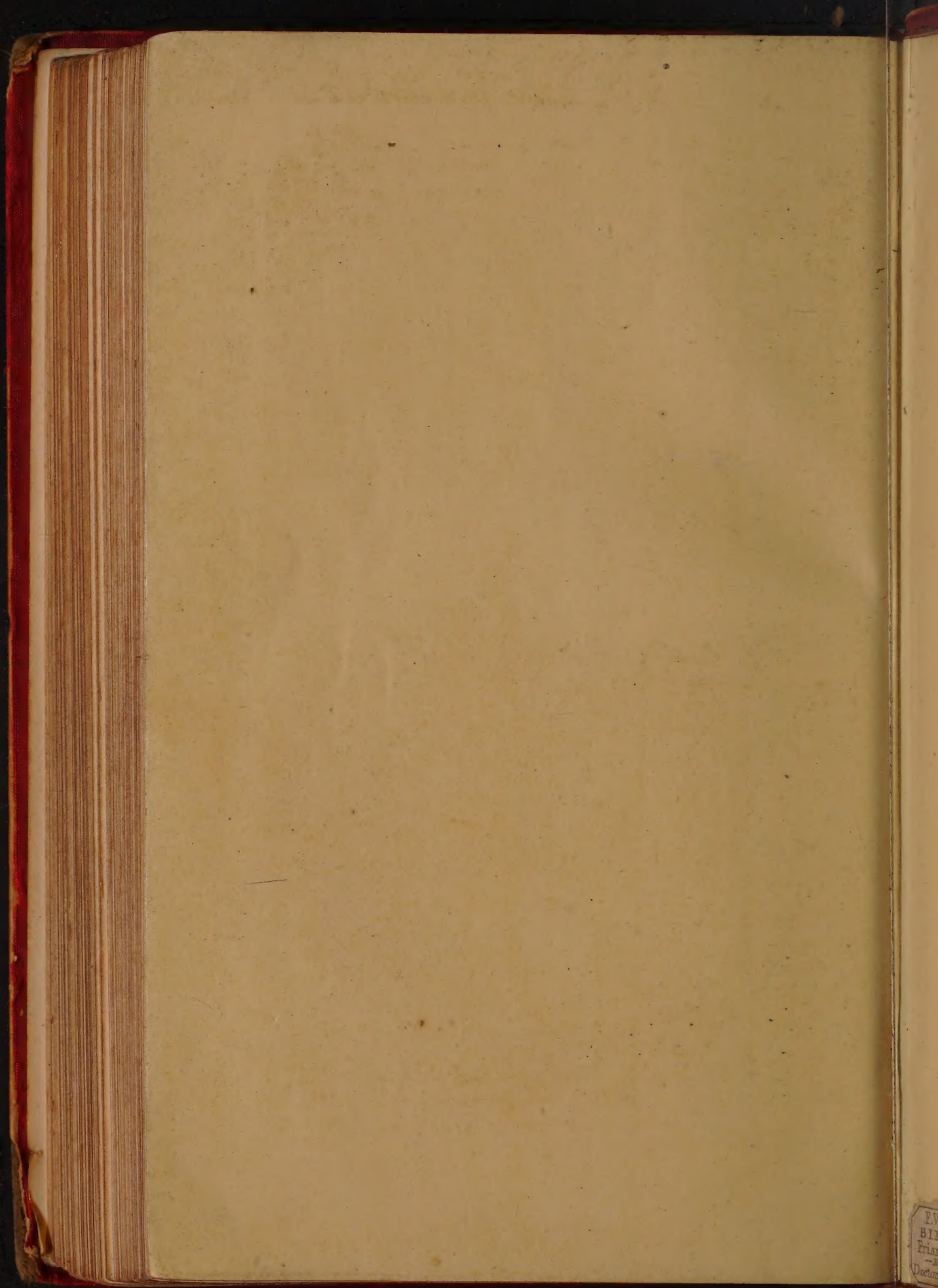
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